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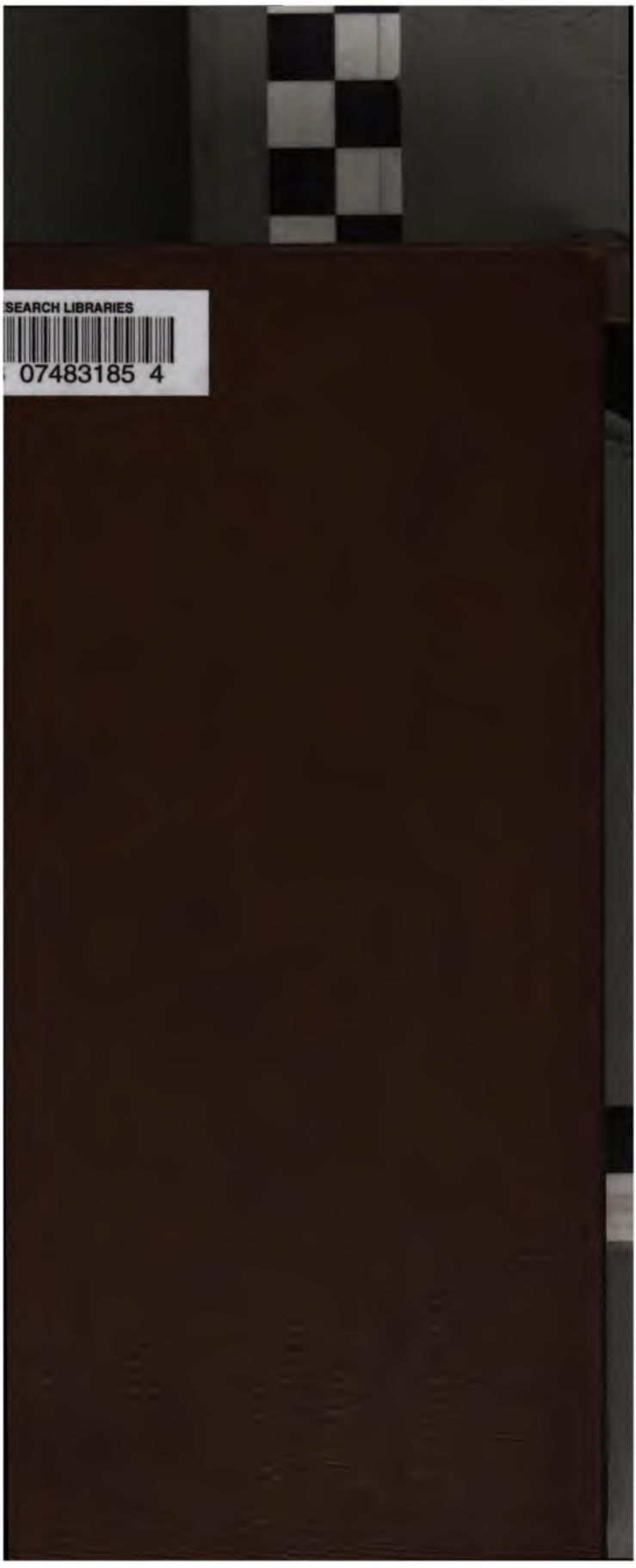
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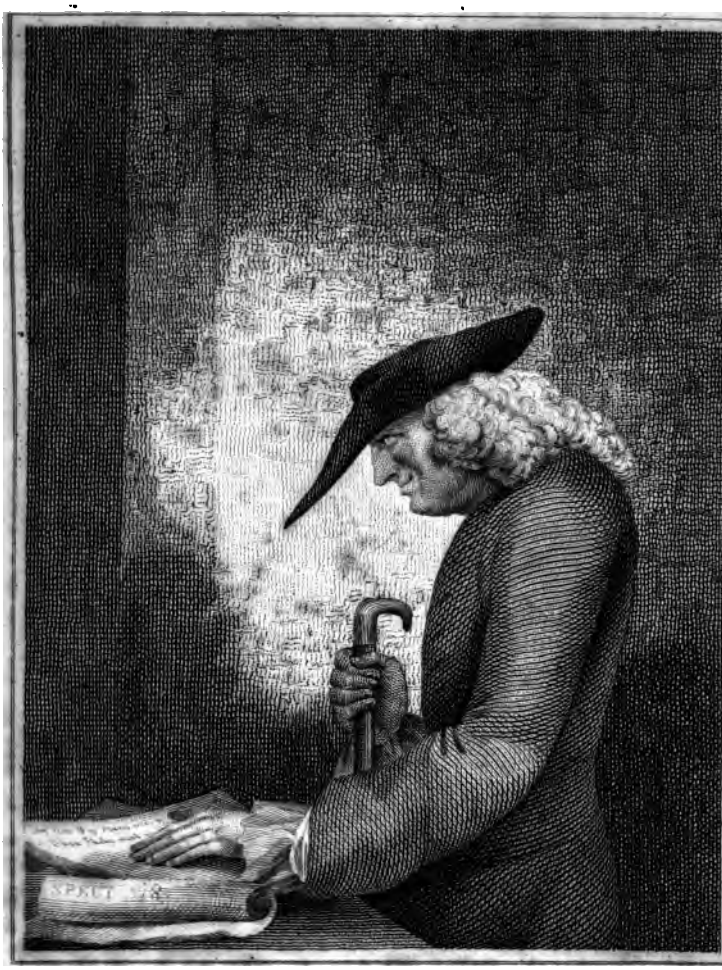

JOHN BYROM. M.A. F.R.S.

"Ha!" quoth I to his Face, "my old friend are you there?
And methought the face smild. Vol 1st Page 233.

Engraved by Topham from an Original Sketch by D. Rusbotham Esq.r
In the possession of Charles White Esq.r

Lond. Pub.d 15th Dec.r 1814 by James Nichols.

MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS,

BY JOHN BYROM, M. A. F. R. S.

SOME TIME FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, AND INVENTOR OF THE UNIVERSAL ENGLISH SHORT-HAND.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED HIS LIFE AND NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LEEDS:

Printed by and for James Nichols,

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PREFACE.

THE publication of the following sheets is in compliance with the request of many of Mr. Byrom's friends, who were much pleased with some of his poetical compositions, which had casually circulated in his life-time. Much might here be said of the author's learned and poetical talents; but it does not seem to be the business of an editor to endeavour to anticipate the reader's judgment. By its own intrinsic worth, and the candid opinion of the public, the following work is left to stand or fall.

A deference due to the public may, however, make it necessary to assure them, that the poems here presented, are the genuine production of Mr. Byrom. They are carefully transcribed from his own manuscripts; but as many of them were written rather for private than for public perusal, it is hoped that all favourable allowance will be made for small inaccuracies.

The reader may be surprized perhaps to find in these volumes so many learned and critical questions discussed in verse. This is indeed a singularity almost peculiar to our author; but he had so accustomed himself to the language of poetry, that he always found it the easiest way of expressing his sentiments upon all occasions. He himself used to give this reason to his friends for treating such subjects in so uncommon a method; and it is presumed, that, if they are not found deficient in other respects, the novelty of the manner will be rather a recommendation than otherwise.

At a time when party disputes are so happily subsided, it may seem to want an apology, that in the following collection, some few pieces are inserted, which appear to be tinctured with a party spirit. A small attention however will convince the warmest partizan, that what Mr. Byrom has written of this cast was intended to soften the asperity, and prevent the mischiefs of an over-heated zeal. Since this was the author's chief motive for writing, it is imagined no other apology will be necessary for the publication of such pieces.

The great truths of christianity had made, from his earliest years, a deep impression upon the author's mind; and as it was his manner to commit his sentiments, of every kind, to verse, so he had a peculiar pleasure in employing his pen upon serious subjects. To the purposes of instruction, and the interests of virtue, all his abilities were ever made subservient. This will appear, more particularly, from the second volume of the following sheets, in which it was thought proper to select such pieces as treat on subjects of a deeper and more important nature. The reader, it is not doubted, will be pleased to find that the author's natural talent for wit and humour, has so often given place to something more solid and substantial.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THIS EDITION.

THE "Miscellaneous Poems" of the late Mr. Byrom had become exceedingly scarce, and were in great request, when the editor of these volumes was induced to undertake a republication of them. Several of the author's humourous verses, by being inserted in different collections of poetry, are very popular and generally admired. But others of his productions, especially those on serious subjects, have never yet received the general attention which their excellence demands. Various have been the causes of this neglect. The impression of the first edition in 1773, *was but small; and its circulation was principally confined to the counties of Lancashire and Yorkshire. Very few of the poems were intended for publication; they do not, therefore, possess that high and attractive polish which, under other circumstances, they might have been expected to exhibit. But the chief reason why his serious pieces have not obtained the notice and publicity to which they are entitled, is the character of* Mysticism, *which, being with many persons another term for* Heresy, *has operated to the prejudice of the author. He breathed too much piety for the age in which he lived; and received the honourable appellation of* Mystic, *which was then bestowed on all who excelled nominal christians in spirituality of doctrine and purity of practice. This reproach was first taken up against him by lukewarm professors and infidel philosophers; and has been propagated to this day from one writer to another, each of whom has known very little about that which they undertook to condemn. It cannot be denied that in an inconsiderable number of places, most of which are pointed out in this edition, may be discovered a leaning in him towards the opinions of Mystic authors; but these instances are so slight and infrequent, as scarcely to expose him to the charge of being one of their disciples. There is a manly and nervous style employed in all his serious writings, which distinguishes them as the works of one who was capable of executing high designs. A great critic has said, that "the beautiful pastoral of* Colin and "Phebe *is sufficient to procure Mr. Byrom a reputation in poe-*"try." *Another has made an equally strong assertion respecting the* Verses on buying the picture of Father Malebranche at a sale. *And every pious man will feel no hesitation in using a like expression concerning the beautiful* Hymn to Jesus.

severe as to discourage the attempts of meritorious individuals who are known to be capable of imparting valuable information.

The writer of this sketch laments, and the reader will participate with him in the regret, that with all the requisite qualifications for being his own historian, Mr. Byrom has not favoured posterity with any biographical notice respecting himself. Had his own pen been employed in relating some detached portions of his chequered life, which extended through the greater part of an eventful century, his biography would have derived a degree of interest from that circumstance, which it cannot be expected to obtain when given, from spare materials, by another person.

Mr. John Byrom was born at Manchester, in the year 1691, being a younger son of Mr. Edward Byrom, Linen Draper, of Kersall, in Lancashire. His father was a branch of an ancient and genteel family in that county. The subject of this memoir received the rudiments of his education at his native town, and completed his preparatory studies at Merchant Taylors' School in London, where he obtained a high reputation for classical erudition. Indeed his proficiency in literature must have been very respectable, since at the early age of sixteen he was deemed competent to enter upon University studies. He was accordingly sent to Cambridge; and admitted, on the 6th of July, 1708, a pensioner of Trinity College, under the tuition of the famous Doctor Baker. He applied himself very closely to the acquisition of Mathematical knowledge, without which no candidate for University honours at Cambridge can hope to succeed. He took his first degree of Bachelor of Arts with great credit; and, in the year 1714, was elected Fellow of his College through the interest of Doctor Richard Bentley, the master, who admired his genius and was an encourager of his merit. To be a fellow of Trinity was accounted then, as it is now, an extraordinary reward of talent. The high character of that College, second to none in the University, confers celebrity on every student in it whose well-tried abilities procure for him any public mark of respect.

The same year, while in these sacred groves, he made his first literary attempt, as an author, by writing two excellent essays on dreaming. They were inserted in the Spectator, (Numbers 586 and 598,) and have obtained great approbation from the learned. He lays it down as an axiom, that "dreams are certainly the result of our waking thoughts, and our daily hopes and fears are what give the mind such nimble relishes of pleasure and severe touches of pain, in its mid-

night rambles. To go to bed with a mind entirely free from passions, and a body clear of the least intemperance," is the way which he proposes for inducing pleasant and refreshing dreams. He would have every one, in a morning before he arose, "to consider what he had been about that night, and with the same strictness as if the condition he has believed himself to be in, was real. Such a scrutiny into the actions of his fancy must be of considerable advantage, for this reason, because the circumstances which a man imagines himself in, during sleep, are generally such as entirely favour his inclinations good or bad, and give him imaginary opportunities of pursuing them to the utmost; so that his temper will be fairly open to his view, while he considers how it is moved, when free from those constraints which the accidents of real life put it under." In one of his poems, (vol. 1, page 59,) he has adverted to the benefit to be derived from this practice,

> Of midnight thoughts to take no heed
> Betrays a sleepy soul indeed;
> It is but dreaming in the day
> To throw our nightly hours away.

Though the productions of a young man, they discover such a liveliness of imagination, and powers of conception and execution, with such just aptitude of style to the subject, as would be no disgrace to a veteran in literature.

Two other papers (Numbers 587 and 597) in the same Miscellany, are ascribed to him, but on doubtful authority.

From his earliest years he had indulged himself in the composition of poetry.

> Well I remember that my younger breast
> The same desire, that reigns in yours, possess'd.
> Me, numbers flowing to a measur'd time,
> Me, sweetest grace of English verse, the Rhyme,
> Choice epithet, and smooth descriptive line,
> Conspiring all to finish one design,
> Smit with delight. Vol. 1, page 126.

The good success which had attended his early acquaintance with the Muses, was apparent on the publication of his first poetical production. It is entitled, "*Colin and Phebe, a Pastoral;*" and was sent to the Spectator, in which it appeared as No. 603. For a century it has preserved the popularity which it then gained; and to this day it is accounted one of the most agreeable and natural specimens of that kind of composition. Some of the actions described in it have been blamed for their ludicrous vulgarity; but not one of them is incongruous with the manners of a rustic, from whose unrepressed feelings and

low ideas it is nothing uncommon for such expressions as these to flow: *My heart was as light as a feather all day.—My heart, I am sure, weighs more than a pound.—Peace there with your bubbling. I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass.—It makes me quite mad to see you so merry while I am so sad.—Yet what swain is so silly to live without love?—Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.*

In other expressions, the lover evinces just as much knowledge of heathen mythology as we may suppose a countryman to possess; and the clumsy manner in which he employs it, shews it to be not the most profound. When he exclaims, *How slowly time creeps!* he adds, in all the keen impatience of present disappointment, *If I knew whereabouts he would tread, I could breathe on his wings;—it would melt down the lead,* and would consequently quicken the leaden, lingering pace of time, and hasten the period of the fair one's arrival. The minutes are afterwards charged *more swiftly to fly;* and, as a special inducement to their rapid advance, they are invited *to rest longer when she shall be here;* a reward congenial with a shepherd's ideas. All this is exquisitely characteristic. Had Colin been made to utter pretty things in a fine style, he would have appeared, indeed, in garments more splendid than this his holiday suit; yet they would have been borrowed robes, and under their guise still a clown, he would but occasionally have proved himself to be a polite gentleman. But he is now a plain countryman throughout; and, except in those parts where the descriptions apply, as they were intended by the author, exclusively to the views and habits of a shepherd,* he speaks the impassioned language of human nature. This is universally understood, especially by those who have been in similar circumstances. Such persons will acknowledge that the feverish petulance of the solitary rustic, whom nothing pleases, bears a very strong resemblance to the ill-humoured effervescence of their own feelings on the absence of some beloved object.

Joanna, the youngest daughter of Doctor Bentley, is usually mentioned as the lady in whose praise these pastoral verses were composed. That a copy of them might be presented to her, out of respect to her accomplishments and virtues, may be readily believed. But it will be credited by no one, who only partially knew Mr. Byrom, that he made any advances towards a place in the young lady's affections, with the sinister design of succeeding the more effectually in his application for a fellowship. Yet it has been hinted, that his college promotion was owing rather to his feigning an attachment to the daughter, than to any ad-

* See vol. 1, page 1.

miration of his talents by the father. This is stated by none of his biographers as a fact, but is raised only in the convenient form of a surmise; and scarcely merits any attempts at refutation. Two considerations, however, will tend to shew the fallacy of this conjecture: the remarkably frank and generous disposition of Mr. Byrom, is itself a sufficient contradiction to the calumny. His conduct, from childhood to old age, in every affair of life, was the opposite to double-dealing. Besides, there exists in the poem no allusion that can apply to Miss Bentley as the absent shepherdess. Although it was composed prior to his sitting for a fellowship, yet it is not said

> My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent
> When *Joanna* went with me wherever I went.

He would not have framed his eulogy in so general and loose a manner as to be equally appropriate to any other of the sex, if he had been the designing and selfish youth which this representation would make him. What lady would acknowledge such lines, unless they were inscribed with her name, or contained some specific reference to her person, mind, or circumstances, which could neither be mistaken nor applied with propriety to another? But in all the accounts which are given of our author's motives, it is never once intimated that the young lady entertained an idea of the secret meaning of any courtly expressions in it which were applicable to herself. How any one else could assert that they were a covert and mean treat to her vanity, it is not easy to divine.

Regarded merely as a youthful exercise of poetic skill, why may not this eclogue be allowed that free range of imagination which is claimed for similar compositions? Colin and Phœbe, it is true, may, by a warm fancy, be supposed to mean Mr. Byrom and Miss Bentley, with the same degree of probability as the Palemon and Galatea of another poet may be imagined to pourtray two particular individuals whom he had not in his contemplation while writing, and whom he never intended his fictitious characters to personate. But there is internal evidence in the poem, which, taken in conjunction with the testimony of his own family, makes it certain that if any compliment was implied in it beyond the mere playfulness of imagination, it was intended for another person. To his favourite sister, Miss Phebe Byrom, this pastoral was addressed, as well as several other copies of verses. The mention of her name in it was always accounted, by his connections, as tender a mark of personal respect as a brother could confer on such a near relative. Exalting her, by an allowable poetic licence, into the imaginary

object of his fondest affections, in glowing language he depicts the charming effect which her presence gave to all the appearances of nature; and the clouded aspect which every thing bore when she was absent.

On the whole, it is very probable that this story had its origin either in vanity, or in the colloquial slander of some rival candidate who was at that time disappointed in his prospects of collegiate honours. For it is a fact which admits of no doubt, that, long before the publication of these verses, the prepossessing manners, accurate classical knowledge, and amiable disposition of Mr. Byrom, had recommended him to the friendship of Dr. Bentley. Whoever reads his poetical criticisms on Horace, Homer, &c. in the latter part of this volume, will be astonished at the profundity of his genius and the extent of his attainments; and will be further convinced that it was something beyond a pretended partiality for his daughter that induced the discerning Master of Trinity College to favour Mr. Byrom's election to a fellowship.

He proceeded, at the usual period, to his degree of Master of Arts; and in the year 1716 resigned his college preferment. As it was not a lay fellowship, by the statutes of the house he could retain it no longer without entering into holy orders. His reasons for declining to minister in holy things, according to the forms of the Established Church, have never been satisfactorily stated. From this omission several persons have ventured to class him with the conscientious among Dissenters, and have imputed his Nonconformity in this instance to his political opinions, or to his refined ideas of church-government. His political sentiments were indeed the same as were held by a number of most worthy characters in that age; and they were not the most friendly to all the principles and measures of Government. Yet had there not been another more powerful cause, these would have had very little influence on his determination with respect to the Church, because many of her dignitaries were the abettors of the same political principles. Nor was he hindered by any want of attachment to her doctrines and ceremonies; for she had not a more dutiful son; and however liberal he was towards contrary attachments in other people, it was his delight and high satisfaction through life to attend on the ministration of all her ordinances. Yet he appears to have been influenced at this critical period by religious motives of a peculiar nature.

Soon after the resignation of his fellowship, being in an infirm state of health, he went to Montpellier, where he began to

study physic, having an intention of exercising it as a profession. It is generally believed, that, during his residence in France, he imbibed the mystical opinions of Father Malebranche in Philosophy and of Fenelon and Madame Bourignon in Divinity. But these notions, however they might be increased by his remaining a short time in the region of their growth, had been embraced by him before he left Cambridge; and to his reasons for courting privacy they had communicated a powerful bias.

The latter part of the Seventeenth Century was particularly marked by the violent concussions which took place between two opposite parties in religion. One of them may, not unaptly, be called the party of *the Moralists*, and the other that of *the Spiritualists*. Their struggle was not confined to one church or country: It extended through Christendom.

Ever since the passing of the act of Uniformity, by which nearly two thousand of her best pastors reluctantly became Nonconformists, the Established Church of England had been suffering a decay in her vitals from the want of "able ministers of the New Testament." The successors of these worthies did not press on the consciences of their hearers those grand truths of Christianity, which distinguish it from every religious system of merely human origin. They were themselves ignorant of that inward kingdom of God, which is "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost;" and could not therefore be expected rightly to divide the word of truth, or to teach others the method of salvation. It became a fashionable practice among Clergymen to expatiate largely on the sublime morality of the Gospel. Great acuteness and precision were also expended in proving that the Christian Religion was in several respects superior to the systems of heathen sages. If a preacher could, moreover, evince his dexterity in the pulpit by confuting the arguments of the Papists, he was immediately pronounced a good christian and an astute theologian. From this slight but true sketch, the fact is not at all extraordinary that no writer of eminence can be found in the Established Church, from those days till nearly the middle of the eighteenth century, whose productions clearly exhibit the doctrines of Christ in their happy influence on the conduct, and their saving efficacy in the soul. *Repentance, Faith, and Holiness* sometimes occur in the theological writings of that period; but they are only in the lowest acceptations of those sacred terms. *Repentance* is generally set forth as such a contrition for sin as secures the favour of Jehovah, without much, if any, need of the intervention of the Saviour. *Faith* is represented, in all the pomp of words, as "the

substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen;" but when examined, it is found to be, not the vital and operative principle obviously intended by that word in the records of truth, but a cold assent of the understanding to this proposition, "Christianity is a revelation from God." And *Holiness*, according to them, is principally an abstinence from gross vices, and a tranquility of mind which may comport with, what they call, "the proper dignity of a human being." The discourses on these topics are adorned with many excellent precepts, of which Seneca and Epictetus furnish as large a share as the writers of the New Testament.

Such was the deplorable state of Evangelical Religion in one of the best constituted churches of Christ in Europe. But this representation does not apply to her alone: The Seceders from the Establishment were in a little time enveloped in thick mists of error, and had gone far from the doctrines of the Reformers and from the piety of their predecessors, the Puritans. The Nonconforming ministers about this time seemed divinely commissioned to impart much of the savour of godliness to the people with whom they united, and to revive its drooping interests among Dissenters. But when those holy men died,—and their race was soon finished,—spiritual fervour suddenly departed, and divine influence was lightly esteemed. No longer did their coadjutors occupy themselves regularly and earnestly in enforcing the humbling doctrines of *the cross; the fall of man; his restoration by Christ; the efficacy of the divine atonement; and the necessity of faith and of a heavenly conversation.* Hypothetical disquisitions on the narrow *limits of divine mercy*, and on the supposed *secret and revealed will of God*, became favourite subjects with preachers. The scriptural doctrines of *the pardon of sins, a knowledge of individual forgiveness*, and *the witness and fruits of the Spirit*, were casually mentioned by a few of them as privileges and almost attainable. At length they were commented away, becoming themes of controversy and furnishing matter for cavil. Nothing so distinctly marks the decay of a church as the low ideas entertained by its members of the person of Christ Jesus. If a minister professed a belief in Christ's divinity, he was branded for illiberality, and judged unworthy of the refined society of Arians. With regard to purity of doctrine, the established church had a decided advantage. For, whatever unscriptural dogmas might be promulgated from the pulpit, the liturgy, which made an integral and important part of every public service, was heard from the reading desk; and in it were recognised all the essential and consolatory truths of

Christianity. But when nearly all the light that was in dissenting churches, became darkness, how great must that darkness have been!

To this religious condition were *the Moralists* of England reduced; yet lower in the scale of depression was the same party in every other European country. The circumstance has not been unusual, as far as mortals may judge of the economy of Divine Providence, for the Great Governor of the world occasionally to permit one evil to counteract another that is of greater magnitude. When men have raged their hour, it is seen that "God sitteth on the water-floods;" and at a fit time "he stilleth the voice of the people." Men wonder at divine control, when in the end they are permitted to view the great good produced by unlikely and imbecile instruments. This remark was, perhaps, never more particularly exemplified than at the period now under consideration. Nearly at the same time arose, in several of the nations of Europe, a party of men generally styled *Mystics*, but who may with equal propriety be called *Spiritualists*. These individuals, unconnected with each other, and having no prospect before them but that of opposition and contumely, nobly stood forth to plead the cause of vital godliness. Whatever other matters they grafted on it, this was the principle generally assumed by them,—"In the Bible, the "word of God, there is a Spirit beyond the letter; and if we "be denied this spiritual religion, which consists in the enjoy-"ment or love of God on earth and in heaven, or if it be ex-"plained away, in what respects, by this code of mercy, are we "more benefited than Pagans, Jews, or Mahommedans?" This, it will be seen, was but a revival of the leading principle of Prostestantism. For this very reason, in Popish countries where it was industriously propagated by *the Mystics*, the civil and ecclesiastical powers endeavoured to stifle its growth and to punish its authors. But even in those unfriendly climes, it flourished not the less from opposition; and it was undoubtedly the possession in spirit of a large portion of its fundamental principle, that enabled those who professed it to glory in tribulation, and patiently to endure punishment, disgrace, and death itself. Making allowances for certain peculiarities in their views, the mystical authors were persons of great powers of mind. The understandings of many of them were darkened. Yet they were all celebrated for the depth of their piety; and several were men of great erudition. The names of Malebranche, Fenelon, Law, Poiret, and others, will not be repeated, even by a general scholar, without veneration and respect. They were perfectly

independent of each other, and acted without concert; yet their devotional productions found a way into places where dry treatises would not have been allowed an entrance. The fine gold of their doctrine was mixed with alloy.* It was applied by different persons, as suited their various fancies, to the philosophical investigation of the appearances of nature; to the conjectural divine affinity and relative etymology of the Hebrew alphabetical characters; to the science of profound mental abstraction, and to many other vagaries of weak or ardent imaginations. These additions, which they considered ornamental, were so embodied with better subjects in their works, and clothed in such glowing language, as to prove very attractive to curious persons and youthful minds. The good principles contained in them, often excited strong convictions in the mind, when the meretricious ornaments with which they were surrounded, produced no effect. Considering the lax state of public morals and of religious feeling, it is amazing what progress these opinions made, and with what avidity they were received. It is a circumstance, not the least worthy of being recorded in this place, that, by the perusal of two excellent devotional treatises written by a celebrated English Mystic, a young clergyman while at Oxford was induced to follow the directions contained in them; and became an eminently pious character, and the founder of the most flourishing religious denomination of modern times.

The maxim is found to be generally correct, that *when two contrary propositions, consisting partly of truth and error, are put into a train of discussion, the greater attention they obtain the more likely they will be to elicit truth and to be useful to mankind.* Thus were the combatants, *the Moralists and the Spiritualists*, marshalled against each other; and the issue of the contest has been most favourable to society. To the violent agitation of the questions in dispute the present age is indebted, under God, for

* The Mystics, as a body, have been egregiously misrepresented. Mr. Byrom will not, perhaps, by fastidious persons be allowed to appear as a competent witness in these matters. Yet the observations, in the following extract from one of his letters to a friend, are just and pertinent:—

"By your second letter, I perceive that you are not only emancipated from Mr. Lesley's authority, with regard to Monsieur Poiret, but to the *Mystics* in general, whom, with all his great and good abilities, he misapprehended. Afraid of one extreme, he ran too inconsiderately into another. The contempt of outward ordinances and of established systems, which he had observed in some, made him too rashly to determine concerning others. And succeeding well in his attack upon adversaries, he injured his talents by falling upon the most impregnable body of friends to piety that life and letters can unite and exhibit. If, with juster apprehensions than he had, you can relish the *mystical* writers, you may do justice to his merits, without yielding to his mistakes. The *true mystics*—for in diamonds there are flaws and counterfeits—appear to set religion in its most amiable and convincing light; to give the substance of it, still the same through every change of circumstance and ceremony, whether of God's appointment or permission. Instead of endless controversies about customs and phrases, they inculcate a hearty and holy use of all that innocently, or indifferently, present themselves to our observance. As you observe, (and it is saying all) "they place religion in *the soundness of the heart*." Their main and plain principles,—in which it is wonderful to see the concurrence of different ages, places, and professions,—may doubtless be profaned, as well as *mystic* Paul's,—"*unto the pure all things are pure*." But nothing but *the truth* itself could create that *harmony* in essentials which characterizes the *mystics*."

Gentleman's Magazine for 1780, *page* 124.

the wide diffusion of scriptural principles, the increasing popularity of sound Theology, clear views of the spirituality of the Gospel, and for such purity of doctrine as has not been seen in the Church Universal since the days of the apostles.

Religious impressions had been early made on the mind of Mr. Byrom; and notwithstanding the native sprightliness of his disposition, he did not in his youth entirely forget the end for which he was created. It might be expected from a mind constituted as his was, after he had become acquainted with the relative merits of the conflicting religious interests now enumerated, that he would not long remain in a state of neutrality or inaction. The force of timely pious instruction had prepared his mind for acknowledging the justness of the fundamental principle of Mysticism; and he did not hesitate at length to join himself to that party. The choice had cost him much thought; as it was proper that it should, for by his adherence to it all his prospects of collegiate and clerical promotion were blasted. With his present views and feelings he could not comfortably enter into holy orders; and he prudently refrained from making the hazardous experiment. His health was affected by this contemplation of a change in his prospects; and he executed his resolution of retiring into France: Yet it is very probable that, in his retreat to Montpellier, he was actuated more by a spirit of religious chivalry, than by any solicitude for the restoration of his health, or an opportunity of studying medicine.—The sacrifice of interest to principle, is on all occasions highly pleasing; though, as an act, it merits no applause. For it is but the bare performance of a duty incumbent on every honest man, who values his own peace of mind, and avoids the appearance of mercenary intentions towards his fellow-creatures. Yet it became his biographer thus to notice at large the motives of his resignation, as a striking contrast to those which on slight grounds were alleged against him when he obtained his fellowship.

After being some time absent from England, he returned, and came to London, with a design of settling there as a Physician. From a knowledge of this circumstance, and the object of his studies on the continent, his acquaintance gave him by courtesy the appellation of *Doctor*, by which he was universally known, though he never took a degree in medicine. While he was deliberating about the commencement of his medical career, his purpose was frustrated by the arrival in London of two female cousins. These ladies were the daughters of his uncle, Mr. Joseph Byrom, a very rich mercer at Manchester. They had come to town on their father's business. Though still greatly

attached to the tenets of the Mystics, he did not possess a sufficiency of their angelic fervour to counteract the attractions of an earthly passion, or to parry its irresistible assaults. He soon found that

> Love rules the camp, the court, the grove,
> And men below, and saints above. SCOTT.

The younger sister, Miss Elizabeth Byrom, was the lady whose charms had won his heart; and to whom without delay he disclosed his ardent feelings of affection. She did not discourage him in his addresses; for they appear to have been mutually enamoured. Unwilling to entrust the success of his suit to the tardy course of an epistolary correspondence, he followed her on her return; and renewed his application to her at her father's house in Manchester. After spending a considerable time in solicitation, he succeeded in obtaining her consent to their immediate union. Blessed with the object of his affectionate regard, he began to look around him for some adequate mode of maintenance for her and himself. On his own small fortune he had entirely subsisted after quitting Cambridge; and it was now reduced to a pittance. His wife's opulent relatives had been violently opposed to his marriage; from them he could form no hopes of support. His uncle seems to have been a person of a contracted disposition, and unconscious of the excellences of his son-in-law. He disapproved of his daughter's choice; though, in objecting to Mr. Byrom, the only expressed ground of dislike was his poverty and want of a profession. The resentment which he conceived, was unnaturally implacable; and he persisted in his refusal to render his daughter's husband any pecuniary assistance.

The lowering appearances, under which our author had to begin to make provision for all that was dear to him, were of no ordinary description. From conscientious motives he had abandoned the idea of officiating as a Clergyman; he had prepared himself for the practice of physic, but had injured his prospects by sedulous and almost exclusive attention to his amiable cousin; and on being united to her, whatever exceptions had been taken against himself, he had reason to expect that the benevolence of natural affection in her relatives would have raised him above indigence. The energy of a man's spirit is seldom known till it has encountered difficulties. With the dignity of an independent character, Mr. Byrom immediately applied himself to the resources of his active mind, and prospered in that which he resolved to attempt. While at Cambridge he had met with a specimen of short-hand, the theory of which he did

understand. By repeated attempts he had decyphered its characters, and discovered its contractions. But judging it to be immethodical, arbitrary, and inelegant in its construction, he had projected another most admirable system, which after numerous emendations he had brought to a high degree of perfection. This, the product of ingenuity, he had accommodated to his own practice, and had proved its utility. Like an honourable man, he now considered it no degradation to derive emolument from his own discovery. He accordingly assumed the office of preceptor; and initiated several respectable persons in Manchester in the principles of stenography. The patronage which he received in his native town, encouraged him to make an experiment in London. On visiting the Metropolis, his connections at the University, and his early literary productions, were serviceable in introducing him to the notice of many eminent persons, whose favour he further secured by his engaging manners and irreproachable character. Pupils flocked to him in abundance; among whom he had the honour of numbering several of high rank and great influence. This auspicious beginning induced him to proceed; and for many years it was his practice to visit London in the winter months, while there was the greatest resort of company in town, and to spend his summers at Manchester, where his wife continued to reside. His industry procured him a handsome income; and his changeful mode of life was not so disagreeable to him and Mrs. Byrom, as if he had been separated from her during the greater part of every year. Thus proceeded his life in a tranquil course. He was contented; and his happiness was augmented by the company and epistolary correspondence of an amiable wife, and the endearments of an increasing family.

At this comfortable condition he did not arrive without enduring a struggle. Opposition had arisen from other professors of stenography, when he first undertook the office of teacher. In elucidating the principles and superiority of his own method, he occasionally adverted to the obscurity and defects of other systems. This irritated the persons who felt themselve aggrieved, especially one Mr. Weston, who had published a short-hand book of Common Prayer of diminutive size. This gentleman, who had till then been reckoned at the head of his profession, inserted an advertisement in the public papers in which he declared the greater expedition of his own plan of writing, and challenged Mr. Byrom, or any of his scholars, to a trial of skill in the art, for which he appointed time and place. (Vol. 1st, page 11 and 137.). Mr. Byrom attended; by actual trial with his competi-

tor he demonstrated, to the satisfaction of all the spectators, the superior quickness and legibility of his short-hand; and was acknowledged to be the victor. In allusion to this affair, he was ever afterwards styled by his pupils GRAND MASTER.

In March, 1724, he was chosen Fellow of the Royal Society. During the Presidency of Sir Isaac Newton, and for some time afterwards, the majority of the members of that learned body were mathematicians. The studies of Cambridge are known to be principally mathematical. While engaged in the prosecution of them, Mr. Byrom applied the most obvious principles and easy figures in Geometry to his invention of Stenography. Whoever examines his system will find that the proportions in the characters are adjusted with great nicety, and that each of its elements is geometrically exact. Many of the Fellows had been in habits of intimacy with him at Cambridge; and his particular friend, Martin Folkes, Esq., was at that time in the Vice-presidency, and afterwards succeeded Sir Hans Sloane as President of the Society. These gentlemen considered Mr. Byrom, from his general literary character, as an intelligent associate, and a valuable addition to their body. But for the honour of his election he was chiefly indebted to his attainments in the different fascinating branches of mathematical science.

He continued for some years with laudable industry to exert himself in providing for his family, when at length his eldest brother, Mr. Edward Byrom, died without issue. By this event he came into possession of the family estate at Kersall; and, having a comfortable independence, was relieved from the necessity of being any longer a teacher. He now gave himself up to the enjoyment of domestic and social felicity, for which he had by nature an exquisite relish.

His hours of leisure were often employed in rhyming on any subject which suited his fancy. The facility with which he communicated his ideas in verse, prompted him to choose topics for his Muse which have seldom been attempted by other poets. (Page iii, vol. 1.) "Yet to the purposes of instruction, and the interests of virtue, all his abilities were ever made subservient." If the public mind began to be filled with violent prejudices and false views, his philanthropy inclined him to shew his moderate opinion. Had religion by some of its insidious defenders, been made to mean any thing except the experience recommended in the Bible, the love of God in the soul, he was always ready with his pen to convince them of error, and to shew unto them "a more excellent way." These two volumes of his poetry contain many able defences of inward religion. His "Remarks on

Doctor Middleton's examination of Bishop Sherlock's Use and Intent of Prophecy," (vol. 1, page 157,) is an elaborate performance, consisting of one thousand lines. It is unanswerable in its argumentation, and interesting in its matter; and will richly repay for the time employed in its perusal. The general reader will notice one peculiarity in this piece, which is his versifying the quotations in fewer words than they occupy in the notes, without diminishing their signification or energy. The works of Doctors Brown, Akenside, Rogers, and Watts, and those of the Rev. Mr. Hervey, furnished him with different subjects of animadversion. But his severest censures are directed against many of the bold and unscriptural tenets of that famous controversialist, Bishop Warburton, who was much galled by his remarks, and affected great disdain for him by calling him *a Behmenist.* (Vol 1, page 62.)

He has been so styled by many authors. It becomes necessary, therefore, to state in what sense he is entitled to the appellation. That in early life he ranked himself on the side of the Mystics has been already shewn; (page xvii;) and he appears throughout life to have retained a fondness for their writings. The enigmatical manner of propounding their sentiments attracted his fancy; but he never paid any attention to their works, unless he discovered in them judicious statements of scripture facts, or able illustrations of evangelical truth. When he found these, (vol. 1, page 180,) it is no impeachment of the soundness of his understanding to say, that he gave the authors credit for a multitude of other matters which were beyond his comprehension. In other words, he regarded the rubbish in the mine only for the sake of the precious metals which it served to cover. He says, when speaking of Behmen, (vol. 2, pages 82, and 89,)

> Reason may see that something more divine
> Lies hid in what the books of Behmen teach,
> Tho' it surpass its apprehensive reach;
> May see from what it really apprehends,
> That all mere reas'ners Behmen far transcends.

Let any one write an apparently insignificant sentence, and afterwards develope its various intended yet hidden meanings, and the mysteries contained in every letter, like the celebrated sermon on the word MALT; and he is certain of being hailed as a wonderful man, and of gaining credit for what cannot be understood. In the multitude of his curious inventions, Jacob Behmen had accommodated a species of Rabbinical lore to his explanation of spiritual mysteries; and Mr. Byrom thought that he understood a great part of "the palpable obscure" of Jacob's system, of which a specimen may be seen in vol. 2, pages 6–8.

Yet, for this peculiarity, the term "Behmenist" can be applied to him with no more justice than to Bishop Horne, the Rev. Messrs. Bates, Jones, Parkhurst, Romaine, and other learned and pious men, who imbibed Hutchinson's* refinements on Behmen's Rabbinical method, and interpreted the Mosaic account of the creation on the same principles. This is the qualified sense in which Mr. Byrom ought to be considered a Behmenist or Mystic.

He was a man of unaffected piety, His religion was without gloom: It did not hinder the exercise of habitual cheerfulness. That a person so conversant with the polite world as he was, should be consistently serious, and should command respect from the thoughtless and profane, are circumstances rather uncommon in their occurrence. His "rejoicing *was* this, the testimony of *his* conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, *he had his* conversation in the world." The negative virtue of harmlessness was not applicable to his character. Good nature will prevent a man from injuring his neighbour: To say that Mr. Byrom possessed this passive quality, would be small commendation of his active benevolence, which was ever prompting him to devise or perform some good for his fellow-creatures. His native town was benefited by his gratuitous exertions and advice, on several public occasions when good-nature and harmlessness would have been sorry substitutes for firmness and address.

Truth was the great object of his search. The God of truth, whom it was his sincere and constant desire to serve, gave him to "know the doctrine" of Christ Jesus, and to feel its saving influence. In his experience was verified that remarkable expression of the Apostle, "And if in any thing ye be otherwise minded, God shall reveal even this to you." (Philip. iii. 15.) He entertained peculiar notions and whimsical opinions about many things; but they were not without variation. Not being in him principles of action, they never affected his practice. It was enough for him if one of them was discovered to be not according to the oracles of truth; it was instantly discarded, and no longer allowed to constitute one of the articles of his belief. The writings of our great English Mystic, Mr. Wm. Law, had gained his most profound admiration. They are not equalled, by any author of that class, in purity and general utility. His intimacy with this good man served to counteract the unfavourable impressions, which he had received from his early acquaintance with the Mystics of the Roman Catholic persuasion, some of whose doctrinal errors he had partially embraced. Towards the close of life he seems to have regarded

* With this Gentleman Mr. Byrom was well acquainted. See vol. 1, page 189.

all these little things with comparative indifference. In the prevalence of "pure religion and undefiled" he took the most lively concern. His thankfulness was excited when it flourished among any body of people; and the happy change which he lived to behold in the religious world, was to him a source of exquisite satisfaction. At a time when much obloquy was attached to the name of a Methodist, he was not ashamed of being known as the particular friend of that great and useful man, the late Rev. John Wesley.

He attained to the advanced age of seventy-two years, enjoying good health and outliving most of the friends of his youth. His placidity and cheerfulness never forsook him; and his company was particularly agreeable to young people. As long as he was able to walk abroad, they courted his society, and were instructed by his conversation. His carriage towards them was not that of an aged buffoon; and their familiarity with him was ever tempered with attention and respect. At length he was visited with a severe illness, which called into action his christian resignation. Though it tried his virtues, it was to him a season of holy triumph. From his first experience of the power of religion, which was at an early age, he had always derived his chief pleasure from a knowledge of his interest in the mercies of God, through the merits of his Saviour. But now, engaged more immediately in a preparation for heaven, he viewed his departure from this world, at any time, as an event not to be dreaded. In favoured moments, when he considered *death* as *the gate of life*, he eagerly desired to pass at once the bounds, and to realize those sublime delights, which, while seeing "through a glass darkly," he had often contemplated "with exultation and amaze." Had the worldlings known this, they might again have branded him as an enthusiast. But this was the legitimate enthusiasm of a christian: He saw something desirable in heaven; something congenial to the taste and correspondent to the feelings formed in his soul, without which paradise itself would be barren of enjoyments. With these views, he was enabled to "rejoice in hope of the glory of God;" and was admitted to the fruition of it on the 28th Sep. 1763.

Something has been already said of Mr. Byrom's qualifications as an author. It is much to be regretted that he did not leave more specimens of his poetical abilities, which were of no mean order. Of these he had abundance: But possessing all the modesty of real merit, he judged most of them unfit for the inspection of the public; and destroyed them, it is said, some time before his last illness. Had he lived to see the publication of his "Miscellaneous Poems," and had the selection of them rested with himself, it cannot be doubted that not one

in twenty of the verses which are inserted in these volumes, would have seen the light. But these are his chief remains; and are offered only as the gleanings of a great man's productions. Notwithstanding their occasional want of harmony and deficiency in smoothness, the most insignificant piece among them contains such a point and terseness, such ingenuity and good sense, as none but the performance of a master in numbers can exhibit.

His invention was fertile, his allusions happy, his imagery just; and in no part of his poetry does there appear a defect, except in the finishing. Each of them may be considered as a kind of rapid *impromptu*, that never afterwards had one moment of polishing bestowed on it. From this observation must be excepted *Colin and Phebe, Careless Content, The Centaur Fabulous, The Three Lancashire Dialogues, Verses on purchasing the head of Malebranche, On preaching slowly and extempore, Essay on Enthusiasm, A penitential Soliloquy, The Divine Omnipresence, and A Hymn to Jesus.* These and some others display to advantage his capabilities as a poet.

Mr. Byrom's poetry has commonly received a false designation of its character from a curious circumstance: In a poetical letter (vol. 1st, page 65,) to Lord Willoughby, President of the Antiquarian Society, he informed his lordship that "it toucheth all England to have it defin'd,

> With a little more fact, by what sort of a right
> Her patron, her saint, is a Cappadox knight."

He begged that "the learn'd and laborious would please to search this one question, *Was old England's old patron a knight or a pope?*"

The Antiquarians made a mighty affair of his modest statement and reasoning, and magnified them into a challenge. The late Dr. Pegge entered the lists after our author's decease; and in his answer depreciated his antagonist's poetical powers, by saying, "My late worthy friend, Mr. Byrom, whose memory I shall always revere, was undoubtedly a man of parts and learning, but rather too fond sometimes of a paradox. Amongst his other qualifications, he had a particular knack at versification, and has accordingly delivered his sentiments on this subject in a metrical garb; for I presume, we can scarcely call it a poetical one." This character, of being but a versifier, has been repeated by different writers. The readiest mode of ascertaining its truth, would be for one of them to clothe *in a metrical garb* the same facts and proofs as Mr. Byrom has produced, in as small a compass, and in as easy and flowing a style. If this can be done, he will have obtained the mastery, and Dr. Pegge's strictures will appear impartial and correct.

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ERRATA.

Page 221 Note, for *the person* read *the imaginary personage.*
—— 226 Note, for *one* read *our.*

COLIN AND PHEBE,

A PASTORAL.

Written by the Author, while a Student at Trinity College, Cambridge.

IT WAS FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1714,

As No. 603, in the Spectator.

The Lady in whose praise these verses were written, was *Joanna*, the youngest daughter of the celebrated *Dr. Richard Bentley*, Master of Trinity College. She was married to Dr. Dennison Cumberland, Bishop of Clonfert, in Ireland; and was mother of the lamented Richard Cumberland, Esq. lately deceased, whose excellencies as an elegant moral, and dramatic writer are generally acknowledged.

Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim.
VIRG. Ecl. viii. 6.

My incantations! bring home, from the city bring ye home my Daphnis.

MY time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
When Phebe went with me wherever I went;*
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast:
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest!

---

* It has been said by a distinguished living author, that 'There is a 'fault in this piece, which if it were ever intended for a serious compo-'sition, completely destroys the effect. A ludicrous air pervades the 'whole, arising sometimes from the puerility of the expression, and some-'times from the inanity of the sentiment. Since the publication of the '*Bath Guide*, by *Anstey*, this association may have been rendered stronger 'by the parody, in that humorous work, of the first two lines of 'Byrom's poem;—

'Dear mother, my time has been wretchedly spent,
'With a gripe or a hiccup wherever I went.'

May not a similar observation be made on the language and sentiment of any other eclogue? This accusation belongs not exclusively to our author's pastoral. It is the reigning fault of that species of composition, as *Gay* has rather jocularly shewn in his *Shepherd's Week*. Whether we peruse the simple Idyls of *Theocritus*, *Spenser*, and *Philips*; or the more refined pastorals of *Virgil*, *Pope*, and *Shenstone*, we shall discover in them the same alternate "puerility and inanity."

But, now she is gone and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
When things seem'd as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the Spring; but, alas! it was she.

With such a companion to tend a few sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep,
So good humour'd made me, so cheerful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day.
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy as never was known.
My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd;
And my heart, I am sure, weighs more than a pound.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phebe was there,
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear.
But, now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And still as it murmurs do nothing but chide;
"Must you be so cheerful while I go in pain?
"Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain!"

When round me my lambkins would oftentimes play,
And Phebe and I were as joyful as they,
How pleasant their sporting, how happy the time
When spring, love, and beauty were all in their prime!
But now, in their frolics when by me they pass,
I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass:
"Be still!" then I cry, "for it makes me quite mad
"To see you so merry while I am so sad."

My dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come, wagging his tail, to my fair one and me;
Phebe likewise was pleas'd, and to my dog said,
"Come hither, poor fellow;" and patted his head.
But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look
Cry "Sirrah!" and give him a blow with my crook:
And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray
Be as dull as his master, when Phebe's away?

When walking with Phebe, what sights have I seen!
How fair were the flowers, how fresh was the green!
What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
The cornfields, the hedges, and ev'ry thing made!

But, now she has left me, they all are in tears,
Not one of them half so delightful appears:
'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes
Which made all these beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music attended us all the wood thro',
The lark, linnet, throstle,—and nightingale too;
Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And "Chirp" went the grasshopper under our feet.
Now, since she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone;
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave ev'ry thing else its agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does aught of its sweetness the blossom beguile?
That meadow, those daisies,—why do they not smile?
Ah! rivals, I see what it was, that you drest
And made yourselves fine for,—a place in her breast:
You put on your colours to please her fine eye,
To be pluck'd by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How slowly time creeps! till my Phebe return,
Amid the soft zephyr's cool breezes I burn!
Methinks if I knew whereabout he would tread,
I could breathe on his wings; it would melt down the lead.
Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my Dear,
And for it rest longer when she shall be here.
Ah! Colin, old time is too full of delay,
Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.

Will no pitying pow'r that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?
To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove:
Yet what swain is so silly to live without love?
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return;
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair!
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye part with your Fair!

A

DESCRIPTION OF TUNBRIDGE,

In a Letter to P. M. Esq.

DEAR Peter, whose friendship I value much more
Than bards their own verses, or misers their store,
Your books, and your bus'ness, and ev'ry thing else
Lay aside for a while, and come to the Wells:
The country so pleasant! the weather so fine!
A world of fair ladies, and delicate wine!
The proposal, I fancy, you'll hardly reject,
Then hear, if you come, what you first may expect.

Some eight or nine miles off we send to you greeting
Barbers, dippers, and so forth to give you the meeting.
As soon as they spy you each pulls off his hat,
"Does your honour want this? Does your honour want that?"
Thus being a stranger, by this apparatus
You may see our good manners before you come at us.
Now this in your custom's to get the first footing,
A trick, please your honour, which here we call Tooting.*

Conducted by these civil gem'men to town,
You put up your horse at—for rhyme's sake, the Crown:
My landlord bids welcome, and gives you his word
For the best entertainment his house can afford.
You taste which is better, his white or his red,
Bespeak a good supper, good room, and good bed;
In short, just as travellers do when they light,
So, to fill up the stanza, I wish you "Good Night!"

But when ruddy Phœbus next morning appears,
And with his bright beams our glad hemisphere cheers,
You rise, dress, get shav'd,—then away to the walks,
The pride of the place, of which ev'ry one talks!
I'd imagine you there to be drinking the waters,
Knew I not that you come not for such little matters,
But to see the fine ladies in their dishabille,
Which dress is sometimes the most studied to kill.

* A provincial word which signifies *prying, searching narrowly.*

The ladies you see; they are ladies as fair,
As charming and bright as are seen any where:
You eye and examine the beautiful throng,
As o'er the clean walks they pass lovely along;
Should any one look a little demurer,
You fancy, like ev'ry young fop, you could cure her;
Till from some pretty nymph a deep wound you receive,
And yourself want the cure which you thought you could give.

Not so wounded howe'er as to make you forget
That your honour this morn has not breakfasted yet;
So to Morley's you go, look about and sit down;
Then comes the young lass for your honour's half-crown;
She brings out the book, you look wisely upon her,
"What's the meaning of this?" "To subscribe, please your honour;"
So you write as your betters have all done before ye,
'Tis a custom, and here is an end of the story.

And now all this while, it is forty to one
But some friend or other you've stumbled upon;
You all go to church upon hearing the bell,
Whether out of devotion yourselves best can tell:
From thence to the tavern, to toast pretty Nancy,
Th' aforesaid bright nymph that had smitten your fancy,
Where wine and good victuals attend your commands,
And wheatears, far better than French ortolans.

Then after you've din'd, take a view of our ground,
Observe the grand mountains that compass us round;
And if you could walk a mile after eating,
Some comical rocks are worth contemplating;
You may, if you please, for their oddness and make,
Compare them—let's see—to the Derbyshire Peak.
They're one like the other, except that the wonder
Is seen *here* above ground, and *there* is seen under.

To the walks about seven you trace back your way,
Where the Sun marches off, and the ladies make day;
What crowding of charms! what Gods! rather Goddesses!
What beauties are there! what bright looks, airs, and dresses!

In the room of the waters had Helicon sprung,
Had the nymphs of the place by old poets been sung,
To invite the Gods hither they would have had reason,
And Jove had descended each night in the season.

If with things here below we compare things on high,
The walks are like yonder bright path in the sky,
Where heavenly bodies in such clusters mingle
As makes it invidious their graces to single.
See the charms of her sex unite in Miss K-ll-y;
If ever you've seen her, permit me to tell ye,
Descriptions are needless; for, after to you
No beauty, no graces can ever be new.

But when to their gaming the ladies withdraw,
Those beauties are fled which when walking you saw:
Most ungrateful the scene which there is display'd,
Chance murd'ring the features which heaven had made.
If the Fair Ones their charms did sufficiently prize,
Their elbows they'd spare for the sake of their eyes;
And the men too—what work! 'tis enough, in good faith is't,
Of the nonsense of chance to convince any Ath'ist.

But now it is proper to bid my friend "vale,"
Lest we tire you too long with our *Tunbridgiale;*
Which should the sour critics pretend to unravel,
Or at these lame verses should stupidly cavil,—
If this be our lot, tell those critics, I pray,
That I care not one farthing for all they can say.
And now I conclude with my service, good Peter,
To yourself and all friends;—farewell muse! farewell metre!

A full and true Account of

A HORRID AND BARBAROUS ROBBERY,

Committed in *Epping Forest*, on the Body of the *Cambridge Coach:*

In a letter to Martin Folkes, Esq. F. R. S.

Arma virumque cano.---VIRG. ÆN. i. 1.
Arms and the man I sing.

DEAR Martin Folkes, dear scholar, brother, friend,
And words of like importance without end,
This comes to tell you, how in Epping Hundred
Last Wedn'sday morning I was robb'd and plund'red.
Forgive the Muse who sings what, I suppose,
Fame has already trumpeted in prose.
But Fame's a lying jade, the turn of fate
Let poor Melpomene herself relate:
Spare the sad nymph a vacant hour's relief,
To rhyme away the remnants of her grief.

On Tuesday night, you know with how much sorrow
I briefly told the club—"I go to-morrow"—
To-morrow came, when in due order I
Went to the starting place accordingly;
Bull was the house, and *Bishopgate* the street;
The coach as full as it could cram; to wit,
Two fellow commoners, *De auld Trin.*
And eke an honest bricklayer of Lynn,
And eke two Norfolk dames, his wife and cousin,
And eke my worship's self made half a dozen.

Now then, as fortune had contriv'd, our way
Thro' the wild brakes of Epping Forest lay:
With travellers and trunks, a cumbrous load,
We crawl'd along the solitary road;
Where nought but thickets within thickets grew,
No house or barn to cheer the wand'ring view;
Nor lab'ring hind, nor shepherd did appear,
Nor sportsman with his dog or gun was there;
A dreary landscape, bushy and forlorn,
Where rogues start up like mushrooms in a morn.

However since such rogues we had not yet
Except within a sessions-paper met,
We jok'd on fear; tho' as we past along,
Robbing was still the burden of the song.
With untry'd courage bravely we repell'd
The rude attacks of dogs not yet beheld.
With val'rous talk still battling, till at last
We thought all danger was as good as past.
Says one, (too soon alas!) "now let him come,
"I'll fell him with this bottle full of rum."

Scarce had he spoken when the brickman's wife
Cry'd out, "good Lord! he's here upon my life!"
Forth from behind the wheels the villain came,
And swore such words as I dare hardly name;
But you'll suppose them not from me to drop,
But from the rogue, "G—d d—n ye, coachman, stop!
"Your money, deliver me your money,
"Quick, d—n ye, quick! must I stay waiting on ye?
"Quick, or I'll send"—(and nearer still he rode)
"A brace of balls amongst ye all, by G—d!"

I leave you to conjecture in what plight
We all were put by this ferocious wight.
The trembling females into labour fell;
Big with the sudden fear, *they pout, they swell;*
And soon deliver'd by his horrid curses,
Brought forth two strange and præternat'ral purses;
Which look'd indeed like purses made of leather,
But let the sweet-tongu'd *Maningham say whether
A common purse could possibly conceal
Shillings, half-crowns and half-pence by piece-meal.

The youth who threw the bottle at the knave
Before he came, now thought it best to wave
Such resolution, and preserve the liquor,
Since a round guinea might be thrown much quicker;
So with impetuous haste he flung him that,
Which the sharp rascal parried with his hat.
His right-hand man, a brother of the quill,
Chose prudently to shew his own good will

---

* Dr. Maningham, who wrote a pamphlet in defence of the well-kno story of the Rabbit-woman.

By the same token, and without much scruple
Made the red-rugg'd collector's income duple.

My heart (for truth I always must confess)
Dropp'd down *an inch exactly, more or less.
With fixed eyes I view'd the thief's approach,
And read the case of *Pistol versus Coach;*
A woful case, which I had oft heard quoted,
But ne'er before in all my practice noted.
So when the lawyers brought in their report,
" Guinea *per* Christian to be paid in Court,"
" Well off," thought I, " from this son of a whore,
" If he prefer his action for no more.

" No more! why hang him! is it not too much
" To pay a guinea for his vile *High Dutch?*
" 'Tis true his arguments are short and frank,
" His action strong, to which he swears point-blank;
" Yet why resign the yellow *One Pound One?*
" No, tax his bill and give him silver, John!"
So said so done, when putting fist to fob
I flung, th' apparent value of the job,
An ounce of silver into his receiver,
And mark'd what fine respects he'd pay the giver.

He, like a thankless wretch that's overpaid,
Resents the insult offer'd to his trade,
And treats my kindness with—" Oh! this won't do;
" Look here, good sir, I must have gold from you."
To this demand of the ungrateful cur
Defendant John thought proper to demur.
The bricklayer joining in the *white* opinion,
Tender'd five shillings to Diana's minion,
Who still kept threat'ning †to pervade his buff,
Because the payment was not prompt enough.

Before the women could within his reach
Place what contents were in their purses each,
One of his pieces falling downwards, drew
The rogue's attention hungrily thereto.
Straight he began to damn the charioteer,
" Come down, you dog, reach me that guinea there."

* An expression used by a member of the Royal Society, which was afterwards proverbially adopted in ridicule by the author and his friends.
† To run him through the skin.

Down jumps the frighted coachman on the sand,
Picks up the gold and puts it in his hand;
Missing a rare occasion, tim'rous dastard!
To seize his pistol and dismount the bastard.

Now while in deep and serious ponderment
I watch'd the motions of his next intent,
He wheel'd about as fully bent to try
Which of the two was strongest, he or I,
And how my silver sentiments would hold
Against that hard dilemma,—balls or gold.
"No help?" said I, "no tachygraphic pow'r
"To interpose in this unequal hour?
"I can't maintain, except by lowly cringing,
"My cause against that murderous fire-engine."

The goddess *Short-hand*, bright celestial maid!
Just then descended to her champion's aid;
Clad in a letter'd vest of silver hue,*
Wrought by her fav'rite Phebe's hand, she flew.
Th' unfolded surface fell exactly neat,
In just proportion o'er her shape complete;
Distinct with lines of purer flaming white,
Transparent work, intelligibly bright;
Form'd to delight the cultivated mind,
To puzzle and confound the stupid hind.

Soon as the wretch the sacred writing spy'd,
"What conjuration-sight is this?" he cry'd.
My eyes meanwhile the heav'nly vision clear'd,
And shew'd me how his hellish looks appear'd.
Heav'n shield all travellers from foul disgrace!
For I saw Tyburn in the ruffian's face;
And if aright I judge of human mein,
His face ere long in Tyburn will be seen.
The hostile blaze soon seiz'd his miscreant blood;
He star'd, turn'd short, and fled into the wood.

Danger dismiss'd, the gentle goddess smil'd
Like a fond parent o'er her fearful child;
And thus began to drive the dire surprise,
Forth from my anxious breast in jocund wise;—

* Alluding to some Short-hand Characters neatly cut in paper by the author's sister, which were presented to M. F. Esq.

" My son," said she, " this fellow is no *Wéston,
" No adversary, child, to make a jest on;
" With ink sulphureous upon human skin
" He writes, indenting horrid marks therein;
" But thou hast read his fate, the halter'd slave
" Shall quickly sing his penitential stave.

" Pursue thy route, and when thou tak'st another,
" Bestride some gen'rous quadruped or other.
" Let this enchanted vehicle confine
" From this time forth no votaries of mine!
" Let me no more see honest short-hand men
" Coop'd up in wood, like poultry in a pen.
" And at *Trin. Coll.* whene'er thou art enlarging
" On this adventure, note within the margin,—
" Let *Cambridge* scholars who are not quite bare,
" Shun *Epping Forest's* track and ride through *Ware.*

" Adieu! my son; resume thy wonted jokes,
" And write account of this to Martin Folkes."
This said, she mounts; the characters divine
Through the bright path immensely brilliant shine.
Safely arriv'd, first for my boots I wrote;
I tell the story, and subjoin the note.
And lastly, to fulfil the dread commands,
These hasty lines presume to kiss your hands.
Excuse the tedious tale of a disaster
From me, your humble servant and †Grand Master.

---

* The inventor of a short-hand system formerly in great vogue. Its irregularity and defects our author had often humorously exposed.
† A title usually given to the author by his pupils in Stenography.

A LETTER,

On his departure from London, to R. L. Esq.

Usually called by his College acquaintance Sir Peter.

DEAR Peter, your absence at present I rue,
Whatever a week or two hence I may do,
These lines in great haste I convey to the Mitre,
To tell the sad plight of th' unfortunate writer.
You have left your old friend so affected with grief
That nothing but rhyming can give me relief;
Though the Muses were never worse *put to their trumps
To comfort poor bard in his sorrowful dumps.

The moment you left us, with grief be it spoken,
This poor heart of mine felt as though it was broken;
And I almost faint still if a carriage approach,
Which looks like a Highgate or Barnet stage coach;
Indeed when at first that old vehicle gap'd
To take in friend P.—so the fare had but scap'd,
If I did not half wish the man might o'erturn it
And break it to pieces, †I am a sous'd Gurnet.

The Rhenish and sugar drunk at your departure,
I hoped would make me to grief less a martyr;
But the wine yet more strongly to weeping inclin'd,
And my grief by the sugar was double refin'd.
It is not to tell how my heart fell a throbbing
When at the last parting our noses were bobbing;
Those sad farewell accents! I think on them still—
" You'll remember to write, John?"—" Yes, Peter,
I will."

You no sooner were gone than this famous metropolis,
Which appear'd just before so exceedingly populous,
When tow'rds it I turn'd me, seem'd all of a sudden
As though it was mov'd from the place it had stood in.

---

* *To be put to their trumps*—to be forced on their last expedient.
† A phrase used by Shakspeare and others of the same age. Gurnard or Gurnet is a kind of fish nearly resembling a Piper.

I should hardly have known how to find my way back,
But for Squire Hazel's brother, sagacious Jack;
How he brought me from Smithfield to Dick's I can't say,
I remember the Charter-house stood in the way.

At Dick's I repos'd me and call'd for some coffee,
And sweet'ned, and supp'd, and was still thinking of ye;
But not with such pleasure as when I came there
To wait till Sir Peter should chance to appear;
There while I was turning you o'er in my mind,
"Doctor, how do you do?" says a voice from behind;
I thought to myself, "I should know this same organ;"
And who should it be, but my friend Doctor Morgan?

The Doctor and I walk'd together, and then
He went somewhere else, I to Richard's again:
All ways have I try'd my sad loss to forget,
I saunter'd, wrote short-hand, ate custard, *et cet.*
With honest Duke Humphrey I pass the long day,
To others, as yet, having little to say;
For indeed, I must own, since the loss of my *chum,
I am grown, as it were, a mere †Gerund in dumb.

But, Muse, we forget that our grief will prevent us
From treating of matters more high and momentous.
Poor Jonathan Wild!—Clowes, Peer Williams, and I
Have just been all waiting to see him pass by:
How crowded and cramm'd were the houses with mobs,
Which look'd like Leviathan's picture in Hobbes,
From the very ground floor to the top of the leads,
While Jonathan pass'd through a Holborn of heads.

From Newgate to Tyburn he made his procession,
Supported by two of the nimble profession;
Between the unheeded poor wretches he sat,
In his night-gown and wig, without ever a hat;
With a book in his hand he went weeping and praying,
The mob all along, as he pass'd them, huzzaing;
While parcels of verses the hawkers were hollaing,
Of which I can only remember the following;—

---

* A companion. †A playful allusion to a participial affection of the verb, of which there are three in the Latin tongue, called *the gerunds* a *di, do,* and *dum.*

" The cunning old pug ev'ry body remembers,
" That when he saw chesnuts lie roasting in embers,
" To save his own bacon took puss's two foots,
" So out of the embers he tickled his nuts.
" Thus many poor rascals, as I understand,
" For getting him nuts have been burnt in the hand;
" But he was not so cunning as Esop's old ape,
" For this monkey could not keep himself from the scrape."

And now, Peter, I'm come to the end of my tether,
So I wish you good company, journey and weather.
When friends in the country enquire after John,
Pray tender my service to every one,
To the ladies at Toft, Master Legh of High Legh,
To the Altringham meeting, if any there be,
Darcy Lever, Will Drake, Master Cattell and Cottam,
Which appears a good rhyme to insert at the bottom.

Richard's, Monday Night May 24, 1725.

P.S. What news? why the Lords, if the minutes say true,
Have pass'd my *Lord Bolingbroke's bill three to two;
Three to one, I would say; and I've understood
They've resolv'd that the Commons †their charge have made good;
To-morrow, Earl Thomas's fate to determine,
Their Lordships come clothed with judgment and ermine.
The surgeons, they say, have got Jonathan's carcase,
If so, I'll go see it, or 'twill be a hard case.

---

*After being attainted of high treason, on his submission he had received His Majesty's pardon. But this, though it hindered the execution of the law against his life, did not enable him to enjoy any possessions which might devolve on him. A bill therefore passed through both Houses, about the time mentioned by our author, which empowered him to succeed to the family inheritance.

† This was the impeachment of Thomas Earl of Macclesfield, Lord Chancellor of England. He was convicted of fraudulent practices in the High Court of Chancery; and condemned to pay a fine of Thirty Thousand Pounds, and to be imprisoned till that sum should be paid. He was soon after liberated on producing the money.

VERSES,

Spoken extempore at the Meeting of a Club,

On the appearance of the President in a Black Bob Wig, who had usually worn a White Tie.

OUR President in days of yore
Upon his head a Caxen wore,
Upon his head he wore a Caxen
Of hair as white as any flaxen;
And now he heeds it not a fig,
But wears upon his poll a wig,
A shabby wig upon his poll
Of hair as black as any coal.

A sad and dismal change, alas!
Choose how the deuce it came to pass:
Poor President! what evil fate
Revers'd the colour of his pate?
For if that lamentable dress
Were his own choosing, one would guess,
By the deep mourning of his head,
His wits were certainly *gone dead.*

Sure it could ne'er be his own choosing
To put his head in such a housing:
It must be ominous I fear;
Some mischief to be sure is near:
Nay, should that black foreboding phiz
Speak from that sturdy trunk of his,
Who could forbear to think it spoke
Just like a raven from an oak?

A Caxen of so *black* a hue
On our affairs looks plaguy *blue:*
We do not meet with such an omen
In any story, *Greek or Roman:*
A comet or a blazing star
Were not so terrible by far;
No; in that wig the Fates have sent us
Of all the portents the most portentous.

Who does not tremble for the club
That looks upon his wig—so scrub!
Without a knot! without a tie!
What can we hang together by?
So scrub a wig to look upon!
How can the dire phenomenon
Be long before it has undone us?
Oh! 'tis a cruel *bob* upon us.

The president, with wig so white,
Appear'd another mortal quite;
Nay, when he sprinkled it with powder,
No man in *Manchester* talk'd louder.
How blest were we! but now, alack!
The wearing of a wig so black,
Such a disgrace has brought about,
Burn it! 'twill never be worn out.

Thou art a Lawyer, honest Joe,
I prithee, wilt thou let us know
Whether the *black act* won't extend
So as to reach our worthy friend?
What! can he wear a wig so shabby,
When folks are hang'd from *Waltham Abbey*,
For loving ven'son, and appearing
So like his head, so much like fearing?

You're a Divine, Sir; I'll ask you,
Is that a Christian, or a Jew,
Or Turk? "Aye, Turk as sure as hops,
" You see the Sar'cen in his chops:"
And yet these chops, tho' now so homely,
Were christian-like before, and comely.
That wicked wig! to make a face
So absolutely void of *grace!*

You, master Doctor, will you try
Your skill in Physiognomy?
Of what disease is it a symptom?
Don't look at me, but look at him, Tom.
Is it not *scurvy* think you? - " Yes,
" If aught be scurvyish, it is.
" A frenzy 'tis, or per'wigmanie
" That overruns his pericranie."

" It seems to me a complication
" Of all distempers in some fashion:
" It is a *coma*, that is plain,
" A great obstruction of the brain.
" A man to take his brains and bury 'em
" In such a wig, shews a *delirium!*
" I never saw a human face
" That suffer'd more by such a *case.*

" If you examine it, you'll see 'tis
" Pissburnt; that shews a *diabetes.*
" Bad weather has relax'd, you see,
" The fibres to a great degree.
" Certes* the head, in these black tumours,
" Is full of vitiated humours;
" Of vitiated humours full,
" Which shews a numbness of the skull.

" So of the rest"—But now, friend Thomas,
The cure will be expected from us;
For while it hangs on him, of course
It will, if possible, grow worse.
" *Habit* so foul! there is, in short,
" Nothing but salivation for't."
But what can salivation do?
It has been flux'd and reflux'd too.

But why to doctors do I urge on
The bus'ness of a barber-surgeon?
Your barber-surgeon is the man
It must be cur'd by, if it can:
Ring for my landlord Lawrenson;
Come let's e'en try what can be done;
A remedy there may be found
Provided that the brain be sound.

* Certainly.

THE

ASTROLOGER'S ADDRESS.

The point of this satirical piece is not lost by the notices it contains of events, which occurred at the period when it was written; neither do they prevent it from being ranked amongst the most ingenious reprehensions of eventful prognosticators and almanack prophets.

FELLOW Citizens all, for whose safety I peep
All night at the stars, and all day go to sleep,
Attend while I shew you the meaning of Fate
In all the strange sights we have seen here of late;
And thou, *O Astrology*, Goddess divine,
Celestial Decipheress, gently incline
Thine ears and thine aid to a lover of science,
That bids to all learning but thine a defiance.

For what learning else is there half so engaging
As an art where the terms of themselves are presaging?
By mutt'ring o'er which, any gentle mechanic
May put his whole neighbourhood into a pan'ic;
Where a noddle well turn'd for prediction and shoes,
If it can but remember hard words, cannot choose,
From the Prince on the throne to the dairy maid milking,
But read all their fortunes in yonder blue welkin.

For the sky is a book, which in letters of gold
Shews all things that almanacks ever foretold;
Which he that can read and interpret also—
What is there that such an one cannot foreshew?
When a true son of art ponders over the stars
They reflect back upon him the face of affairs;
Of all things of moment they give him an inkling,
While Empires and Kingdoms depend on their twinkling.

Your transits, your comets, eclipses, conjunctions,
Have all, it is certain, their several functions,
And on this globe of earth here both jointly and singly
Do influence matters most astonishingly.
But to keep in some method on this same occasion,
We'll give you a full and true interpretation
Of all the Phenomena we have rehears'd,
Of which in their order; and first of the first:

As for Mercury's travelling over the sun,
There's nothing in that, Sirs, when all's said and done;
For what will be, will be; and Mercury's transit,
I'm pos'tive, will neither retard nor advance it.
But when a conjunction or comet takes place,
Or a total eclipse, that's a different case;
They that laugh at our art, may here see with their eyes,
That some things, at least, may appear from the skies.

A conjunction of Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars,
You, gentlemen, may, if you please, turn to farce;
But what if it plainly appear that three men
Are foretold by three planets, what will ye say then?
Now, to prove this, I'll only make one small request,
Which is, that you'll all turn your faces to th' East;
And then you shall see ere I've done my epistle,
If I don't make it out as clean as a whistle.

In the first place, *old Saturn we very well know,
Lost his kingdom and provinces some time ago;

* This refers to the intestine troubles of Persia. Schah Hassain, King of Persia, was in 1722 deposed by Mahmoud, chief of the Afgans, or Aghuans. Acherof, or Esreff, succeeded Mahmoud. This usurper endeavoured to seize Prince Tamas, heir apparent to the Persian throne. For this purpose he invited him to a conference on an extensive plain, where he intended to surround him and his attendants. The Prince was apprized of his designs, in proper time for securing his safety by flight. He applied to the neighbouring sovereigns, to restore him to his dominions. They had only remained inactive that they might more readily subdue a nation weakened by civil convulsions. Accordingly soon afterwards the Grand Seignior commanded his troops to march against the rebels, for the ostensible purpose of placing Prince Tamas on the throne. They conquered several fine provinces, and menaced Ispahan itself. Acherof routed them, when within four leagues of that city.

Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia, also in 1723 carried his victorious arms beyond the Caspian Sea, and invaded the Persian dominions, certain districts of which were secured to him by the treaty, concluded soon after at Contantinople, between him and the Grand Seignior.

Nor was it long after old Saturn's disgrace
That Jupiter mov'd to step into his place;
And Mars we all know was a quarrelsome bully,
That beat all his neighbours most unmercifully;
And now who can doubt who these gentlemen are?
Saturn, Jupiter, Mars,—Sophi, Sultan, and Czar.

But to prove nearer home that the stars have not trifl'd,
Pray have we not lost (cruel star!) *Doctor Byfield?
Alas! friends at Richard's, alas! what a chasm
Will be made in the annals of enthusiasm!
As soon as the comet† appear'd in the sky,
Pray did not the Doctor straight sicken and die?
I wonder how folks could discover a comet
And yet never draw this plain consequence from it?

The death of the Regent‡ might shew, if it needed,
Why they saw it in France so much plainer than we did.
And how well it forebodes to our nobles and princes,
That its tail was here shorter by several inches.
But so near to the Eagle this comet appear'd,
That something may happen, it is to be fear'd;
Great men have been known by the arms which they bore,
But "God bless the Emperor,"—I say no more.

---

* Dr. Byfield, a chemist of an extravagant genius, and inventor of the *Sol volatile oleosum*. The author had frequent skirmishes of wit and humour with him at Richard's Coffee-House, and upon his death wrote the following short epitaph *impromptu:*

Hic jacet Doctor Byfield, diu volatilis, tandem fixus.

After having long flown about, here at length Dr. Byfield lies at rest.

The epigrammatic turn of the medical words is nearly lost in a literal translation. Their spirit is, perhaps, better preserved in the following expansion of the idea.

Of ev'ry fragrant *essence* rifl'd,
Here lies what's left of Doctor Byfield;
Seal'd up within his parent earth,
No more can he diffuse his mirth;
Nor from that store-room in his pate
Can any wit *evaporate*;
For his smooth tongue, once volatile,
Now fix'd, remains for ever still.

† It was seen in September, 1723.

‡ Philip, Duke of Orleans, Regent of France during the minority of Lewis XV. He died in December, 1723; a period sufficiently near for causing our vain astrologer to impute that catastrophe to the malign influence of the comet.

And now for th' eclipse, which is such an appearance
As perhaps will not happen for many a year hence;
The §King of France died, the last total eclipse
Of a mortification near one of his hips;
From whence by our art may be plainly made out
That some great man or other must die at this bout;
The eclipse is not yet, a king's death is there neither,
So there's time enough left to predict about either.

Yet two that are safe I shall venture to name,
Men of figure and parts and unspotted in fame;
Who, all parties will own, are, and always have been
Great ornaments to the high station they're in,
Admir'd of all sides, who will therefore rejoice,
When, consulting the stars, I pronounce it their voice,
That for all this eclipse, no harm shall befal
Those two honest Giants that are in Guildhall.

So much for great men;—I come now to predict
What evils in general will Europe afflict:
Now the evils that conjurers tell from the stars
Are plague, famine and pestilence, bloodshed and wars,
Contagious diseases, great losses of goods,
Great burnings by fire, and great drownings by floods,
Hail, rain, frost and snow, storms of lightning and thunder;
And if none of these happen, 'twill be a great wonder.

§ Lewis the XIV. died September 14th, 1715, five months and four days after a total eclipse of the Sun. That distance of time answered the star-gazer's purpose, as well as if the King had died during the eclipse.

CONTENTMENT,

Or the HAPPY WORKMAN's SONG.

I AM a poor workman as rich as a Jew,
A strange sort of tale, but however 'tis true;
Come, listen awhile and I'll prove it to you
So as nobody can deny, &c.

I am a poor workman, you'll easily grant,
Yet I'm rich as a Jew, for there's nothing I want,
I have meat, drink, and clothes, and am hearty and cant;*
Which nobody &c.

I live in a cottage, and yonder it stands;
And while I can work with these two honest hands,
I'm as happy as they that have houses and lands,
Which nobody &c.

I keep to my workmanship all the day long,
I sing and I whistle, and this is my song,
"Thank God, who has made me so lusty and strong,"
Which nobody &c.

I never am greedy of delicate fare,
If God give me enough, though 'tis ever so bare,
The more is his love, and the less is my care;
Which nobody &c.

My clothes on a working day looken but lean,
But when I can dress me, on Sundays I mean,
Tho' cheap, they are warm; and tho' coarse, they are clea
Which nobody &c.

Folk cry out "hard times," but I never regard,
For I ne'er did, nor will set my heart †upo' th' ward;
So 'tis all one to me, ‡bin they easy or hard,
Which nobody &c.

* Cheerful. † Upon the world. ‡ Be.

I envy not them that have thousands of pounds,
That sport o'er the country with horses and hounds;
There's nought but contentment can keep within bounds,
Which nobody &c.

I ne'er lose my time o'er a pipe or a pot,
Nor cower in a nook like a sluggardly sot,
But I buy what is wanting with what I have got.
Which nobody &c.

And if I have more than I want for to spend,
I help a poor neighbour or diligent friend;
He that gives to the poor, to the Lord he doth lend.
Which nobody &c.

I grudge not that gentlefolk dressen so fine;
At their gold and their silver I never repine;
But I wish all their guts were as hearty as mine,
Which nobody &c.

With quarrels o' th' country and matters of state,
With Tories and Whigs I ne'er puzzle my pate;
There are some that I love, but none that I hate,
Which nobody &c.

What tho' my condition be ever so coarse,
I strive to embrace it for better and worse,
And my heart, I thank God, is as light as my purse,
Which nobody &c.

Whatever, in short, my condition may be,
'Tis God that appoints it as far as I see,
And I'm sure I can never do better than he,
Which nobody &c.

THE

DISSECTION OF A BEAU'S HEAD.

Addison's paper on this subject in the Spectator, No. 275, is here so well versified as, on a perusal of both productions, would make it difficult to determine, whether of them had been first composed. But our author copied the substance of his rhymes from Addison's prose, for his own amusement.

WE found by our glasses, that what at first sight
Appear'd to be brains was another thing quite;
A heap of strange stuff fill'd the holes of his skull,
Which perhaps serv'd the owner as well to the full.
And as Homer acquaints us, (who certainly knew)
That the blood of the Gods was not real and true,
Only something that had a resemblance thereto,
Some such likeness to brain has the brain of a Beau.

The *Pineal Gland*, where the soul's residence is,
Smelt desp'rately strong of perfumes and essences;
With a bright horny substance encompass'd around,
That in numberless forms, like a diamond, was ground;
Insomuch that the spirit, if any was there,
Must have kept pretty constant within its own sphere,
Having bus'ness enough, without seeking new traces,
To employ all its time with its own pretty faces.

In the head's hinder part there was Brussels and Mechlin
With ribands, and fringes, and such kind of tackling;
Billet-doux, and soft rhymes lin'd the whole *cerebellum*,
Op'ra songs, and prick'd dances, as 'twere upon vellum:
A brown kind of lump, that we ventur'd to squeeze,
Dispers'd in plain *Spanish*, and made us all sneeze.
In short, many more of the like kind of fancies
Too tedious to tell, fill'd up other vacancies.

On the sides of this head were in several purses
On the right, sighs and vows; on the left, oaths and curses;
These each sent a duct to the root of the tongue,
From whence to the tip they went jointly along.

One particular place was observed to shine
With all sorts of colours most wond'rously fine;
But when we came nearer to view it, in troth,
Upon examination 'twas nothing but froth.

A pretty large vessel did plainly appear
In that part of the skull 'twixt the tongue and the ear,
With a spongy contrivance defended it was,
Which the French virtuosos call *galimathias;*
We Englishmen, *nonsense;* a matter indeed
That most people's heads are apt sometimes to breed;
Not one head free from it entirely in twenty,
But a beau's, 'tis presum'd, always has it in plenty.

Mighty hard, thick, and tough was the skin of his front,
And what is more strange, not a blood vessel on't;
From whence we concluded, the party deceas'd
Was never much troubled with blushing at least.
The *Os cribriforme* as full as could stuff
Was cramm'd, and in some places damag'd with snuff:
For beaus with this ballast keep stuffing their crib,
To preserve their light heads in a true equilib.

That muscle, we found, was exceedingly plain,
Which helps a man's nose to express his disdain,
If you chance to displease him, or make a demand,
Which is oft the beau's case, "that he don't understand!"
The reader well knows 'tis about this same muscle
That the old Latin poets all make such a bustle,
When they paint a man giving his noddle a toss,
And cocking his nose like a Rhinoceros.

Looking into the eye, where the *musculi* lay,
Which are called *amatorii*, that is to say,
Those muscles, in English, wherewith a man ogles,
When on a fair lady he fixes his goggles,
We found them much worn; but that call'd th' *elevator*,
Which lifts the eyes up tow'rds the summit of nature,
Seem'd so little us'd, that the beau, I dare say,
Never dazzl'd his eyes much with looking that way.

The outside of this head, for its shape and its figure,
Was like other heads, neither lesser nor bigger.
Its owner, as we were inform'd, when alive
Had pass'd for a man of about thirty-five.

He ate and he drank, just like one of the crowd:
For the rest,—he dress'd finely, laugh'd often, talk'd loud,
In his way he had talents, sometimes at a ball
The beau shew'd his parts and outcaper'd 'em all.

Some ladies, they say, took the beau for a wit,
But, truly, there lay in his head not a bit.
He was cut off, alas! in the flow'r of his age
By an eminent cit, that was put in a rage:
The beau was, it seems, complimenting his wife,
When excessive civility cost him his life;
For his eminence took up an old paring shovel,
And on the hard ground left my gem'man to grovel.

Having finish'd our work, we began to replace
The brain, such as 'twas, in its own proper case.
In a fine piece of scarlet we laid it in state,
And resolv'd to prepare so extraordinary a pate;
Which would eas'ly be done, our anatomist thought,
Having found many tubes, that already were fraught
With a kind of a substance he took for Mercurial,
Lodg'd there, he suppos'd, long before the beau's burial.

The head laid aside, then he took up the heart,
Which he likewise laid open with very great art,
And with many particulars truly we met,
That gave us great insight into the *coquette:*
But having, kind reader, already transgress'd
Too much on your patience, we'll let the heart rest;
Having giv'n you the beau for to-day's speculation,
We'll reserve the coquette for another occasion.

A SONG.

WHY, prithee now, what does it signify
For to bustle and make such a rout?
It is virtue alone that can dignify,
Whether clothed in ermine or clout.
Come, come, and maintain thy discretion;
Let it act a more generous part;
For I find by thy honest confession,
That the world has too much of thy heart.

Beware that its fatal ascendancy
Do not tempt thee to mope and repine;
With a humble and hopeful dependency
Still await the good pleasure divine.
Success in a higher beatitude
Is the end of what's under the pole;
A philosopher takes it with gratitude,
And believes it is best on the whole.

The world is a scene, thou art sensible,
Upon which, if we do but our best,
On a wisdom that's incomprehensible
We may safely rely for the rest.
Then trust to its kind distribution,
And however things happen to fall,
Prithee, pluck up a good resolution
To be cheerful and thankful for all.

EXTEMPORE VERSES

On a Trial of Skill between Messrs. FIGG *and* SUTTON,

The Two great Masters of the noble Science of Defence.

LONG was the great Figg, by the prize-fighting swains,
Sole monarch acknowledg'd of Mary-bone plains;
To the towns far and near did his valour extend,
And swam down the river from Thame to Gravesend,
Where liv'd Master Sutton, pipe-maker by trade,
Who hearing that Figg was thought such a stout blade,
Resolv'd to put in for a share of his fame,
And so sent to challenge the champion of Thame.

With alternate advantage two trials had pass'd,
When they fought out the rubbers on Wednesday last.
To see such a contest the house was so full,
There hardly was room left to thrust in your skull.
With a prelude of cudgels we first were saluted,
And two or three shoulders most handsomely fluted;
Till wearied at last with inferior disasters,
All the company cried, "Come! the masters! the masters!"

Whereupon the bold Sutton first mounted the stage,
Made his honours, as usual, and yearn'd to engage;
Then Figg with a visage so fierce and sedate,
Came and enter'd the list with his fresh-shaven pate.
Their arms were encircled by armigers two,
With a red ribbon Sutton's, and Figg's with a blue;
Thus adorn'd the two heroes 'twixt shoulder and elbow,
On commencing shook hands, and the watch-word was "Bilbo."

Sure such a concern in the eyes of spectators
Was never yet seen in our amphitheatres;
Our Commons and Peers, from their several places,
To half an inch distance all pointed their faces;

While the rays of old Phœbus that shot through the sky-light,
Seem'd to make on the stage a new kind of twilight;
And the Gods, without doubt, if one could but have seen 'em,
Were peeping there thro' to do justice between 'em.

Figg struck the first stroke, and with such a vast fury,
That he broke his huge weapon in twain, I assure ye;
And if his brave rival this blow had not warded,
His head from his shoulders had quite been discarded.
Figg again arm'd himself, they took t'other tilt,
And then Sutton's blade ran away from its hilt.
The weapons were frighted, but as for the men,
In truth they ne'er minded, but at it again.

Such a force in their blows, you'd have thought it a wonder
Ev'ry stroke they receiv'd did not cleave them asunder;
Yet so great was their courage, so equal their skill,
That they both seem'd as safe as a thief in a mill:
While in doubtful attention dame Victory stood,
And which side to take could not tell for her blood,
But remain'd without moving an inch either way,
Like the ass in the tale 'twixt two bottles of hay:

Till Jove to the Gods signified his intention,
In a speech that he made them, too tedious to mention;
The upshot of it was, that, at that very bout,
From a wound in Figg's side the hot blood spouted out.
Her Ladyship then seem'd to think the case plain;
But Figg stepping forth, with sullen disdain,
Shew'd the gash, and appeal'd to the company round,
If his own broken sword had not giv'n him the wound.

That bruises and wounds a man's spirit should touch
With danger so little, with honour so much!
Well, they both took a dram, return'd to the battle,
And with a fresh fury they made the swords rattle;
While Sutton's right arm was observed to bleed
By a touch from his rival, so Jove had decreed:
Enough just to shew that his blood was not Icor,
But made up, like Figg's, of the common red liquor.

Again they both rush'd with so equal a fire on,
That the company cried,—"Hold! enough of cold iron!
"To the Quarter Staff now, lads!"——So first having dramm'd it,
They took to their wood, and i'faith never sham'd it.

The first bout they had was so fair and so handsome,
That to make a fair bargain 'twas worth a king's ransom;
And Sutton such bangs to his neighbour imparted,
Would have made any fibres but Figg's to have smarted.

Then after that bout they went on to another;
But the matter must end in some way or other;
So Jove told the Gods he had made a decree,
That Figg should hit Sutton a stroke on the knee.
Though Sutton, disabled as soon as he hit him,
Would still have fought on, but Jove would not permit him.
'Twas his fate not his fault, that made him to yield;
And thus the great Figg became Lord of the field.

Now after such men, who can bear to be told
Of your Roman and Greek puny heroes of old?
To compare such poor dogs as *Alcides and Theseus
To Sutton and Figg would be very facetious.
Were great Hector himself, with Apollo to back him,
To encounter with Sutton, how well he would thwack him!
Or Achilles, tho' old mother Thetis had dipp'd him,
With Figg,—how grandly would our brave man have
unripp'd him.

To Cæsar and Pompey, for want of things juster,
We compare these brave boys, but 'twill never pass muster.
Did those mighty fellows e'er fight hand to fist once?
No, I thank you, they kept at a laudable distance.
What is Pompey the Great, with his armour begirt,
To the much greater Sutton who fought in his shirt;
Or is Figg to be pair'd with a cap-a-pee Roman,
Who scorn'd any fence but a jolly abdomen?

* Hercules, the grandson of Alcæus.

VERSES

Spoken at the Free Grammar School, in Manchester,

On the Commencement of a Vacation.

THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

A TALE.

"TALE!" That will raise the question, I suppose,
"What can the meaning be of three black crows?"
It is a London story, you must know,
And happen'd, as they say, some time ago.
The meaning of it custom would suppress
Till to the end we come: nevertheless,
Tho' it may vary from the use of old
To tell the moral ere the tale be told,
We'll give a hint for once, how to apply
The meaning first; then hang the tale thereby.

People full oft are put into a pother
For want of understanding one another;
And strange amusing stories creep about,
That come to nothing if you trace them out;
Lies of the day perhaps, or month, or year,
Which, having serv'd their purpose, disappear.
From which, meanwhile, disputes of every size,
That is to say, misunderstandings rise,
The springs of ill, from bick'ring up to battle,
From wars and tumults, down to tittle tattle.
Such, as for instance, (for we need not roam
Far off to find them, but come nearer home;)
Such as befal by sudden misdivining
On cuts, on coals, on boxes, and on signing,

Or on what now, *in the affair of mills,
To us and you portends such serious ills.
To note how meanings that were never meant.
By eager giving them too rash assent,
Will fly about, just like so many crows
Of the same breed of which the story goes,—
It may, at least it should, correct a zeal
That hurts the public or the private weal.

Two honest tradesmen meeting in the strand,—
One took the other briskly by the hand;
'Hark ye,' said he, ''tis an odd story this
'About the crows!' '*I don't know what it is*,'
Replied his friend. 'No! I'm surpris'd at that,
'Where I come from it is the common chat.
'But you shall hear,—an odd affair indeed!
'And that it happen'd, they are all agreed.
'Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
'A gentleman that lives not far from Change,
'This week, in short, as all the alley knows,
'Taking a puke, has thrown up Three Black Crows!'

'*Impossible!*' 'Nay, but indeed 'tis true;
'I have it from good hands, and so may you;'
'*From whose, I pray?*'—So, having nam'd the man,
Straight to enquire his curious comrade ran.
'*Sir, did you tell*'—relating the affair,—
'Yes, Sir, I did; and if 'tis worth your care,
'Ask Mr. Such-a-one, he told it me;
'But, by the bye, 'twas Two black crows, not Three.'
Resolv'd to trace so wond'rous an event,
Whip to the third the virtuoso went.
'*Sir*'—and so forth—'Why, yes; the thing is fact;
'Tho' in regard to number not exact:
'It was not Two black crows, 'twas only One;
'The truth of *that* you may rely upon.
'The gentleman himself told me the case.'
'*Where may I find him?*' 'Why, in such a place.'

Away goes he, and having found him out,
'*Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt*,'—

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* Some local matters were then in agitation at Manchester, particularly an application to Parliament for a Bill to abrogate the custom of grinding wheat at the School Mills.

Then to his last informant he referr'd,
And begg'd to know if true what he had heard:
'*Did you, Sir, throw up a black crow?*'—'Not I!'
'*Bless me! how people propagate a lie!*
'*Black crows have been thrown up, Three, Two, and One,*
'*And here, I find, all comes at last to none.*
'*Did you say nothing of a crow at all?*'
'Crow! Crow! Perhaps I might, now I recal
'The matter over.' '*And pray, Sir, what was't?*'
'Why, I was horrid sick, and at the last,
'I did throw up, and told my neighbour so,
'Something that was as black, Sir, as a crow.'

VERSES

On the danger and impropriety of hastily attaching wrong ideas to words or epithets.

SPOKEN ON THE SAME OCCASION AS THE PRECEDING.

'TIS not to tell what various mischief springs
From wrong ideas fix'd to words or things,
When men of hasty and impatient thought
Will not examine matters as they ought;
But snatch the first appearance, nor suspect,
What is too oft the case, their own defect.

Now this defect, upon occasion, makes
The most absurd, ridiculous mistakes,
To say no worse;—for, evils to recite
Of deeper kind, is not our task to night;
But just to versify a case or two,
That grave divines relate; and when they do,
Justly remark, that, in effect, the prone
To hasty judgment makes the case their own.

When Martin Luther first grew into fame,
His followers obtain'd a double name;
Some call'd them Martinists, and some again
Express'd by Lutherans these pious men.
Their meaning was the same, and same the ground;
But mark the force of diff'rence in the sound:—
Two zealous proselytes to his reform,
Which then had rais'd an universal storm,
Meeting by chance upon a public walk,
Soon made religion subject of their talk;
Its low condition both dispos'd to own,
And how corrupt the church of Rome was grown.
In this preliminary point indeed,
Tho' strangers to each other, they agreed;
But, as the times had bred some other chiefs,
Who undertook to cure the common griefs,
They were oblig'd, by farther hints, to find
If in their choice they both were of a mind.
After some winding of their words about,
To seek this secondary problem out,
I am, declar'd the bolder of the two,
A Martinist, and so, I hope, are you.
'No,' said the other, growing somewhat hot,
'But I'll assure you, Sir, that I am not;
'I am a Lutheran, and live or die,
''Shall not be any thing besides, not I.'
If not a Martinist, his friend replied,
Truly I care not what you are beside.
The fray began, which critics may suppose,
But for spectators, would have come to blows;
And so they parted, matters half discuss'd,
With equal tokens of complete disgust.

The prose account in Doctor More, I think,
Relates this story of two clowns in drink.
The verse has cloth'd it in a different strain:
But either way this gentle hint is plain,
That 'tis a foolish bus'ness to commence
Disputes on words, without regard to sense.

Such was the case of these two partizans;
Another I have heard, a single man's,
Still more absurd, if possible. than this:
Must I go on and tell it you? (Chorus.) "Yes, yes."

A certain artist, I forget his name,
Had got for making spectacles a fame,
Or HELPS TO READ, which when they first were sold,
Was written, on his glaring sign, in gold.
And for all uses to be had from glass,
His were allow'd all others to surpass.
There came a man into his shop one day,
'Are you the spectacle-contriver, pray?'
Yes, Sir, said he, *I can in that affair*
Contrive to please you, if you want a pair.
'Can you? Pray do then.' So at first he chose
To place a youngish pair across his nose,
And book produc'd, to see how they would fit;
Ask'd how he lik'd 'em—'Like 'em! not a bit!'
Then, Sir, I fancy, if you please to try,
These in my hand will better suit your eye.
'No, but they don't.' *Well, come, Sir, if you please,*
Here is another sort, we'll now try these;
Still somewhat more they magnify the letter,
Now, Sir. 'Why now—I'm not a bit the better.'
No! Here take these, that magnify still more;
How do they fit? 'Like all the rest before.'

In short, they tried a whole assortment thro',
But all in vain, for none of them would do.
The Operator much surpris'd to find
So odd a case, thought—sure the man is blind!
What sort of eyes can you have got? said he;
'Why, very good ones, friend, as you may see.'
Yes, I perceive the clearness of the ball:
Pray, let me ask-you, can you read at all?
'No, you great blockhead! If I could, what need
'Of paying you for any HELPS TO READ?'
And so he left the maker in a heat,
Resolv'd to post him for an arrant cheat.

THE

APE AND THE FOX,

Or the Fruits of Greediness and Credulity,

A FABLE.

Spoken on the same occasion as the preceding.

OLD Esop so famous was certainly right
In the way that he took to instruct and delight,
By giving to creatures, beasts, fishes, and birds,
Nay to things, tho' inanimate, language and words.
Thus he gain'd by his fables the attention of youth,
And forc'd even fiction to tell them the truth.

They're not quickly forgotten, since man is more able
To retain a true hint in the shape of a fable;
And allusions to nature insensibly raise
Reflections suggested by fabular phrase,
Which afford less exception for cavil to find,
While the moral more gently slides into the mind.

Thus to hint that a kingdom will flourish the most,
Where each man in high station is fit for his post;
That disgraces attend both on person and station,
If regard be not had to due qualification,
He invented, they tell us, this fable of old,
Which the place where I stand, now requires to be told.

The beasts, on a time when the lion was dead,
Met together in council to choose them a head;
The fox, being fam'd for his cunning and wit,
Was propos'd to their choice; but they did not think fit
To elect such a sharper, lest, watching his hour,
He should cunningly creep into absolute pow'r.

They'd no fear from the ape of being so rid;
He would mind his diversion, and do as they did.
So to give to their new constitution a shape
Resembling the human, they fix'd on the ape;
They crown'd and proclaim'd him by parliament plan,
And never was monkey so like to a man.

Sly Reynard, on this, was resolv'd to expose
Poor Pug, whom the senate so formally chose;
And having observ'd in his rambles a gin
Where a delicate morsel was nicely hung in,
He let the king know what a prize he had found,
And the waste where it lay was his Majesty's ground.

'Shew me where,' said the ape; so the treasure was shewn,
Which he seiz'd with paw royal to make it his own;
But the gin at the time was dispos'd to resist,
And clapping together caught pug by the wrist,
Who perceiv'd by his fingers laid fast in the stocks,
What a trick had been play'd by his subject the fox.

'Thou traitor!' said he,—'but I'll make thee anon
'An example of vengeance!' and so he went on,
With a rage most monarchical. Reynard, who ey'd
The success of his scheme, gave a sigh and reply'd,—
Well, adieu! Royal Sir, 'twas a cruel mishap,
That your Majesty's Grace did not understand trap.

VERSES

IN PRAISE OF SACRED POESY.

SPOKEN ON THE SAME OCCASION AS THE PRECEDING.

Dulces ante omnia Musæ.

VIRG. Georg. Lib. ii. 475.

Sweet above all things are the Muses.

OF all companions that a man can choose,
Methinks the sweetest is an honest muse;
Ready with subject proper, in due time,
To cheer the soul with harmony of rhyme;
Of all the muses, for they tell of nine,
Melpomene, sweet flowing Mel. be mine.

Hers is the friendly and judicious part
To clear the head, to animate the heart;
Their kindred forces, temp'ring, to unite;
Grave to instruct, and witty to delight:
With judgment cool, with passions rightly warm,
She gives to numbers all their strength and charm.

Her lines, whatever the occasion be,
Flow without forcing, natural and free;
No stiff'ning of them with poetic starch,
Whether her bard is to be grave or arch;
Of various topics which the times produce
She prompts the fittest for the present use.

On piety when called to attend,
Well pleas'd she decks her sacred, best lov'd friend;
Religion, virtue, morals, and good sense
Deck'd with a grace, she arms with a defence:
Whatever tends to benefit the mind
Sets Mel. to work, true friend of human kind.

A foe she is,—but void of rancour,—foe
To all the noisy bustlings here below,
To all contention, clamour, or debate,
That plagues a constitution, church, or state,
That plagues a man's own self, or makes him will
His other self,—his neighbour,—any ill.

Life, as Mel. thinks, a short, uncertain lease,
Demands the fruits of friendship and of peace;
" Arms and the man" her sister Clio sings,
To her she leaves your heroes and your kings,
To sound the present, or to act the past,
To tread the stage in buskin and bombast.

With nymphs and swains fond Mel. would strew the fields,
With flocks and herds, instead of spears and shields;
Recall the scenes that blest a golden age,
Ere mutual love gave way to martial rage,
And bards high soaring above simpler phrase,
To genuine light preferr'd the artful blaze.

She scorns alike ignobly to rehearse
The spiteful satire, or the venal verse;
Free in her praise, and in her censure too,
True merit or amendment is her view;
A rising worth still higher to exalt,
Or save a culprit from a future fault.

No sour, pedantical, abusive rage,
No vicious rant defiles her freest page;
No sally vile, indecent, or profane,
To please low fools, or give the wise a pain;
Her mirth is aim'd to mend us, if we heed,
'Tis what the chastest of her sex may read.

She looks on various empires, various men,
As all one tribe, when she directs the pen;
She loves the Briton, and she loves the Gaul,
Swede, Russ, or Turk,—she wishes well to all;
They all are men, all sons of the same Sire,
And must be all belov'd, if Mel. inspire.

It would rejoice her votaries to see
All Europe, Asia, Africa agree.

" But the new world, new England's dire alarms!
" Should not Melpomene now sing to arms?"
No; she must ever wish all wars to cease;
While folks are fighting, she must hold her peace.

Content to hope that, what events are due
Will bless new England, and old England too:
She's to fair trade a friend, free navigation,
A friend to Spain, but foe to depredation;
And friend to France, but let heroic Clio
Demolish French encroachments at Ohio.

Safe from all foreign and domestic foes
Be all your liberties in verse or prose!
Be safe abroad your colonies and trade,
From Guarda-costas and from Gasconade!
At home your lives, your acres, and your bags!
May plots against you vanish into rags!

Be it observ'd in my concluding line,
Great part of safety rests with you;—in fine,
Home, or abroad, the world is but a school,
Where all things roll to teach one central rule;
That is, " If you would prosper and do well,
" Love one another, and remember Mel."

THE

COUNTRY FELLOWS AND THE ASS,

ON THE

Absurdity of attempting to please all Men.

A FABLE.

Spoken on the same Occasion as the preceding.

A COUNTRY Fellow and his Son, they tell
In modern fables, had an ass to sell:
With this in view, they turn'd it out to play,
And fed it so, that by the destin'd day
They brought the creature into sleek repair,
Then drove it gently to a neighb'ring fair.

As they were jogging on, a rural class
Was heard to say, "Look! look there, at that ass!
"And those two blockheads trudging on each side,
"Neither of whom has sense enough to ride!
"Asses all three!"—And thus the country folks
On man and boy began to cut their jokes.

Th' old fellow minded not a thing they said,
But ev'ry word stuck in the young one's head;
And thus began their comment thereupon,—
Ne'er heed 'em lad.—'Nay, father, do get on.'
Not I indeed. 'Why then let me, I pray.'
Well, do; and see what prating tongues will say.

The boy was mounted; and they had not got
Much farther on before another knot,
Just as the ass was pacing by, *pad, pad,*
Cried, "O! that lazy looby of a lad!
"How unconcernedly the gaping brute
"Lets the poor aged fellow walk a foot!"

Down came the son, on hearing this account,
And begg'd and pray'd, and made his father mount;
Till a third party on a farther stretch,
Exclaim'd, "See! see that old hard-hearted wretch!
" How like a justice there he sits, or squire,
" While the poor lad keeps wading through the mire!"

' Stop,' cried the lad, still deeper vex'd in mind,
' Stop, father, stop; let me get on behind.'
This done, they thought they certainly should please,
Escape reproaches, and ride on at ease:
For having tried each practicable way,
What could be left for jokers now to say?

They were accosted next in surly tone,—
" Hark ye, you fellows! Is that ass your own?
" Get off;—for shame! Or one of you at least;
" You both deserve to carry the poor beast,
" Ready to drop down dead upon the road
" With such a huge, unconscionable load."

On this they both dismounted, and some say,
Contriv'd to carry like a truss of hay,
The ass between 'em.—Prints, they add, are seen
With man, and lad, and slinging ass between:
Others omit that fancy in the print,
As overstraining an ingenious hint.

The copy that we follow says, the man
Rubb'd down his ass; pursu'd his first-form'd plan;
Walk'd to the fair, and sold him; got his price,
And gave his son this pertinent advice,—
Let talkers talk; stick thou to what is best:
To think of pleasing all is but a jest.

VERSES

ON THE TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS.

Spoken on the same Occasion as the preceding.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas Corpora.
OVID. METAM. 1. 1.

My mind excites me to discourse about forms changed into fresh bodies.

PYTHAGORAS, an ancient sage, opin'd
That form and shape were indexes of mind;
That minds of men, when they departed hence,
Would all be form'd according to this sense,
Some animal, or human shape again,
Would shew what had been souls of former men.

Let us adopt this transmigration plan,
And mark how animal exhibits man;
Tyrants, for instance,—to begin with those
Who cause the greatest noise, the greatest woes,—
Of their dominion lions are the key,
That reign in deserts now, and hunt their prey;
Sometimes dethron'd, and brought upon a stage,
Or coop'd, like Bajazet, within a cage;
For sixpence, safe from all tyrannic harms,
One may see kings, perhaps at the *King's Arms*;
See savage monarchs, who had shewn before
The tusky temper of the wildest boar,
Vested in proper shape, when they are dead,
Revived, caught, and shewn at the *Boar's Head.*

In some tam'd elephant our eyes may scan
The once rich, overgrown, half-reas'ning man:
My Lord had sense to wind into his maw
All within reach, that lay within the law;
What would have fed a thousand mouths was sunk
To fill his own, by monstrous length of trunk.

He grew to wondrous grandeur, liv'd a show,
And stones high raised tell where he's laid low;
By transmigration it appears, at least,
That such great man is but a bulky beast.

From animals that once were men, to pass
To men of nearly now ambiguous class,—
Players, and harlequins, and pantomimes,
Who sell their shapes to mimic men and times,
With all the servile, second-handed tribe
Of imitators, endless to describe,—
In their own figures when they come to range,
With small transition into monkies change;
For now men-monkies have not in their view
What *should be done* by men, but what *they do.*

Of tempers, by inferior forms express'd,
And seen for nothing, something may be guess'd.
When the sly fox ensnares the silly geese,
Who does not see that mind is of a piece
With former Lawyers, who devour'd by far
The sillier clients, drawn into the bar?

" Why not Physicians?" hear the lawyer say,
" Are they not too as wily in their way?"
Why, yes, dear Barrister,—but then they own
The shapes in which their cunning arts are shewn;
Serpents confess, around the rod entwin'd,
Wily, or wise, the Esculapian kind.

" Why not Divines?" the doctor may object,
" They have devourers too in ev'ry sect."
True;—but if one devour, a dismal, grim,
And proper transmigration waits for him;
In human shape when he has spent his years,
Stripp'd of sheep's clothing the true wolf appears.

'Tis plain in quadrupeds; now let us try
What instance first occurs in such as fly:
The parrot shews by its unmeaning prate,
Full many a talker's metamorphos'd fate,
Whose tongue outstrips the clapper of a mill,
And keeps on saying the same nothing still;
As full the city, and as full the court,
As India's woods with creatures of this sort.

If right the gayly feather'd bird foretells
The future shape of chatty beaux and belles,
They, transmigrated, will, like human dolls,
Talk on, and shine caress'd as "pretty polls."

Belles, you may see, pursue a butterfly,
With painted wings, which flutter in the sky,
And, sparkling, to the solar rays unfold
Red mix'd with purple, green with shining gold:
Wonder not at the fond pursuit, for, know
That this same butterfly was once a beau,
And, dress'd according to the newest whim,
Ran after them as they run after him.

Footed or flying all decipher men;—
Enough to add another instance, then,
A supple courtier, little creeping thing,
That takes new colours as there comes new king,
Lives upon airy promises and dies;
His transmigration can be no surprise,
The low Chameleon's shape he comes to share,
Still changes colours, and still feeds on air.

By his ingenious fiction in the end,
What could the wise Pythagoras intend?
Too wise a man not to intend a clue
To that great change,* which lit'rally is true.
The solar system of our boasted age
Was known of old to this enlighten'd sage;
So might his thoughts on man's immortal soul,
Howe'er express'd, be right upon the whole:
He meant, one need not scruple to affirm,
This real truth by transmigration term.

Our tempers here must point to the degree
In which hereafter we design to be.
From vice in minds undoubtedly will grow
More ugly shapes than any here below;
But sacred virtue, piety, and love,—
What beauteous forms will they produce above!

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* They that have done good shall come forth unto the resurrection of
e; and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation.
hn v. 29.

THE POND.

At qui tantulo eget, quanto est opus, is neque limo
Turbatam haurit aquam, neque vitam amittit in undis.

HORAT. SAT. Lib. i. 1. 59.

But he who wants only just as much as is necessary, neither draws up muddy water, nor loses his life in the waves.

ONCE on a time a certain man was found,
That had a pond of water in his ground,
A fine large pond of water fresh and clear,
Enough to serve his turn for many a year.
Yet so it was, a strange, unhappy dread
Of wanting water seiz'd the fellow's head.
When he was dry, he was afraid to drink
Too much at once, for fear his pond should sink.
Perpetually tormented with this thought,
He never ventur'd on a hearty draught;
Still dry, still fearing to exhaust his store,
When half refresh'd he frugally gave o'er;
Reviving of himself reviv'd his fright,
" Better," quoth he " to be half choak'd than quite."

Upon his pond continually intent,
In cares and pains his anxious life he spent:
Consuming all his time and strength away,
To make the pond rise higher ev'ry day;
He wrought and slav'd, yet—" Oh, how slow it fills!"
Pour'd in by pailfuls, and took out by gills.

In a wet season he would skip about,
Placing his buckets under ev'ry spout,
From falling show'rs collecting fresh supply,
And grudging ev'ry cloud that passed by;
Cursing the dryness of the times each hour,
Altho' it rain'd as fast as it could pour.
Then he would wade thro' ev'ry dirty spot,
Where any little moisture could be got;

And when he had done draining off a bog,
Still kept himself as dirty as a hog,
And cried, whene'er folks blam'd him, " What d'ye mean?
" It costs a world of water to be clean!"

If some poor neighbour call'd to slake his thirst,
" What, rob my pond! I'll see the rogue hang'd first.
" A burning shame these vermin of the poor
" Should creep unpunish'd thus about my door!
" As if I had not frogs and toads enow,
" That suck my pond whatever I can do."

The sun still found him, as he rose or set,
Always in quest of matters that were wet.
Betimes he rose to sweep the morning dew,
And rested late to catch the ev'ning too.
With *soughs and troughs he labour'd to enrich
The rising pond, from ev'ry neighb'ring ditch.
With soughs, and troughs, and pipes, and cuts, and sluices,
From growing plants he drain'd the very juices;
Made ev'ry stick of wood upon the hedges
Of good behaviour to deposit pledges;
By some conveyance or another, still
Devis'd recruits from each declining hill:
He left, in short, for this beloved plunder,
No stone unturn'd, that could have water under.

Sometimes, when forc'd to quit his awkward toil,
And, sore against his will, to rest awhile,
Then straight he took his book, and down he sat
To calculate th' expences he was at,
How much he suffer'd at a mod'rate guess,
From all those ways by which the pond grew less;
For as to those by which it still grew bigger,—
For them he reckon'd not a single figure:
He knew a wise, old saying, which maintain'd,
That " 'twas bad luck to count what one had gain'd."

" First, for myself,—my daily charges here
" Cost a prodigious quantity a year;
" Altho', thank heaven, I never boil my meat,
" Nor am I such a sinner as to sweat:

* Drains.

" But things are come to such a pass, indeed,
" We spend ten times the water that we need.
" People are grown, with washing, cleansing, rinsing,
" So finical and nice, past all convincing;
" So many proud, fantastic modes, in short,
" Are introduc'd, that my poor pond pays for't.

" Not but I could be well enough content
" With what upon my own account is spent;
" But those large articles from which I reap
" No kind of profit, strike me on a heap.
" What a vast deal, each moment, at a sup,
" This ever thirsty earth itself drinks up!
" Such holes and gaps!—Alas! my pond provides
" Scarce for its own unconscionable sides.
" Nay, how can one imagine it should thrive,
" So many creatures as it keeps alive!
" That creep from ev'ry nook and corner, marry!
" Filching as much as ever they can carry.
" Then all the birds that fly along the air
" Light at my pond, and come in for a share.
" Item—at ev'ry puff of wind that blows
" Away at once the surface of it goes,
" The rest, in exhalations to the sun;—
" One month's fair weather, and I am undone."

This life he led for many a year together,
Grew old and grey in watching of the weather;
Meagre as death itself, till this same death
Stopp'd, as the saying is, his vital breath.
For as th' old fool was carrying to his field
A heavier burden than he well could wield,
He miss'd his footing, or some how he fumbled
In tumbling of it in,—but in he tumbled.
Mighty desirous to get out again,
He scream'd, and scrambled, but 'twas all in vain;
The place was grown so very deep and wide,
Nor bottom of it could he feel, nor side;
So in the middle of his pond he died.

What think ye now, from this imperfect sketch,
My friends, of such a miserable wretch?—
" Why 'tis a wretch, we think, of your own making;
" No fool can be suppos'd in such a taking:

" Your own warm fancy"—Nay, but warm, or cool,
The world abounds with many such a fool.
The choicest ills, the greatest torments, sure,
Are those which numbers *labour* to endure—
" What! for a pond!" Why, call it an estate,
You change the name but realize the fate.

THE NIMMERS.

TWO Foot Companions once in deep discourse,—
Tom, says the one, *let's go and steal a horse.*
' Steal! says the other, in a huge surprise,
' He that says I'm a thief,—I say he lies.'
Well, well, replies his friend, *no such affront,*
I did but ask ye;—if you won't, you won't.
So they jogg'd on, till, in another strain,
The querist mov'd to *honest Tom* again;
Suppose, says he, *for supposition's sake,*
'Tis but a supposition that I make,
Suppose that we should filch a horse, I say?
' Filch! filch!' quoth Tom, demurring by the way,
' That's not so bad as downright theft, I own;
' But—yet—methinks—'twere better let alone.
' It soundeth something pitiful and low;
' Shall we go filch a horse, you say,—why, no;
' I'll filch no filching, and I'll tell no lie;
' Honesty's the best policy, say I."

Struck with such vast integrity quite dumb,
His comrade paus'd;—at last says he, *Come, come!*
Thou art an honest fellow, I agree,
Honest and poor; alas! that should not be;
And dry into the bargain, and no drink!
Shall we go nim a horse?—What dost thou think?

How clear things are, when liquor's in the case!
Tom answers quick, with casuistic grace,
' Nim? yes, e'en let us nim with all my heart,
' I see no harm in nimming, for my part.

'Hard is the case, now I look sharp into 't,
'That honesty should trudge i'th' dirt on foot;
'That honesty should wear its bottoms out,
'So many empty horses round about.
'Besides, shall honesty be chok'd with thirst?
'Were it my Lord Mayor's horse,—I'd nim it first.
'And, by the bye, my lad, no scrubby tit—
'There is the best that ever wore a bit
'Not far from hence,'—*I take you*, quoth his friend,
Is not yon stable, Tom, our journey's end?

Good wits will jump;—both meant the very steed,
The top o'th' country, both for shape and speed:
So to't they went; and, with a halter round
His feather'd neck, they nimm'd him off the ground.

And now, good people, we should next relate
Of these adventurers the luckless fate:
Poor Tom!—but here the sequel is to seek,
Not being yet translated from the Greek.
Some say, that Tom would honestly have 'peach'd
But by his blabbing friend was over-reach'd;
Others insist upon't, that both the elves
Were, in like manner, halter-nimm'd themselves.

It matters not;—the moral is the thing,
For which our purpose, neighbours, was to sing.
If it should hit some few amongst the throng,
Let them not lay the fault upon the song.
Fair warning all;—he that has got a cap,
Now put it on, or else beware a rap;
'Tis but a short one, it is true, but yet
Has a long reach with it,—*Videlicet*,
" 'Twixt right and wrong how many gentle trimmers
" Will neither steal, nor filch,—but will be plaguy
" nimmers!"

CARELESS CONTENT.

I AM content, I do not care,
Wag as it will the world for me;
When fuss and fret was all my fare,
It got no ground as I could see:
So when away my caring went,
I counted cost, and was content.

With more of thanks, and less of thought,
I strive to make my matters meet;
To seek, what ancient sages sought,
Physic and food in sour and sweet;
To take what passes in good part,
And keep the hiccups from my heart.

With good, and gentle humour'd hearts,
I choose to chat where'er I come,
Whate'er the subject be that starts;
But if I get among *the glum,
I hold my tongue to tell the troth,
And keep my breath to cool my broth.

For chance or change, of peace or pain,
For fortune's favour, or her frown,
For lack or glut, for loss or gain,
I never dodge, nor up, nor down;
But swing what way the ship shall swim,
Or tack about, with equal trim.

I suit not where I shall not speed,
Nor trace the turn of ev'ry tide;
If simple sense will not succeed,
I make no bustling, but abide:
For shining wealth, or scaring woe,
I force no friend, I fear no foe.

* The Sullen.

Of ups and downs, of ins and outs,
Of *they are wrong*, and *we are right*,
I shun the rancours and the routs,
And, wishing well to every wight,
Whatever turn the matter takes,
I deem it all but ducks and drakes.

With whom I feast, I do not fawn,
Nor if the folks should flout me, faint;
If wonted welcome be withdrawn,
I cook no kind of a complaint;
With none dispos'd to disagree,
But like them best, who best like me.

Not that I rate myself the rule
How all my betters should behave;
But fame shall find me no man's fool,
Nor to a set of men a slave:
I love a friendship free and frank,
And hate to hang upon a hank.

Fond of a true and trusty tie
I never loose where'er I link;
Though if a bus'ness budges by.
I talk thereon just as I think:
My word, my work, my heart, my hand,
Still, on a side, together stand.

If names or notions make a noise,
Whatever hap the question hath,
The point impartially I poise,
And read or write, but without wrath;
For should I burn or break my brains,
Pray, who will pay me for my pains?

I love my neighbour as myself,
Myself like him too, by his leave;
Nor to his pleasure, pow'r, or pelf,
Came I to crouch, as I conceive:
Dame Nature doubtless has design'd
A man—the monarch of his mind.

Now taste and try this temper, Sirs,
Mood it, and brood it in your breast;

Or if ye ween, for worldly stirs
That man does right to mar his rest,
Let me be *deft and debonair,
I am content, I do not care.

ON PATIENCE,

Written at the request of a friend.

PART I.

" A VERSE on patience?" yes; but then prepare
Your mind friend T—c—t, with a reading share;
Or else to hear it, rather less than more
It will impart than you possess'd before:
If it be mine to write, it is your task
To *bear* the lines which you are pleas'd to ask.

Patience the theme!—A blessed inmate this!
The nursing parent of our bosom bliss.
Abroad for bliss she bids us not to roam,
But cultivate its real fund at home.
A noble treasure, when the patient soul
Sits in the centre, and surveys the whole!

The bustling world to fetch her out from thence
Will urge it's ev'ry plausible pretence;
Will praise perfections of a grander name,
Sound great exploits, and call her out to fame;
Amuse and flatter, till the soul, too prone
To self-activity, deserts her throne.

Be on your guard; the bus'ness of a man
Is properly, to do what good he can;
But first at home let patience rule within,
Where *charity*, you know, must first begin;
Not *monied love*, as fondly understood,
But calm, sedate propensity to good.

* Dextrous.

This is the product of the virtue, friend,
Which you oblige me here to recommend;
The trial this of all the rest beside,
For, without patience, they are all but pride;——
A strong ambition shines within its sphere,
But proves its weakness when it cannot *bear*.

There lies the test; bring ev'ry thing to that;
It shews us plainly what we would be at.
Of gen'rous actions we may count the sum,
Scarcely their worth, till disappointments come;
Men oft are then most gen'rously absurd,
Their own good actions have their own bad word.

Impatience hates ingratitude, forsooth!
For it discovers this ungrateful truth,
That, having done for int'rest or for fame
Such and such doings, she has lost her aim;
While all unthankful people in her debt
Have got their ends, and put her in a fret.

Possess'd of patience, a right humble mind
At all events is totally resign'd;
Does good for sake of good, not for th' event;
Leaves that to Heav'n, and keeps to its content;
Good to be done it acts; it bears the ill
To be endur'd, with meek, submissive will.

" Enough, enough! Now tell me, if you please,
" How best I may obtain this MENTAL EASE."
God knows, I know not, how it is acquir'd;
But this I know, if heartily desir'd,
We shall be thankful for the Donor's leave
To ask, to hope, to wait till we receive.

PART II.

" *Virtues*, you say, *by patience must be tried;*
" *If that be wanting, they are all but pride:*
" Of rule so strict I want to have a clue."
Well, if you'll have the same indulgence too,
And take a fresh compliance in good part,
I'll do the best I can, with all my heart.

Pride is the grand distemper of the mind,
The source of ev'ry vice of ev'ry kind.
That love of self, wherein its essence lies,
Excites bad tempers, and affords supplies;
We coin a world of names for them, but still
All comes to—*fondness for our own dear will.*

We see by facts, upon the triple stage
Of this short life,—Youth, Manhood, and old Age,—
How three conditions commonly bewitch,
To be delighted,—honoured,—and rich.
'Tis selfish pride, if human faults you weigh,
That grows from young to old, from green to grey.

Pride is, indeed, a more accustom'd name
For quest of grandeur, eminence, or fame;
But search for pleasure, and for gold, betrays
What inward principle it is that sways:
The rake's *young* dotage, and the miser's *old*,
The same enslaving *love to self* unfold.

If pride be thus the fountain of all vice,
Whence must we say that virtue has its rise,
But from humility? And what, the sure
And certain sign that even this is pure?
For pride will like humility appear,
When nothing comes to *precious self* too near.

But when provok'd, admit unjustly too,
Then pride disrobes itself; makes much ado;
Then, who can blame the passion of a pride
That has got reason,—reason on its side?
He's in the wrong, and I am in the right;—
Resentment, come! Humility, good night!

Now the criterion, I apprehend,
If any, upon which we may depend,
Is patience,—is to bear, and to forbear,—
To which the truly virtuous adhere;
Resolv'd to suffer, without *Pro* and *Con*,
A thousand evils rather than do one.

To be devoid of patience, yet not proud,
Is contradiction not to be allow'd;

All eyes are open to so plain a cheat,
Except those blinded by the self-deceit,
Who, with a like consistency, may tell,
That nothing ails them, though they are not well.

Strict is the rule, its consequences true,
However I fall short of it, or you;
Our stock we shall augment, if it be small,
By dealing in it with our neighbours all;
And then, who knows but we shall, in the end,
Learn to have patience with ourselves, and mend!

REMARKS

On Dr. Akenside's and Mr. Whitehead's Verses,

WHICH WERE ADDRESSED TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND,

In the Year 1758.

In these remarks is seen much of a party spirit. They severely comment on an Ode and Verses, which were written to excite the martial ardour of the country soon after the execution of Admiral Byng. Mr. Pitt and Mr. Legge, who were no favourites with our author, being about that time called into the Administration, by their vigorous measures, with the blessing of Heaven, soon turned the tide of success in our favour. Yet it must be acknowledged that the critical animadversions on Dr. Akenside's Ode, are very just and proper.

WHITHER is Europe's ancient spirit fled?
How came this query in the Doctor's *head?

* Ode to the country Gentlemen of England, 1758.

Rusticorum mascula militum
Proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus
Versare glebas. *Hor. Lib. 3. Od. 6. 37.*

A masculine race of country soldiers, skilled in cultivating the earth with Samnite spades.

Whither is Europe's ancient spirit fled;
Where are those valiant tenants of her shore,
Who from the warrior bow the strong dart sped,
Or with firm hand the rapid pole-axe bore?
Freeman and Soldier was their common name,
Who late with reapers to the furrow came;
Now in the front of battle charg'd the foe,
And gave the guardian laws their majesty to know.

" Whither is Britain's?"——one had sooner guess'd
In ode to his own countrymen address'd:
But it must certainly be Europe's spirit,
As six outlandish rivers soon infer it.

Of *valiant tenants on her shore* 'tis said,
They *from the warrior bow the strong dart sped*—
Let bow be warrior, and let dart be strong,
Verse does not speed so speedily along;
The strong dart sped—does but go " thump, thump, thump;"
Which quick as thrown should pierce the liver plump.

And with firm hand the rapid pole-axe bore;
If it had been *the rapid dart* before,
And *the strong pole-axe* here, it had agreed
With a firm hold as well, and darting speed:
Whither are fled from Ode-versification
The ancient " Pleasures of Imagination?"*

Really these fighting poets want a tutor
To teach them " Ultra crepidam ne sutor;"†
To teach the Doctor, and to teach the Laureat,
" Ex Helicone sanguinem ne hauriat;"§
Tho' blood and wounds infect its limpid stream,
It should run clear before they sing a theme.

Ye *Britons rouse to deeds of death!*—says one;‡
Whither, the next, *is Europe's spirit gone?*

But who are ye? from Ebro's loit'ring sons
To Tiber's pageants, to the sports of Seine;
From Rhine's frail palaces, to Danube's thrones,
And cities looking on the Cimbric main,
Ye lost, ye self-deserted! whose proud Lords,
Have baffled your tame hands, and given you swords, &c.
Dr. AKENSIDE.

* The title of a charming didactic poem, by Dr. Akenside.

† Let not the stitcher wander beyond his slipper.

§ That he draw not blood from Helicon.

‡ See Verses to the People of England, 1758; by William Whitehead, Esq. Poet Laureat. The following beautiful extracts from them are not inapplicable to the present crisis.

Mares animos in martia bella
Versibus exacuit. *Hor. De Arte Poet. 402.*

By his verses he quickened their manly spirits to warlike contests.

Britons, rouse to deeds of death!
Waste not zeal in idle breath,

While real warriors think it all a farce
For them to bounce of either Mors or Mars;
Safe as one *sacks it* under bloodless bay,
And sure as t' other even *death* must pay.*

Nor lose the harvest of your swords
In a civil-war of words.
  Wherefore teems the shameless press
With labour'd births of emptiness?
Let th' undaunted †Grecian teach
The use and dignity of speech,
At whose thunders, nobly thrown,
Shrunk the MAN OF MACEDON.
If the storm of words *must* rise
Let it blast our enemies,
Sure and nervous be it hurl'd
On the PHILIPS of the world.
  Give to France the honours due,
France has chiefs and statesmen too;
Breasts which patriot-passions feel,
Lovers of the common-weal.
And when such the foes we brave,
Whether on the land or wave,
Greater is the pride of war,
And the conquest nobler far.
  But glory which aspires to last,
Leans not meanly on the past.
'Tis the PRESENT NOW demands
British hearts and British hands.
Curst be he, the willing slave,
Who doubts, who lingers to be brave!
Curst be the coward tongue, that dare
Breathe one accent of despair,
Cold as Winter's icy hand
To chill the genius of the land.
  If protected commerce keep
Her tenor o'er yon heaving deep,
What have we from war to fear?
Commerce steels the nerves of war,
Heals the havoc rapine makes,
And new strength from conquest takes.
If to us indulgent Heaven
Nobler seeds of strength has given,
Nobler should the produce be;
Brave, yet gen'rous, are the free.

† Demosthenes.

* The ingenious antithesis in these four lines will be relished by the classical reader. To the unlearned the meaning of the last line will not, perhaps, be obvious. But if it be recollected that Dr. Akenside was a physician, there will be no difficulty in drawing the inference---of his fees being paid, whether his advice or prescriptions hastened the death or the recovery of his patient.

But you shall hear what Captain ***** said,
When he had heard both Ode and Verses read:
On mottos—*versibus exacuit*,
And *proles militum*—he mus'd a bit;
Then having cast his hunting wits about
In quest of rhymes, he thus at last broke out,—

" Poh! let my Serjeant when his dose is taken,
" BRITONS STRIKE HOME! with moisten'd pipe rehearse,
" *To deeds of death* 'twill sooner much awaken,
" Than cart loads full of such poor Ode and Verse.
" If these two bards will by a tuneful labour,
" Show without sham, their love to killing life,
" Let Akenside go *thump* upon a tabor,
" And Whitehead grasp th' *exacuating* fife."

A HINT TO A YOUNG PERSON,

For his better Improvement,

BY READING OR CONVERSATION.

IN reading authors, when you find
Bright passages that strike your mind,
And which, perhaps, you may have reason
To think on at another season,
Be not contented with the sight,
But take them down in Black and White;
Such a respect is wisely shewn
As makes another's sense one's own.

When you're asleep upon your bed*
A thought may come into your head,
Which may be useful, if 'tis taken
Due notice of when you are waken.
Of midnight thoughts to take no heed
Betrays a sleepy soul indeed;
It is but dreaming in the day
To throw our nightly hours away.

* These eight lines are an epitome of two excellent papers (No. 586, d 593) which were written by the author and inserted in the Spectator.

In conversation when you meet
With persons cheerful and discreet,
That speak or quote, in prose or rhyme,
Facetious things, or things sublime,
Observe what passes, and anon
When you get home, think thereupon;
Write what occurs, forget it not,
A good thing sav'd is so much got.

Let no remarkable event
Pass with a gaping wonderment,
A fool's device,—" Lord, who would think!"
Rather record with Pen and ink
Whate'er deserves attention now;
For when 'tis gone you know not how,
Too late you'll find that, to your cost,
So much of human life is lost.

Were it not for the written letter,
Pray what were living men the better
For all the labours of the dead?
For all that Socrates e'er said?
The morals brought from Heav'n to men
He would have carry'd back again;
'Tis owing to his Short-hand youth
That Socrates does now speak truth.

TO LADY B—— W——,

ON HER PRESENTING THE AUTHOR WITH THE MOIETY OF A

LOTTERY TICKET.

" THIS Ticket is to be divided;"—well,
To Lady Betty let these presents tell
How much I value, chances all apart,
This gentle token of her friendly heart.
Without regard to prizes or to blanks,
My obligation is immediate thanks;
And here they come, as hearty and as free
As this unlook'd-for favour came to me.

" Five thousand Pounds, perhaps;—a handsome Sum !"
Aye, but in Specie five may never come.
That as you please, Dame Fortune! In my mind
I have already taken it in kind,
Am quite contented with my present lot,
Whether you're pleas'd to second it or not;
Chance is but Chance, however great or small;
The spirit of a loving gift is all.

" Three Tickets offer'd to make choice of one,
" And write the memorandum thereupon,
" Spread in successive order as they lie,
" May all be prizes for her sake!" thought I.
That upon which my fancy chose to fix,
Was, let me see, Four hundred fifty-six;
Four, five, and six;—they are, if I can read,
Numbers that regularly should succeed.

Thou backward Fortune, that, in days of yore,
Hast read from six to five, from five to four,
Once for the Lady's sake reverse thy spight,
And trace a luckier circle to the right!
If thou art angry that I should despise
Thy gifts, which never dazzled much my eyes,
Now speak me fair, nor let th' occasion slip
Of such an honourable partnership.

Stand still a moment on thy bridge's pier,
While the conditions of success we hear;
Say what the bard shall offer at thy shrine,—
Any thing less than worship,—and 'tis thine.
Thou'rt not, as they describe thee, quite gone blind,
Our names thou canst see here together join'd;
I'd rather *they* Ten Thousand Pounds should own,
Than court thee for ten Million Pounds *alone.*

" For poets, seldom conversant in Pounds,
" Millions and Thousands, Sir, are pompous sounds,"—
Yes; but I'm only viewing the event
As corresponding to a kind intent.
Should it turn out its Thousands, more or less,
I should be somewhat puzzled, I profess;
I must upon a case so new, so nice,
Fly to my benefactress for advice.

"What shall I do with such a monstrous prize?"
But we'll postpone the question till it rise;
Let its to-morrow manage that.—To-day
Accept the thanks which I am bound to pay;
I'm rich, if you permit me still to share
Your wish of welfare, and your gen'rous care:
The greatest bliss, if I have any skill,
Of human life is—mutual good-will.

This without question has your hand confess'd;
This, without flatt'ry, warms your willing breast.
So much good nature shewn with so much ease!
Bestow your sums, Dame Fortune, where you please,
That kind of satisfaction which I feel,
Comes not within the compass of your wheel;
No Prize can heighten the unpurchas'd grace,
Nor Blanks the grateful sentiments efface.

THE CENTAUR FABULOUS.

The delicate poignancy of wit, with which this allegorical piece is enlivened, will be evident to the reader, who is acquainted with the writings of the celebrated author of the Divine Legation. Any extracts, therefore, to illustrate the epithets and allusions, which refer to them in the following verses, would only serve to swell the notes into a tedious prolixity. One quotation, in which our author is stigmatized as a Behmenist, is annexed, for the purpose of justifying a charge, which might be suspected exaggeration by those who are strangers to the learned writer's manner of treating his opponents.

ZEUXIS of old a female Centaur drew
To shew his art, and then expos'd to view;
The human half with so exact a care
Was join'd to limbs of a Thessalian mare,
That seeing from a diff'rent point the piece,
Some prais'd the Maid, and some the Mare, of Greece.

Like to this Centaur, by his own relation,
Is Doctor Warburton's Divine Legation;
Which superficial writers on each hand,—
Christians and Deists,—did not understand,
Because they both observ'd from partial views
Th' incorporated *Church* and *State* of Jews.

Th' ingenious artist took the pains to draw,
Full and entire, the *compound* of the *law*,
The two societies,—the *civil* kind
And the *religious*,—perfectly combin'd,
With God Almighty as a temp'ral prince
To govern both, as all his proofs evince,

Without the doctrine of a future state.—
Here with opponents lies the *main* debate.
They cannot reconcile to serious thought
God's Church and State, with LIFE TO COME untaught;
With *Law* or *Gospel* cannot make to suit
Virgin of Sion sinking down to *Brute*.

Zeuxis the new, they argue, takes a pride
In shapes so incompatible allied;
And talks away as if he had pourtray'd
A *real* creature, mix'd of Mare and Maid.
All who deny th' existence of the pad;
He *centaurizes* into *Fool* and *mad*.*

If one objected to a Maiden *hoof*,
"*Why*, *'tis an Animal*,"—was all his proof;
If to an animal with *human head*,
"*O! 'tis a beauteous woman*"—Zeuxis said.
"What! Animal and Woman both at once?"
"*Yes*, *that's essential to the whole*, *ye dunce*!"

His *primary* and *secondary* sense,
Like Mare and Maid, support his fond pretence.
From joining spot he skips to each extreme,
Or *strides* to both, and guards the motley scheme;
Solving with like Centauriformal ease
Law, *Prophets*, *Gospel*, quoted as you please.

Thus both went on long labour'd volumes through:—
Now what must fair, impartial readers do?

---

* *Who has not signalized himself against the Divine Legation? Bigots, Hutchinsonians, Methodists, Answerers, Free-thinkers, and Fanatics, have, in their turns, been all up in arms against it. The scene was opened by a false Zealot, and at present seems likely to be closed by a Behmenist:—A natural and easy progress from* FOLLY TO MADNESS.

Dedication to the first vol. of the second part of the Divine Legation.

Must they not grieve, if either of them treat
On *Law*, or *Grace*, with rudeness or with heat?
Allowing either Zeuxis wondrous skill,
They say, " The Centaur is a fable still."

Thoughts on the Constitution of Human Nature,

As represented in the Systems of Modern Philosophers.

STRONG passions draw, like horses that are strong,
The body coach of flesh and blood along;
While subtle Reason, with each rein in hand,
Sits on the box, and has them at command;
Rais'd up aloft to see and to be seen,
Judges the track, and guides the gay machine.

But was it made for nothing else, beside
Passions to draw and Reason to be guide?
Was so much art employ'd to drag and drive
Nothing within the vehicle alive?
No seated Mind that claims the moving pew,
Master of Passions and of Reason too?

The grand contrivance why so well equip
With strength of Passions, rul'd by Reason's whip?
Vainly profuse had apparatus been,
Did not a reigning Spirit rest within;
Which Passions carry, and sound Reason means
To render present at pre-order'd scenes.

They who are loud in human Reason's praise,
Who celebrate the Drivers of our days,
Seem to suppose by their continual bawl
That Passions, Reason, and Machine, are all;
To them the windows are drawn up; and clear
Nothing that does not outwardly appear.

Matter and Motion, and superior Man
By head and shoulders, form their reas'ning plan;

View'd and demurely ponder'd as they roll;
And scoring traces on the Paper soul,
Blank, shaven white, they fill th' unfurnish'd Pate
With new Ideas, none of them innate.

When these adepts are mounted on a Box
Away they gallop thro' the gazing flocks,
Admir'd the Trappings and high-mettled Brute,
And Reason balancing its either foot;
While seeing eyes discern at their approach,
Fulness of skill and emptiness of Coach.

'Tis very well that lively Passions draw,
That sober Reason keeps them all in awe;—
The one to run, the other to control,
And drive directly to the destin'd goal.
"What goal?" Ay, there the question should begin;—
What Spirit drives the willing Mind within?

Sense, Reason, Passions, and the like, are still
One self-same Man, whose action is his will;
Whose will, if right, will soon renounce the pride
Of an own Reason, for an Only Guide;
Will still direct the Drift of his desire
As God's unerring Spirit shall inspire.

ON THE PATRON OF ENGLAND,

IN A LETTER

TO LORD WILLOUGHBY,

PRESIDENT OF THE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

The curious hypothesis maintained in these verses, of Pope Gregory the Great being the Patron of England, has been ably refuted by Dr. Pegge in the 5th vol. of the Archæologia.

Will you please to permit me, my very good Lord,
Some night when you meet upon ancient record,
Full worthily filling Antiquity's throne,
To propose to your sages a doubt of my own,—
A certain moot point of a national kind?
For it touches all England to have it defin'd

With a little more fact, by what sort of a right
Her Patron, her Saint, is a Cappadox Knight.

I know what our songs and our stories advance,
That St. George is for England, St. Denys for France;
But the French, tho' uncertain what Denys it was,
All own he converted and taught 'em their mass;
And most other nations, I fancy, remount
To some Saint whom they chose upon such an account:
But I never could learn, that for any like notion
The English made choice of a Knight Cappadocian.

Their conversion,—a turn worth rememb'ring, I'd hope,—
To Gregory was owing, a Saint, and a Pope,
Who was known by the title of FIRST and the GREAT:
He sent to relieve them from Pagan deceit
St. Austin the Monk;—and both SENDER and SENT
Had their days in old Fasti, which mark'd th' event.—
Now, my Lord, I would ask of the learn'd and laborious,
" Has not Geor-gi-us been a mistake for Gregorius?"

In names so like letter'd it would be no wonder
If hasty transcribers had made such a blunder;
And mistake in the names by a slip of their pen
May, perhaps, have occasion'd mistake in the men.
That this has been made, to omit all the rest,
Let a champion of yours, your own Selden, attest;
See " on titles of honour" his book in that quarter
Where he treats of St. George and the Knights of the garter:

There he quotes from Froissart how at first, on the plan
Of a Lady's blue garter, blue Order began,
In One Thousand, Three hundred, and forty, and Four;—
But the name of the Saint in Froissart is Gregore:
" So the chronicle-writer or printed, or wrote
" For George, without doubt,"—says the marginal note.
Be it there a mistake;—but, my Lord, I'm afraid
That the same, *vice versâ*, was anciently made.

For tho' much has been said by the great Antiquarian
Of an Orthodox George,—Cappadocian,—and Arian;
" How the soldier first came to be Patron of old
" I have not," (says he,) " light enough to behold."

He thinks, since of proofs he is sorely in want,
A soldier-like nation would choose him for Saint;
For in all his old writings no fragment occurr'd
That saluted him Patron till Edward the third.

That reign he had guess'd to be the first time,
But for old Saxon prose and for old English Rhyme,
Which mention a George, a great Martyr and Saint,
Tho' they say not a word of the thing that we want,
They tell of his tortures, his death, and his pray'r,
Without the least hint of the question'd affair,
Not being the Patron;—with submission to Selden,
I conjecture, that light he was never beheld in.

The name in French, Latin, and Saxon, 'tis hinted,
Some three or four times is mis-writ or mis-printed;
He renders it George;—but allowing the hint,
And the justice of change both in writing and print,
Some George by like error, which adds to the doubt,
Has turn'd our Converter, St. Gregory, out;
He, or Austin the monk, bids the fairest by far
To be Patron of England till Garter and Star.

In the old Saxon custom of crowning our Kings,
As Selden has told us, amongst other things
They nam'd in the pray'rs which his pages transplant,
The VIRGIN, ST. PETER, and one other saint,
Whose connection with England is also express'd,
And yields in this case such a probable test,
That, a Patron suppos'd, we may fairly agree
Such a Saint is the person, whoever he be.

Now with MARY and PETER, when Monarchs were crown'd
There is only a *SANCTUS GREGORIUS found;
And his title *ANGLORUM APOSTOLUS too,
With which a ST. GEORGE can have nothing to do.
While Scotland, France, Ireland, and Spain put in claims
To ST. ANDREW, ST. DENYS, ST. PATRICK, ST. JAMES,
Both Apostle and Patron,—an Apostle, her own,
Why should England reject for a Saint so unknown?

---

*Saint Gregory, the Apostle of the English.

This my Lord, is the matter;—the plain, simple rhymes
Lay no fault, you perceive, upon Protestant times.
I impute the mistake, if it should be one, solely
To the Pontiffs succeeding who christen'd wars holy,—
To Monarchs, who, madd'ning around their round tables,
Preferr'd to conversion their fighting and fables;
When Soldiers were many, good Christians but few,
ST. GEORGE was advanc'd to ST. GREGORY'S due.

One may be mistaken, I therefore would beg
That a Willis, a Stukeley, an Ames, or a Pegge,
In short, that your Lordship and all the fam'd set,
Who are under your auspices happily met,
In perfect good-humour, which you can inspire
As I know by experience, would please to inquire,
To search this one question, and settle I hope,
" Was old England's old Patron a KNIGHT, or a POPE?"

ON

SPECIOUS AND SUPERFICIAL WRITERS.

HOW rare the case, tho' common the pretence,
To write on subjects from a real sense!
'Tis many a celebrated author's fate,
To print effusions just as Parrots prate;
He moulds a matter, that he once was taught,
In various shapes, and thinks that it is Thought.
Words at command he marshals in array,
And proves—whatever he is pleas'd to say;
While learning like a torrent pours along,
And sweeps away the subject, right or wrong.
One follows for a while a rolling theme,
Toss'd in the middle of the rapid stream;
Till, out of sight, with like impetuous force
Torn from its roots, another takes the course,
While froth and bubble glaze the flowing mud,
And the man thinks all clear and understood;

A shining surface and a transient view
Make the slight-witted reader think so too.
It entertains him, and the book is bought,
Read, and admir'd without expense of thought;
No tax impos'd upon his wits,—his cash
Paid without scruple,—he enjoys the trash.

THE

PASSIVE PARTICIPLE'S PETITION

TO THE

PRINTER OF THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

URBAN, or Sylvan, or whatever name
Delights thee best, thou foremost in the fame
Of Magazining chiefs! whose rival page
With monthly medley courts the curious age,
Hear a poor Passive Participle's case,
And, if thou canst, restore me to my place.

Till just of late good English has thought fit
To call me *written*, or to call me *writ;*
But what is *writ* or *written* by the vote
Of writers now, hereafter must be *wrote;*
And what is *spoken* too, hereafter *spoke;*
And measures, never to be *broken*, *broke.*

I never could be *driven*; but, in spite
Of Grammar, they have *drove* me from my right.
None could have *risen* to become my foes;
But what a world of enemies have *rose!*
Who have not *gone*, but they have *went* about,
And, *torn* as I have been, have *tore* me out.

Passive I am and would be; and implore
That such abuse may be henceforth *forbore*,
If not *forborn;* for by each spelling book
If not *mistaken*, they are all *mistook;*

And in plain English it had been as well
If what has *fall'n* upon me, had not *fell.*

Since this attack upon me has *began*,
Who knows what length in language may be *ran?*
For if it once be *grew* into a law,
You'll see such work as never has been *saw;*
Part of our speech, and sense, perhaps, beside,
Shakes when I'm *shook*, and dies when I am *died.*

Then let the Preter and Imperfect Tense
Of my own words to me remit the sense;
Or, since we two are oft enough agreed,
Let all the learned take some better heed,
And leave the vulgar to confound the due
Of Preter tense, and Participle too.

THE BEAU AND THE BEDLAMITE.

A patient in Bedlam that did pretty well,
Was permitted sometimes to go out of his cell.
One day when they gave him that freedom, he spied
A beauish young spark with a sword by his side,
With a huge silver hilt, and a scabbard of steel,
That swung at due length from his hip to his heel.

When he saw him advance on the gallery ground,
The Bedlamite ran, and survey'd him all round;
While a waiter suppress'd the young Captain's alarm
With—" You need not to fear, Sir, he'll do you no harm."
At the last he broke out—*Aye, a very fine show!*
May I ask him one question? ' What's that?" said the Beau.

Pray, what is that long, dangling, cumbersome thing,
Which you seem to be tied to with riband and string?
' Why, that is my sword?'—*And what is it to do?*
' Kill my enemies, master, by running them thro.'
Kill your enemies! Kill a fool's head of your own!
They'll die of themselves, if you let them alone.

A shining surface and a transient view
Make the slight-witted reader think so too.
It entertains him, and the book is bought,
Read, and admir'd without expense of thought;
No tax impos'd upon his wits,—his cash
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Of writers now, hereafter must be *wrote;*
And what is *spoken* too, hereafter *spoke;*
And measures, never to be *broken*, *broke.*

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Of Grammar, they have *drove* me from my right.
None could have *risen* to become my foes;
But what a world of enemies have *rose!*
Who have not *gone*, but they have *went* about,
And, *torn* as I have been, have *tore* me out.

Passive I am and would be; and implore
That such abuse may be henceforth *forbore*,
If not *forborn;* for by each spelling book
If not *mistaken*, they are all *mistook;*

AN ANSWER

TO THE FOREGOING REBUS.

PAUCIS, friend Aphanus, abhinc diebus,*
With no small pleasure I receiv'd a Rebus.
'Twas old acquaintance Benjamin's own hand
That gave the pleasure, you must understand;
For, all the blesings show'r'd on mortal men,
Rebus in omnibus,† I wish to Ben.

At his request I sought for ancient city,
That lay conceal'd in cabalistic ditty;—
So did we all: for, when his letter came,
Some friends were chair'd around the focal flame;
Not one 'mongst all, the Rebus out could make;
Diaphanus himself was quite opaque.

Tho' pleas'd with pleasing when he can do so,
His ingenuity he loves to shew;
He is as free to own when it does not,
If such a thing falls out to be his lot,
He had none here, nor any succedaneum,
Which could discover this same HERCULANEUM.

Altho' it seem'd to ask, when it appear'd,
No great Herculean labour to be clear'd;
So many diff'rent wits at work, no doubt
The city's name would quickly be found out!
But notwithstanding ‡Variorum lecture,
The name lay snug without the least detecture.

You stand entitled hereupon to laugh
At hapless genius in your friend Diaph.
But, in excuse for what he must confess,
Nor men, nor even Ladies, here could guess;
No more of ancient city than Old Sarum
To Variorum seen, or §Variarum.

* A few days ago. † In all things. ‡ The reading of various men.
§ Of various Ladies.

One good, however, rose on this occasion,—
It put an end to fears of French Invasion;
And wits, quite frighten'd out of Dames and Men,
When Rebus came, came into them again;
Tho' little skill'd to judge of either matter,
Yet the more pleasing puzzle was the latter.

It will occur to you, on second thought,
That, though we miss'd the city that was sought,
We might have told you somewhat of the guesses
Of luckless neighbours and neighbouresses;
So let us try to give you just an Item,—
For it would take a volume to recite 'em.

'I can't divine,' said Chloe, 'for my part,
'What the man means by—*noblest work of art:*
'From clock to temple, pyramid, and ship,
'And twenty diff'rent handiworks you skip.
'Now I dare say, when all your votes are past,
'City or work,—'tis Dresden at the last.'

'Nor I,' said Phyllis, 'what the man can mean
'By his next hint of *Nature's brightest scene.*
'Among so many of her scenes so bright
'Who can devise which of them is the right?
'I'll name a word where brightest scene must lie;
'To speak my own opinion, Sirs,—'tis Eye.'

'Peace,' said a third of I forget what sex,
'Has *well-known signal* that may well perplex;
'It should be Olive branch, to be well known;
'But Rebus, unconfin'd to that alone,
'May mean abundance, plenty, riches, trade;—
'Who knows the signal that is here display'd?'

Thus they went on:—but, though I stir its embers,
It is not much that memory remembers.
Two Ladies had a long disputing match
Whether *charm-adding spot* was Mole or patch;
While none would venture to decide the Vole,*—
One had a patch and t' other had a Mole.

* The winning of all the tricks at cards.

So *Wife's Ambition* made a parted school;
Some said, " to please her husband," some, " to rule;"
On this moot point, too, Rebus would create,
As you may guess, a pretty smart debate,
Till one propos'd to end it thus with ease,
" The only way to rule him is TO PLEASE."

Hold! I forgot:—One said, a Parson's dues
Was the same thing with shining *badge of Jews*,
And it was *Tithe*, of corn, or pig, or goose;
What earth, or animals of earth produce,
From calf and lamb to turnip and potatoe,
Might be the word,—which he had nought to say to.

For an excuse is made, upon the whole,
The two great number of the words, that poll
For correspondency to ev'ry line,
And make the meant one tedious to divine;
But we suspect that other points ambiguous,
And eke unfair, contribute to fatigue us.

For, first, with due submission to our betters,
What ancient city could have eighteen letters?
Or more? for, in the latter lines, the clue
May have one correspondent word or two.
Clue should have said, if only one occurr'd,
Not " correspondent *words*" to each, but " *word*."

From some suspicions of a bite, we guess
The number of the letters to be less;
And from expression of a certain cast,
Some joke unequal to the pains at last.
Could you have said that all was right and clever,
Ours would have been more fortunate endeavour.

" There should be always in a *JEU DE MOTS
" Clear-pointed turn, short, fair, and *a propos*;
" Wit without straining; neatness without starch,
" Hinted tho' hidden; decent, tho' 'tis arch;
" No vile idea should disgrace a Rebus,"—
SIC DICUNT MUSÆ, SIC EDICIT PHŒBUS.†

*A sport with words. † So say the Muses, so commands Apollo (th tutelary God of poetry and eloquence.)

This, Aphanus, tho' short of satisfaction,
Is what account occurs of the transaction,—
Impertinent enough;—but you'll excuse
What your own Postscript half enjoin'd the Muse
She, when she took the sudden task upon her,
Did it, believe me, *to oblige your honour.*

THOUGHTS

ON RHYME AND BLANK VERSE.

WHAT a deal of impertinent stuff at this time
Comes out about verses in Blank and in Rhyme.
To determine their merits by critical Prose,
And treat the two parties as if they were foes!
The allotting so gravely, for settling their rank,
Of all bondage to Rhyme and all freedom to Blank,
Has provok'd a few Rhymes to step forth and repress
The pedantical whim, now increas'd to excess;

Not to hinder the dupes of this fanciful wit
From retailing its maxims whene'er they think fit;
But to caution young Bards, if in danger to waste
Any genius for verse on so partial a taste,
That (while to blank verse is allow'd the pretence
Which to freedom it claims) they, supported by *sense*,
For words without *any*, may never neglect
Of Rhyme freely flowing the pleasing effect.

Here are two special terms which the Sophisters mingle,
To be sauce for the rest,—to wit, Fetters and Jingle;
And because a weak writer may chance to expose
Very ill-chosen words to such phrases as those,
The unthinking reflectors sit down to their rote,
And pronounce against Rhyme th' undistinguishing vote.—
Sole original this, in the petulant school,
Of its idle objections to METRE and RULE.

For to what other fetters are verses confin'd
Whether made up of blank or of metrical kind?
If a man has not taste for poetical lines,
Can't he let them alone, saying what he designs
Upon some other points in his unfetter'd way,
And contemn, if he will, all numerical lay?
But the fashion, forsooth, must affect the sublime,
The grand, the pathetic, and rail against Rhyme.

Blank verse is the thing:—tho,' whoever tries both,
Will find of its fetters a plentiful growth,
Many chains to be needful to measure his ground,
And keep the sublime within requisite bound.
If a laudable product in Rhyme should, perhaps,
Extort some applause from these exquisite Chaps,
They express it quite shily, for fear of a fetter,—
" Had the Rhyme been neglected the work had been better."

'Tis thus they begin with their jingle (or rattle
As some of them call it) the delicate battle;
" By the nature of Rhyme," they cry, "to be sure
" The sense must be cramped and render'd obscure."
As if Blank by its grandeur and magnify'd pause,
Was secure in its freedom from any such flaws;
Tho' so apt in bad hands to give readers offence,
By the rattling of sound and the darkness of sense.

All the arguments form'd against metrical song,
And twisted and twin'd as they prose it along,
Presuppose the poor maker to be but a dunce:—
For, if that be not true, they all vanish at once.
If it be, what advantage has blank in the case
From counting bad verses by unit or brace?
Nothing else can result from the critical rout
But,—"A Blockhead's a Blockhead, with Rhyme or without."

It came, as they tell us, from ignorant Moors,
And by growth of fine taste will be turn'd out of doors:—
Two insipid conceits at a venture intwin'd
And void of all proof both before and behind.
Too old its reception to tell of its age;
Its downfall, if taste could but fairly presage,

When the bees of the country make honey no more,
Will then certainly come,—not a moment before.

Till then it will reign;—and, while here and there spread,
Blank verse like an Aloe rears up its head,
And fresh from the hot-house successfully tow'rs
To make people stare at the height of its flow'rs,
The variety, sweetness, and smoothness of Rhyme
Will flourish, bedeck'd, in its natural clime,
With numberless beauties; will frequently shoot
If cherish'd aright, into blossom and fruit.

But stuffing their heads in these classical days,
Full of Homer, and Virgil, and Horace, and Plays;
And finding that Rhyme is in none of the four,
'Tis enough,—the fine-tasters have gotten their lore.
And away they run on with their words in a string,
Which they throw up at Rhyme with a finical fling;
But to reach its full sweetness not willing nor able,
They talk about taste like the Fox in the fable.

To the praise of old Metre it quitted the Stage,
In abhorrence of tragical ranting and rage,
Which with heights and with depths of distresses enrich'd,
Verse and Prose, art and nature, and morals bewitch'd,
All the native agreements of language disgrac'd,
That theatrical pomp might intoxicate taste;
Still retaining poor Blank, in its fetters held fast,
To bemoan its hard fate in romantic bombast.

'Tis the Subject, in fine, in the matter of song,
That makes a Blank verse or a Rhyme to be wrong;
If unjust or improper, unchaste or profane,
It disgraces alike all poetical strain;
If not,—the possessor of tunable skill
Unfetter'd, unjingled, may take which he will,
Any plan to which freedom and judgment impel;—
All the bus'ness he knows is—TO EXECUTE WELL.

SAINT PHILIP NERI AND THE YOUTH.

But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. **Mat. vi. 33.**

SAINT Philip Neri, as old readings say,
Met a young stranger in Rome's streets one day;
And being ever courteously inclin'd
To give young folks a sober turn of mind,
He fell into discourse with him;—and thus
The dialogue they held comes down to us,—
'Tell me what brings you, gentle youth, to Rome?'
To make myself a scholar, Sir, I come.
'And when you are one, what do you intend?'
To be a Priest, I hope, Sir, in the end.
'Suppose it so,—what have you next in view?'
That I may get to be a Canon too.
'Well;—and how then?'—*Why, then, for aught I know,*
I may be made a Bishop.—'Be it so;—
'What then?'— *Why, Cardinal's a high degree;*
And yet my lot it possibly may be.
'Suppose it was;—what then?'—*Why, who can say*
But I've a chance of being Pope one day?
'Well; having worn the mitre, the red hat,
'And triple crown,—what follows after that?'
Nay, there is nothing further, to be sure,
Upon this earth that wishing can procure.
When I've enjoy'd a dignity so high
As long as God shall please, then I MUST DIE.
'What! *must* you die, fond youth?—and at the best
'But *wish*, and *hope*, and *may be* all the rest?
'Take my advice;—whatever *may* betide,
'For that which *must be* first of all provide,
'Then think of that which *may be*;—and indeed,
'When well prepar'd who knows what may succeed?
'You yet may be, as you are pleas'd to hope,
'Priest, Canon, Bishop, Cardinal, and Pope.'

ADVICE

TO THE REV. MESSRS. H------ AND H------.

RESPECTING THEIR PREACHING SLOWLY.

Brethren, this comes to let you know
That I would have you to preach slow;
To give the words of a discourse
Their proper time, and life, and force;
To urge what you think fit to say
In a sedate, pathetic way,
Grave and delib'rate,—as 'tis fit
To comment upon Holy Writ.

Many a good sermon gives distaste,
By being spoke in too much haste;
Which, had it been pronounc'd with leisure,
Would have been listen'd to with pleasure;
And thus the preacher often gains
His labour only for his pains;
As, if you doubt it, may appear
From ev'ry Sunday in the year.

For how, indeed, can one expect
The best discourse should take effect,
Unless the maker thinks it worth
Some care and pains to set it forth?
What! does he think the pains he took
To write it fairly in a book,
Will do the bus'ness?—Not a bit:—
It must be spoke as well as writ.

What is a sermon, good or bad,
If a man reads it like a lad?
To hear some people when they preach
How they run o'er all parts of speech,
And neither raise a word nor sink,
Our learned bishops, one would think,

Had taken school boys from the rod
To make ambassadors for God.

So perfect is the Christian scheme,
He that from thence shall take his theme,
And time to have it understood,—
His sermon cannot but be good.
If he'll not cease from preaching *stuff*,
No time, indeed, is short enough;
E'en let him read it like a letter,
The sooner it is done the better.

But for a man that has a head,
(Like yours or mine, I'd almost said)
That can upon occasion raise
A just remark, a proper phrase,—
For such a one to run along,
Tumbling his accents o'er his tongue,
Shews only that a man at once
May be a scholar and a dunce.

In point of sermons, 'tis confess'd,
Our English Clergy make the best.
But this appears, we must confess,
Not from the pulpit, but the press.
They manage, with disjointed skill,
The matter well, the manner ill;
And, what seems paradox at first
They make the best and preach the worst.

Would they but speak as well as write,
Both excellences would unite;
The outward action being taught
To shew the strength of inward thought.
Now, to do this our short-hand school
Lays down this plain and gen'ral rule,
"Take time enough,"—all other graces
Will soon fill up their proper places.

VERSES

To the same Gentlemen,

ON PREACHING EXTEMPORE.

THE hint I gave some time ago,
Brethren, about your preaching slow,
You took, it seems;—and thereupon
Could make two Sermons out of one.
Now this regard to former lines
Paid so successfully, inclines
To send my counsel's second part,—
" Try if you cannot preach by heart."

Be not alarm'd, as if regard
To this would prove so very hard.
My first admonishment you fear'd
Would so turn out; till it appear'd
That custom only made to seem
So difficult in your esteem
What, upon trial, now procures
Your hearers' ease, and also yours.

Do but consider how the case
Now stands in fact in ev'ry place,
All Christendom almost around,
Except on our reformed ground,
The greatest part untaught to brook
A preacher's reading from a book,
Would scarce advance within his reach,
Or then acknowledge him to preach.

Long after preaching first began
How unconceiv'd a READING plan!
The rise of which, whatever date
May be assign'd, is very late.
The manuscriptal READING rote
Is from antiquity remote;

No need, no reason prompted then
The pulpit to consult the pen.

However well prepar'd before
By pond'ring or by writing o'er
What he should say, still it was SAID
By him that preach'd,—it was not READ.
Could ancient memory, then, better
Forbear from poring o'er the letter
Than yours? Brethren, if you'll but try,
That fact I'll venture to deny.

Moderns of late give proofs enow,
Too many!—as it seems to you,
That matters of religious kind
Stor'd up within the thoughtful mind,
With any care and caution stor'd,—
Sufficient utterance afford
To tell an audience what they think,
Without the help of pen and ink.

How apt to think, too, is the throng
A preacher short, a reader long!
The people claim to be the book
That should attract a pastor's look.
If you lament a careless age,
Averse to hear the pulpit page,
Speak from *within* not from *without*,
And heart to heart will turn about.

Try this,—and if you can't succeed,
'Twill then be right for you to read;
Altho' the heart, if that's your choice,
Must still accompany the voice.
Should you at length succeed, and take
The hint, you must not merely make
Preaching EX TEMPORE* the view,
But EX ÆTERNITATE too.

---

* *Extempore*, when used as an adopted English word, signifies *premeditation*. But a double meaning being here intended, nection with *ex æternitate*, it conveys this advice, "Preach i *a view to present things* alone, but *as for eternity*.

VERSES

On Clergymen preaching politics,

ADDRESSED TO RALPH LEYCESTER ESQ.

INDEED, Sir Peter, I could wish, I own,
That parsons would let politics alone;
Plead, if they will, the customary plea
For such like talk when o'er a dish of tea;
But when they tease us with it from the pulpit,
I own, Sir Peter, that I cannot gulp it.

If on *their* rules a Justice should intrench,
By preaching us a sermon from the bench,
Would you not think, your brother magistrate
Was touch'd a little in his hinder pate?
Now, which is worse, Sir Peter, on the total,—
The LAY vagary or the SACERDOTAL?

In ancient times when preachers preach'd indeed
Their sermons, ere the learned learnt to read,
Another Spirit and another life
Shut the Church doors against all party strife;
Since then how oft is heard from sacred rostrums
The lifeless din of Whig and Tory nostrums!

'Tis wrong, Sir Peter, I insist upon't,—
To common sense a manifest affront.
The parson leaves the Christian in the lurch,
Whene'er he brings his politics to Church.
If he his cant, on either side, calls preaching —
The man's wrong-headed, and his brains want bleaching.

Recall the time from Conquering William's reign,
And guess the fruits of such a preaching vein:
How oft its nonsense must have veer'd about,
Just as the politics were in or out!

The pulpit govern'd by no Gospel data,
But new success still mending old errata.

Were I a king,—God bless me!—I should hate
My chaplains meddling with affairs of state;
Nor would my subjects, I should think, be fond
Whene'er their priests the Bible went beyond.
How well, methinks, we both should live together,
If these good folks would keep within their tether!

THE

VISION OF MOSES.

MOSES, to whom by a peculiar grace
God spake—the Hebrew phrase is, "face to face,"—
Call'd by a heav'nly voice, the Rabbins say,
Ascended to a mountain's top one day,
Where, in some points perplex'd, his mind was eas'd,
And doubts concerning providence appeas'd.

During the Colloquy Divine, say they,
The prophet was commanded to survey
And mark what happen'd on the plain below:—
There he perceiv'd a fine, clear spring to flow
Just at the mountain's foot, to which, anon,
A soldier in his course came riding on;
Who taking notice of the fountain, stopp'd,—
Alighted,—drank,—and in remounting dropp'd
A purse of gold; but, as the precious load
Fell unsuspected, he pursued his road.
Scarce had he gone when a young lad came by;
And, as the purse lay just before his eye,
He took it up, and, finding its content,
Secur'd the treasure, and away he went.
Soon after him a poor, infirm old man,
With age and travel weary quite, and wan,
Came to the spring to quench his thirst;—he drank,
And then sat down to rest him on the bank.

While there he sat, the soldier on his track,
Missing his gold, return'd directly back,
Lit from his horse, began to swear and curse,
And ask'd the poor old fellow for his purse.
He solemnly protested o'er and o'er,
With hands and eyes uplifted to implore
Heav'n's attestation to the truth, that he
Nor purse nor gold had ever chanc'd to see;—
'Twas all in vain,—the man believ'd him not,
But drew his sword and stabb'd him on the spot.

Moses with horror and amazement seiz'd,
Fell on his face;—The Voice Divine was pleas'd
To give the prophet's anxious mind relief,
Preventing *thus* expostulating grief;—
" Be not surpris'd, nor ask how such a deed
" The world's Just Judge could suffer to succeed.
" The child has caus'd the passion, it is true,
" That made the soldier run the old man thro';
" But know one fact, tho' never yet found out,
" And judge how *that* would banish ev'ry doubt,—
" This same old man, through passion once as wild,
" Murder'd the father of that very child."

ON

THE AUTHOR'S COAT OF ARMS.

Some sire of ours, beloved kinsfolk, chose
The Hedge-hog for his arms; I would suppose
With aim to hint instruction wise and good
To us, descendants of his Byrom blood:
I would infer, if you be of this mind,
The very lesson that our sire design'd.

He had observ'd that nature gave a sense
To ev'ry creature, of its own defence,—

Down from the lion with his tearing jaws,
To the poor cat that scratches with her paws,—
All shew'd their force, when put upon the proof
Wherein it lay,—teeth, talons, horn, or hoof.

Pleas'd with the Porcupine, whose native art
Is said to distance danger by his dart,
To rout his foes before they come too near,
From ev'ry hurt of close encounter clear;
This, had not one thing bated of its price,
Had been our worthy ancestor's device.

A foe to none, but ev'ry body's friend,
And loath, altho' offended, to offend,
He sought to find an instance, if it could
By any creature's art be understood,
That might betoken safety when attack'd,
Yet where all hurt should be a foe's own act.

At last the Hedge-hog came into his thought,
And gave the perfect emblem that he sought.
This little creature, all offence aside,
Rolls up itself in its own prickly hide
When danger comes; and they that will abuse,
Do it themselves, when their own hurt ensues.

Methinks, I hear the venerable sage,—
" Children! Descendants all thro' ev'ry age!
" Learn from the prudent Urchin in your Arms,
" How to secure yourselves from worldly harms.
" Give no offence,—to you if others will,
" Firmly wrapp'd up within yourselves, be still.

" This animal is giv'n for outward sign
" Of inward, true Sincerity Divine.
" Sharp on your minds let pointed virtues grow,
" That, without injuring, resist a foe:
" Surround with these an honest, harmless heart,
" And He that dwells in it will take your part.

" Whatever ills your Christian peace molest,
" Turn to the source of grace within your breast;
" There lies your safety—Oh! that all my kin
" May ever seek it,—where 'tis found,—within!
' No ills can ever long that soul annoy
" Which makes its God the centre of its joy."

VERSES

Intended to have been spoken

At the commencement of the vacation of the Free Grammar School in Manchester, in the year 1748.

At this time Lauder's charge of plagiarism against Milton engaged the attention of the public, and was eagerly embraced and invidiously retailed by some names eminent in literature. Among the most malevolent of these was Dr. Johnson, our great lexicographer. He gloried in Lauder's supposed discovery, with all the phlegmatic rancour which he entertained against Milton for his attachment to Republicanism and for his excellence as an epic poet. Whether this conduct proceeded from a disposition naturally too prone to credulity, or from low malignity mixed with jealousy, remains yet undetermined. The truly charitable will always incline to the former opinion. Certain it is, however, that when the detecter of plagiarism was himself found guilty of the grossest fabrications, Johnson ceased from his unmanly persecution of the honoured manes of Milton: and to his honour let it be recorded, that he could never afterwards bear even the casual mention of Lauder's name, without a blush of sorrow or of shame at having been connected with him in an attempt to pluck well-earned laurels from the brow of genius.

A fine and diversified vindication of the greatest of our British Bards is presented to us in these purposely puerile effusions. All of them set out with allowing the fact, of Milton having taken the matters most suitable to his purposes from every quarter where they could be discovered.

THE MASTER'S SPEECH.

Our worthy Founder, Gentlemen, this day
Appoints our youth an hour's poetic play,
And that I yearly at this time should choose
A single subject for their varied muse,
That you may see how fancy will create
A diff'rent image in each youngster's pate.

Now, since our Milton, a renowned name,
Has been attack'd for stealing into fame,
I told them,—"Lads, now be upon your guard;
"Exert yourselves, and save your famous bard.
"He's call'd a plagiary;—'tis yours to shew
"The vain reproach, to silence Milton's foe.

" The point at which ye now must take your aim,
" Remember as ye rhyme, is MILTON'S FAME;
" Fame as a Poet only, as attack'd
" For plund'ring verses:—ne'er contest the fact;
" Defend your bard, tho' granted; and confine
" To three times six, at most, your eager line."

Then lend a fav'ring ear while they rehearse
Short, and almost extemporary verse,
A thought work'd up that came into the mind,
With rhymes the first and fittest they could find:
Such was their task;—the boys have done their best;
Take what you like, Sirs, and excuse the rest.

THE FIRST BOY.

Milton pursued in numbers more sublime,
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
'Tis said, " the bard did but *pretend* to soar;
" For, *such* and *such attempted* them before."

An age has now elaps'd since Milton writ:—
The rest are sunk into oblivion's pit;
A critic diving to their wrecks, perhaps,
Has now and then brought up some loosen'd scraps.

We'll not dispute the value of them now,
But say one thing which critics must allow,
Which all the nations round us will confess,
" MILTON ALONE *attempted* WITH SUCCESS."

THE SECOND BOY.

When Milton's ghost into Elysium came
To mix with claimants for poetic fame,
Some rose the celebrated bard to meet,
Welcom'd, and laid their laurels at his feet.

" Immortal Shades," said he, if aught be due
" To my attempts, 'tis owing all to you;"
Then took the laurels fresh'ning from his hand,
And crown'd the temples of the sacred band.

Others in crowds stood muttering behind,—
"Who is the guest?—He looks as he were blind.—
"Oh! this is Milton, to be sure,—the man,
"Who stole from others all his rhymeless plan;

"From those conceited gentlemen, perchance,
"Who rush to hail him with such complaisance.
"Ay, that's the reason of this fawning fuss:—
"I like him not;—HE NEVER STOLE FROM US."

THE THIRD BOY.

"Crime in a Poet, Sirs, to steal a thought?"
No, that 'tis not,—if it be good for aught.
'Tis lawful theft; 'tis laudable to boot;
'Tis want of genius if he cannot do't.
The fool admires,—the man of sense alone
Lights on a happy thought, and makes it all his own,

Flies like a bee along the muse's field,
Peeps in and tastes what ev'ry flow'r can yield,
Free, from the various blossoms that he meets,
To pick and cull, and carry home the sweets;
While midst a thousand sweets the stingless drone,
Sluggishly saunt'ring forth, makes none of them his own.

THE FOURTH BOY.

A critic once to a Miltonian made
Of Milton's plagiarisms a long parade,
To prove his work not owing to his genius,
But to ADAMUS EXUL and MASENIUS,
That he had stol'n the greater part by much
Both of his plan and matter from the Dutch.

His Abdiel, finest characters, he took,
And heav'nly scenes, from such and such a book;
His hellish too the same,—from such a one
He stole his Pandemonium,—and so on;—
Till Milton's friend cried out at last, quite giddy,
"Poh! hold thy tongue! He stole the devil,—did he?"

THE FIFTH BOY.

When Oxford saw in her Radclivian dome
Greek skill and Roman rivall'd here at home,
Wond'ring she stood, till one judicious spark
Address'd the crowd, and made this sage remark,—
" The most unlicens'd plagiary,—this Gibbs!
" Nothing in all his pile but what he cribs.

" The ground he builds upon is not his own;
" I know the quarry whence he had his stone,
" The forest too where all his timber grow'd,
" The forge in which his fused metals flow'd;—
" Slightly survey the edifice intire,
" 'Tis all a borrow'd work from base to spire."

Thus with our epic architect he deals,
Who says that Milton in his poem steals;
Steals, if he will;—" but without license?" No;
Pedlars in verse unmeaningly do so.
Him Phœbus licens'd; and the Muses nine
Help'd the rare thief to raise up A DESIGN.

THE SIXTH BOY.

Lauder! thy authors Dutch and German
There is no need to disinter, man!
To search the mould'ring anecdote
For source of all that Milton wrote;
We'll own, from these and many more
The bard enrich'd his ample store

Phœbus himself could not escape
The tricks of this poetic ape;
For, to complete his daring vole,*
From his enliven'd wheels he stole,
Prometheus like, the solar ray
That animated all his clay.

* A corruption of the French word *vol*, which signifies theft.

Prometheus like, then, chain him down,
Prey on his vitals of renown,
With critic talons and with beak
Upon his fame thy vengeance wreak;—
It grows again at ev'ry hour,
Fast as the vulture can devour.

THE SEVENTH BOY.

Miltonum vir (O facinus nefarium!)
Exagitavit tanquam plagiarium.
Miramur, hanc qui protulisset thesin,
Quid esse Momus crederet Poesin.
Num, quæso, vult ut, hâc obstetricante,
Dicendum sit quod nemo dixit ante?

O admirandam hominis versuti
Calliditatem, quâ volebat uti!
Dixisset ipse, nimium securus,
Quod nemo dicet præsens aut futurus,
Dum felis ungues persequentur murem,
Miltonum, scilicet, fuisse furem.

Exulent ergo, (ejus ex effatis)
Quicunque nomen usurparint vatis;
Nullum vocemus, prorsus, ad examen
Eorum sensum, vim, aut modulamen;—
Furantur omnes;—habeamus verum
Poetam exhinc unicum Lauderum!*

* These Monkish rhymes may be thus translated,---O base villainy! A man has persecuted Milton as a plagiary! We wonder in what poetry would be thought to consist by Momus, (the god of cavillers) who must have broached this opinion. Do you suppose it to be his wish, when poetry lends her aid, that a person should then utter what no one ever said before?

O the wondrous wisdom of a clever man, which he was desirous of practising! He in too much security would have said that "Milton has been a thief;" an assertion which no one now or hereafter will make, as long the claws of a cat shall wage war against a mouse

Banished therefore, according to his maxims, be every one who has arrogated to himself the title of bard. In examining them let us entirely disregard their sense, force, or harmony. All of them are robbers;—let us henceforth have one true poet, and let him be LAUDER.

A DIALOGUE ON CONTENTMENT.

JOHN AND PHEBE.

John. WHAT ills, dear Phebe, would it not prevent
To learn this one short lesson, "BE CONTENT!"
No very hard prescription in effect
This same content;—and yet thro' its neglect,
What mighty evils do "we human elves,"
As Prior calls us, bring upon ourselves!
Evils that nature never meant us for,
Vacuums which heartily she does abhor.
Of all the ways of judging things amiss
No instance shews our weakness more than this,—
That men on earth won't set their hearts at rest,
When God in heaven does all things for the best.
What strange, absurd perverseness!

Phebe. Hold, good brother!
Don't put yourself, I pray, in such a pother.
"'Tis a fine thing to be content;"—why, true,
'Tis just and right we know as well as you;
And yet to be so, after all this rout,
Has sometimes puzzled you, I make no doubt.
Folks in the vigour of their health and strength
May rail at discontent, in words at length,
Who yet when disappointed of their wishes,
Will put you off with surly humphs and pishes.
"Let's be content and easy,"—gen'ral stuff!
Your happy people are content enough.
If you would reason to the purpose, shew
How they who are unhappy may be so;
How they who are in sickness, want, or pain,
May get their health, estate, and ease again;
How they—

John. Nay, Phebe, don't go on so fast;
Your just rebuke now suits yourself at last.
Methinks you wander widely from the fact;
'Tis not how you, or I, or others *act*,

That we are talking of, but how we *should;*
A rule tho' ill observ'd may still be good.
Nor did I say that a contented will
Would hinder all, but many sorts of ill;
This it will do;—and give me leave to say,
'Twill lessen what it cannot take away.
You said yourself, 'twas just; I think you did,—

Phebe. Yes; I don't deny it;—

John. Good sense forbid
That e'er you should! Its practice then, perchance,
Is monstrous hard in many a circumstance.

Phebe. "Monstrous!" why "monstrous?" Let that word be barr'd,
I shall not hesitate to think it "hard,"
And very hard; nay, I could almost add,
That in some cases 'tis not to be had.

John. "Not to be had!" Content!—It costs us nought;
'Tis purchas'd only with a little thought;
We need not fetch it from a distant clime,
At home it may be found at any time;
Our very cares contribute to its growth;
It knows no check but voluntary sloth;
None but ourselves can rob us of its fruit;
It finds, whene'er we use it, fresh recruit;
The more we gather, still the more it thrives,
Fresh as our hopes and lasting as our lives.
"Not to be had" is wrong; but I forgot,
You did not say quite absolutely "not,"
But could almost have said so;—the *almost*
Was meant perhaps against a florid boast
Of such content as when a trial came
Severe enough, would hardly own its name.

Phebe. Perhaps it was, and now your fire is spent,
You can reflect, I find, that this content,
Which you are fond of celebrating so,
May now and then be difficult to shew;
So difficult that—

John. Hold a bit, or ten
To one the chance, that I shall fire again;

"'Tis just and right," is own'd by you and me;
Now for my part, I rather choose to see
The easiness of what is just and right,
Which makes it more encouraging to sight,
Than scare-crow hardships that almost declare
Content an uncome-at-able affair,
And consequently tempt one to distrust
As difficulties, what is right and just.
Thus I object to hardship;—if you please,
Shew for what reason you object to ease;—

Phebe. Why, for this reason,—tho' it should be true
That what is just and right is easy too,
Such ease is nothing of a talking kind;
It is right will, which likes to be resign'd,
And cherishes a grace which with regard
To the unpractis'd, may sometimes be hard.
You treat CONTENT as if it were a weed
Of neither cost nor culture, when indeed,
It is as fine a flow'r as can be found
Within the mind's best cultivated ground;
Where like a seed, it must have light and air
To help its growth, according to the care
That owners take, whose philosophic skill
Will much depend upon the *weather* still;
Good should not make them careless, nor should *bad*
Discourage—

John. Right, provided it be had;—
I'll not dispute, but own, what you have said
Has hit the nail directly on the head.
Easy or hard, all pains within our pow'r
Are well bestow'd on such a charming flow'r.

TOM THE PORTER

AS Tom the porter went up Ludgate Hill,
A swingeing show'r oblig'd him to stand still;
So in the right-hand passage thro' the gate
He pitch'd his burden down just by the grate,
From which there came in doleful sounds away,—
" Pity—the poor—and hungry—debtors—pray."

To the same garrison from Paul's Churchyard
A half-drown'd soldier ran to mount the guard;
Now Tom, (it seems) the Ludgateer, and he
Were formerly acquaintances all three;
And as the coast was clear by cloudy weather,
They quickly fell into discourse together.

'Twas in December when the Highland Clans
Had got to Derbyshire from Preston Pans,
Had struck all London with a woful panic;—
But mark the force of principles Britannic:

The soldier told them fresh the city news,
Just piping hot from Stock-jobbers and Jews,
Of French fleets landing and of Dutch neutrality,
Of jealousies at Court amongst the quality,
Of Swarston bridge that never was pull'd down,
Of all the rebels in full march to town,
And of a hundred things beside that made
Lord May'r himself and aldermen afraid;
Painting with many an oath the case in view,
And ask'd the porter what he thought to do.

" Do?" says he gravely.—" what I did before;
" What I have done these thirty years and more;—
" Carry, as I am like to do, my pack,
" Glad to maintain my belly by my back;
" If that but hold, I care not, for my part,
" Come as come will, 'tshall never break my heart.
" I don't see folks that fight about their thrones,
" Mind either soldiers' flesh or porters' bones.

" Whoe'er gets better when the battle's fought,
" Thy pay nor mine will be advanc'd a groat.
" But to the purpose;—now we are met here,
" I'll join with thee for one full mug of beer."

The soldier touch'd a little with surprise
To see his friend's indifference, replies,—
" What you say, Tom, I own, is very good;
" But—OUR RELIGION!"— and he d—mn'd his blood—
" What will become of our religion?" " True,"
Says the Jail-bird,—" and of OUR FREEDOM too?
" If the Pretender (rapp'd he out) comes on,
" OUR LIBERTIES and PROPERTIES are gone!"

And so the soldier and the pris'ner join'd
To work up Tom into a better mind.
He staring dumb, with wonder struck and pity,
Took up his load and trudg'd into the city.

A LANCASHIRE DIALOGUE,

OCCASIONED BY

A CLERGYMAN PREACHING WITHOUT NOTES.

The good sense and pleasantry of this and the following dialogues will, without a translation, be unintelligible to persons that are strangers to the Lancashire dialect. This consideration has been an inducement to the rendering of the sentences written in that idiom, as nearly as possible into the proper vernacular language.

JAMES AND JOHN.

JAMES. Wus yo at Church o' Sunday morning, John?
JOHN. Ay, Jeeams, I wus; and would no' but ha' gone
For ne'er so mich.—What, wur no yo theer then?
JAMES. Nou; and I ha' no' miss'd, I know no' when.

James. *Were you at Church on Sunday morning, John?*
John. *Ay, James, I was; and would not but have gone*
For ne'er so much.—Were not you there then?
James. *No; and I have not miss'd, I know not when.*

JOHN. Whoy, yo had e'en faoo luck on't.—
JAMES. So I hear,
At maes me ash ye, whether yo wur theer.
They tell'n me that a pairson coome, and took
His text bi hairt, and preach'd withaoot a book.
JOHN. He did, for sartin, and hauf freeten'd mee
And moor besoide;—but he soon leet us see
He wanted noane.—
JAMES. Whoy, could he do withaoot?
JOHN. Yoi, better, mon, bi hauf for being baoot.
It gan me sich a notion,—for my pairt,
I think 'at au true preaching is by hairt:
Sich as we han I do no' meean to bleeame,
But conno' cau it fairly bi that neeame.
A book may do at whooam for larning seeake,
But in a pilpit, wheer a mon shid speeake,
And look at th' congregation i' their feeace,
He canno' do't for *pappers* in a keease.
He ta'es fro' *them* what he mun say, and then
Just looks as if he gan it 'um again.
It is i' th' Church, or one could hairdly tell

John. *Why, you had e'en foul luck on't.—*
James. *So I hear,*
That makes me ask you whether you were there.
They tell me that a parson came, and took
His text by heart, and preach'd without a book.
John. *He did, for certain, and half frighten'd me*
And more besides;—but he soon let us see
He wanted none.—
James. *Why, could he do without?*
John. *Yes, better, man, by half for being without.*
It gave me such a notion, for my part,
I think that all true preaching is by heart.
Such as we have I do not mean to blame,
But cannot call it fairly by that name.
A book may do at home for learning's sake,
But in a pulpit, where a man should speak
And look at th' congregation i' th' their face,
He cannot do't for papers *in a case.*
He takes from them *what he must say, and then*
Just looks as if he gave it them again.
It is i' th' Church, or one could hardly tell

But he wur conning summat to himsel:
Monny a good thing, there, I ha' hard read oo'er,
But never knew what preeaching wus befoor.
JAMES. And prei ye, John, haoo done ye know it naoo?
JOHN. Lukko,—this mon has tou't it me sumhaoo.
JAMES. A ready scholar!
JOHN. "Scholar?" whoy,—a dance
May see, beloike, what's shown him au at wunce.
JAMES. It ma'es me think, yo're allivated soa,
O'one that's gloppen'd 'at has seen a shoa.
JOHN. Would yo had *seen* and *hard*, as weel as I,—
And if I shid say *felt*, I shid no' lie,
What it wus moy good luck to hyear and see!
Yo'd a bin gloppen'd too, as weel as me.
JAMES. Happen, I meeght; but con I understond
Onny thing on't, Good John, at second hond?
Yo han this preeaching seeacret at a hit;
Con yo remember haoo it wus a bit?
JOHN. "Con yo remember?"—comes into mi hyead
Your telling once o'whot yoar lowyer said
Agen ou'd Hunks, the Justice o' the peeace,

But he was conning somewhat to himself:
Many a good thing, there, I have heard read o'er,
But never knew what preaching was before.
James. *And pray you, John, how do you know it now?*
John. *Look you, this man has taught it me somehow.*
James. *A ready Scholar!*
John. "*Scholar?*" *why a dunce*
May see, belike, what's shewn him all at once.
James. *It makes me think you're elevated so,*
Of one amazed that has seen a show.
John. *Would you had* seen *and* heard, *as well as I,*
And if I should say felt, *I should not lie,—*
What it was my good luck to hear and see!
You'd have been wond'ring too as well as I.
James. *Perhaps I might; but can I understand*
Any thing on't, good John, at second hand?
You have this preaching secret at a hit;—
Can you remember how it was a bit?
John. "*Can you remember?*" *comes into my head*
Your telling once of what your lawyer said
Against old Hunks, the Justice of the peace,

'At would ha' ta'en away yoar faither's leease:
Haoo yo discroib'd him, what a mon o'th' lows!
What a fine tungue! and haoo he geet the coaze;
Haoo thooas at wur not at the Soizes too
Could no' believe t'one hauf o'whot wus true!
JAMES. "Remember?" Ay, and shall do while I'm whick,
Haoo bravely he fund aoot a knavish trick.
He seeav'd my faither monny a starling paoond,
And bu' for him I had no' bin o' th' graoond.
That wus a mon worth hyearing!—if yoar mon
Could talk loike him, I shid be gloppen'd, John.
But, lukko' me, theeas lowyers are au tou't
To speak their nomminies as soon as thou't:
Haoo done yo think would Judge and Jury look,
If onny on 'um shid go tak a book
Aoot of his pockett, and so read away?
They'd'n soon think he had no' mich to say.
Aoor honest lowyer had my faither's deed;
But, mon, he gan it th' clark o' th' coort to read;
And then he spooak! And if you had bu' seen—
Whoy, th' Judge himsel could ne'er keep off his een;

'at would have ta'en away your father's lease;
ow you describ'd him, what a man o' th' laws!
'hat a fine tongue! and how he got the cause;—
ow those that were not at th' Assizes too
uld not believe th' one half of what was true!
James. "*Remember?*" *Ay, and shall do while I'm quick,*
ow bravely he found out a knavish trick.
e sav'd my father many a sterling pound,
nd but for him I'd not been on the ground.
hat was a man worth hearing!—if your man
uld talk like him, I should be fill'd with wonder, John.
ut, luck on me (look at me), these lawyers are all taught
o speak their speeches out as soon as thought:
low do you think would Judge and Jury look,
' any of them should go take a book
ut of his pocket, and so read away?
hey would soon think he had not much to say.
ur honest lawyer had my father's deed;
ut, man, he gave it th' clerk o' th' court to read;
nd then he spoke! And if you had but seen—
Vhy, the Judge himself could ne'er keep off his eyes;

The jury gaupt agen;—and weel they meeght,
For e'ry word 'at he had said wus reeght.
JOHN. Weel, Jeeams.—and if a man shid be as wairm
Abaoot his hev'n as yo abaoot yoar fairm,
Dunno' yo think he'd be as pleeast to hear
A Pairson mak his reeght to houd it clear?
And show the De'el to be as fause a foe
As that ou'd rogue, the Justice, wus to yo?
JAMES. Naoo, John, I see what yo been driving at,
And I'm o' yoar oppinion as to that.
I shid no grutch at takking a lung wauk
To hyear a Clargyman, that could bu' tauk
As that mon did,—could sarch a thing to th' boan,
And in good yarnest. mak the coaze his ooan.
I seeldom miss a Sunday hyearing thooas,
'At preeachen weel enugh as preeaching gooas;
But I ha' thou't sumtimes, haooever good,
A sarmon meeght be better. if it would;
'At if it could no' mak folks' een to weep,
It sartinly mit keep 'um au fro' sleep.
Yet I ha' seen 'um nodding, toimes enoo,

The Jury gap'd again;—and well they might,
For ev'ry word that he had said was right.
John. *Well, James, and if a man should be as warm*
About his heav'n as you about your farm,
Do not you think he'd be as pleas'd to hear
A Parson make his right to hold it clear?
And hew the Devil to be as false a foe
As that old rogue, the Justice, was to you?
James *Now, John, I see what you are driving at,*
And I'm of your opinion as to that.
I should not grudge at taking a long walk
To hear a Clergyman, that could but talk
As that man did, could search a thing to th' bone,
And in good earnest, make the cause his own.
I seldom miss a Sunday hearing those,
That preach well enough as preaching goes;
But I have thought sometimes, however good,
A sermon might be better, if it would;
That if it could not make folks' eyes to weep,
It certainly might keep them all from sleep.
Yet I have seen them nodding, times enow,

Not only childer, but church-wairdens too.
Could your fine preeacher—morning was too soon—
Ha' kept folks wakken, John, i' th' afternoon?
JOHN. I wish he would ha' tri'd;—and, I dare say,
That morning meeght have answer'd for au day.
He must ha' ta'en a pretty dose, I think,
'At coud ha' gen that afternoon a wink.
Sich looking! and sich list'ning! one mit read
In e'ry feeace, "Ay, heer's a mon indeed!"
Some meeght ha' slept, if he had com'n agen,
Beloor he spooak;—I'm shure they could no' then.
JAMES. They wurn, its loike, whaint fond o' summut new.
JOHN. Nea, nea; that winno' haud a sarmon throo.
Au they that listen'd when he first begun
Kept list'ning moor and moor till he had done.
Had he gone eend away, I gi' mi word,
He had me fast bi th' ears,—I'd not ha' stirr'd.
Naoo yo mun think 'at he taukt weel at leeast,
And passing weel, 'at eich-body wur pleeast.
They would no', loikly, give him au their vooats
Ooanly becose o' preeaching withaoot nooats.

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ot only children, but church-wardens too.
uld your fine preacher (morning was too soon)
'ave kept folks waken, John, in th' afternoon?
John. *I wish he would have tried; and, I dare say,*
hat morning might have answer'd for all day.
'e must have tak'n a pretty dose, I think,
hat could have got that afternoon a wink.
uch looking! and such list'ning! one might read
ı ev'ry face, "Ay, here's a man indeed!"
)me might have slept, if he had come again,
efore he spoke;— I'm sure they could not then.
James. *They were, 'tis likely, strangely fond of somewhat new.*
John. *Nay, nay; that will not hold a sermon through.*
ll they that listen'd when he first begun
ept list'ning more and more till he had done.
ad he gone forward, (endways) I can give my word,
e had me fast by th' ears,—I'd not have stirr'd.
ow you must think that he talk'd well, at least,
nd passing well, that each body was pleas'd.
hey would not, likely, give him all their votes
ıly because of preaching without notes.

JAMES. Whoy, but according to my thinking, John,
It gi's a hugeous vontidge to a mon
To preeach withaoot book, if he can bu' do't,
And he mun needs be better heard, to boot.
Aoor lowyer had noane, and I hauf can feel
It wus the reason whoy he spooak so weel:
Yet, as yo sen, "*that* ooanly winno' do,"—
For th' mon agen him praited like a foo.

JOHN. Jeeams, its e'en haird upon a lowyer's tungue,
They hoirn it aoot to oather wreeght or wrung;—
A diff'rent keease to that o' pairsons woide,
They are or shid be au o' the same soide;
It maks, mayhap, aoor lowyers reeadier far
To pleead withaoot book, til aoor pairsons are.

JAMES. Its loike it duz; for folks will larn to speeak
Sanner bi hauf for contradickshon's seeak;
And specially if when their tale is toud,
I' truth or loies, they mun be paid i' goud.
Pairsons are paid;—and if they win. may pay
Thir curates, John, to preeach for um or pray:
And then they do not, when they ma'en a raoot,

James. *Why, but according to my thinking, John,*
It gives a huge advantage to a man
To preach without book, if he can but do't,
And he must needs be better heard, to boot.
Our lawyer had none,—and I half can feel
It was the reason why he spoke so well:
Yet, as you say,—" that *only will not do,*"—
For th' man against him prated like a fool.

John. *James, 'tis e'en hard upon a lawyer's tongue,*
They hire it out to either right or wrong;—
A diff'rent case to that of parsons wide,
They are, or should be, all on the same side;
It makes, perhaps, our lawyers readier far
To plead without book, than our parsons are.

James. *'Tis likely it does; for folks will learn to speak*
Sooner by half for contradiction's sake,
And specially if when their tale is told
In truth or lies, they must be paid in gold.
Parsons are paid;—and if they will, may pay
Their curates, John, to preach for them or pray:
And then they do not, when they make a rout,

Tungue it so mich as fling thir book abaoot.
Yet word o' maooth, if it be reeght, 's no sin;
Whoy conno pairsons preeach by't if they win?
JOHN. I know no':—custom's druven to extreeams;
This may be one 'at they han getten, Jeeams;
Some feeamous fellies meeght at first begin;
And au the rest han follow'd 'um e'er sin:
When a bell-weather leeaps but o'er a stray,
At that same pleck au th' rest mun jump away.
JAMES. Marry, I wish 'at pairsons, one i' ten,
Would bu' jump back into th' oud way agen.
Some han greeat books, enoo to fill a cairt:—
Strange! 'at they conno' lay a thing to hairt,
Sich as they loiken best, and ha the paoor
To dray it fro' within for one hauf haoor!
Haoo coome this man to do't?
JOHN. I conno' tell:—
Do it he did;—so yeeasy to himsel,—
And yet wi so mich yarnestness and fooarce
Of tungue, and hond, and look, and good discooarse,
Au smooth and clear;—and e'ry turn it took,

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ongue it so much as fling their book about.
et word of mouth, if it be right, 's no sin;
Vhy cannot parsons preach by't if they will?
John. *I know not:—custom's driven to extremes;*
his may be one that they have gotten, James;
ome famous fellows might at first begin;
nd all the rest have follow'd them e'er since:
Vhen a bellwether leaps, but o'er a straw,
t that same place all th' rest must jump away.
James. *By Mary! I wish that parsons, one in ten,*
Vould but jump back into th' old way again.
ome have great books, enough to fill a cart:—
trange! that they cannot lay a thing to heart,
uch as they like best, and have the pow'r
o draw it from within for one half hour!
low came this man to do't?
John. *I cannot tell:—*
o it he did;—so easy to himself,—
nd yet with so much earnestness and force
f tongue, and hand, and look, and good discourse,
ll smooth and clear;—and ev'ry turn it took,

Still woinding to't loike weater in a brook;
'At onny man o' larning, takking aiam,
Meeght ha' larnt fro' him to ha' done the saiame.
JAMES. "Larning!"—when preeachers first coome in,
they sen,
They wurn no' monny on 'um larned men,
Nor gentry nooather—
JOHN. Whoy, and they sen true:—
But in aoor days I daoot it woono' do,
To ha' thooas preeach 'at com'n so meeghty short
O'th' first beginners, so weel fitted for't.
Would but aoor gentlemen o' larning troy
To preeacn fro' th' hairt, and lay theeir pappers bye,
We shid no' think warse on 'um for thir kin,
Nor loike 'um less, haooever larn'd they bin:
Aoor folks i' th' church-time would be moor devaoot,
And moind the bus'ness 'at they wurn abaoot:
And thooas good sarmons 'at mooast on um ma'en,
Bv au good folks would be mich better ta'en.
Witness this gentlemon, o' Sunday morn,
The best 'at I e'er hard sin I wur born.
But, come,—I'll say no moor:—yo'st hear him first:—

Still winding to't, like water in a brook;
That any man of learning, taking aim,
Might have learn'd from him to have done the same.
James. "*Learning!*"—*when preachers first came in, they sa*
They were not many of them learned men,
Nor gentry neither—
John. *Why, and they say true:—*
But in our days I doubt it will not do,
To have those preach that come so mighty short
Of th' first beginners, so well fitted for't.
Would but our gentlemen of learning try
To preach from th' heart, and lay their papers by,
We should not think worse of them for their kin,
Nor like them less, however learn'd they be:
Our folks in Church-time would be more devout,
And mind the bus'ness that t'ey were about:
And those good sermons that most of them make,
By all good folks would be much better taken.
Witness this gentleman, on Sunday morn,
The best that I e'er heard since I was born.
But, come,—Ill say no more;—you shall hear him first:—

I wish with au my hairt he wur the worst.
JAMES. Ay, yo may wish;—but will he preach agen?
Haoo ar yo shure o' that?
JOHN. Nay, soa they sen,—
Yo're loike to tak yoar chaunce as weel as I.
JAMES. If onny comes, I'll tak it; John,—Good bye!

I wish with all my heart he was the worst.
James. *Ay, you may wish;—but will he preach again?*
How are you sure of that?
John. *Nay, so they say,—*
You're like to take your chance as well as I.
James. *If any comes, I'll take it; John,—good bye!*

A DIALOGUE,

OCCASIONED BY THE

March of the Highlanders into Lancashire,

In the Year 1745.

The principles avowed by Harry, in this and the following conversation, were imbibed by a majority of the inhabitants in that part of Lancashire, which was visited by the army of the Pretender. But the feelings here mentioned were not those of the mob alone: many in the more elevated circles were converts to the same political doctrines. Among them may be reckoned our author. The manly benevolence of his heart would, of itself, have excited him to utter such sentiments in behalf of greatness in misfortune: but when he writes in the person of "a friend to Prince Charles," he developes what were his own views. From these and other places it is easy to be inferred, even by those who were not acquainted with him, that his principles were those of an old Tory.

SIR JOHN JOBSON AND HARRY HOMESPUN.

SIR J. WERE you not sadly frighten'd, honest Harry,
To see those Highland fellows?—
HARRY. 1 Not I, marry,—
SIR J. No! How comes that?—

HARRY.
1 *Not I, by Mary,*

HARRY. [1] Whoy, Sur, I conn
What theer wur in 'um that shid freeten me.
SIR J. So many armed ruffians as came here—
Was there not cause enough for all to fear?
HARRY. [2] Au whoa, Sur John? It happen mit be
Wi sich foine loardly Gentlemen as yo;
But we poor foke—
SIR J. Why, prithee,—poor or rich,—
Is it not much the same?
HARRY. [3] Nou; not so mich.
We warken hard as't iz for meeat and clooas,
And connot eem to be so feert, God knooas.
SIR J. But, Harry,—to see fire and sword advance!
To have such enemies as Rome and France!
Should not this move alike both rich and poor
To drive impending ruin from their door?
HARRY. [4] As for the rich, Sur John, I conno' tel
But for the poor, I'll onser for mysel:—
If *fire* shid come, I ha' nout for it to burn,
Nor wark to find for oather *swooard* or gun;
For FRANCE and ROME my feering is no greater,—
They lyen, I think, o' th' tother side o' th' weater.
SIR J. You don't consider what may be the end
Of such a strange indifference, my friend.
Pray,—whether you have more or less to lose,—
Would you not guard your country from its foes?

HARRY.

1 *Why, Sir, I cannot see*
What there was in them that should frighten me.
2 *All who, Sir John? It haply might be so*
With such fine lordly gentlemen as you;
But we poor folks—
3 *No; not so much.*
We work hard as it is for meat and clothes,
And have no time (cannot aim) to be so fear'd, God knows.
4 *As for the rich, Sir John, I cannot tell;*
But for the poor, I'll answer for myself:
If fire should come, I have nought for it to burn,
Nor work to find for either sword or gun;
For FRANCE *and* ROME *my fearing is no greater,—*
They lie I think, on t' other side o' th' water.

HARRY. 1 Moy country, Sur? I have, yo understond,
In aw the country not one inch o' land.
They that wood'n feight, and ha' mon's blood be spilt,
May if they win,—but whoy mun I be kilt?
SIR J. Your COUNTRY, friend, is not the ground alone;
There is the KING that sits upon the throne;
The PROTESTANT SUCCESSION lies at stake,
Which bloody-minded Papists want to shake.
Now, you have some RELIGION left, I hope,
And would not tamely give it to the Pope.
HARRY. 2 He would no' have it, happen, if I would;
Th' oud mon beloike mit think his ooan as gud;
And true religion, Sur, if I have onny,
No man i' th' ward can tak fro' me,—con he?
SIR J. If you but knew, friend Harry, what a scene
Of mischief happen'd in King James's reign;
How but for Orange's immortal Prince,
The Protestants had all been kill'd long since;
If I should tell you—
HARRY. 3 Nay, we aw, Sur John,
Known weel enough that yo're a larned mon;
So wus my gronfayther,—and ore his ale
Monny a toime has toud another tale.—
And I darr say my gronfayther toud true:
For, lukko me, th' oud felly was no foo,
Nor rebbil noather—
SIR J. And what was't he told?

HARRY.

1 *My country, Sir? I have, you understand,*
all the country not one inch of land.
hey that would fight, and have man's blood be spilt,
ay if they will,—but why must I be kill'd?
2 *Perhaps, he would not have it, if I would;—*
' old man 'tis likely might think his own as good;
nd true religion, Sir, if I have any,
o man i' th' world can take it from me,—can he?
3 *Nay, we all, Sir John,*
now well enough that you're a learned man;
was my grandfather,—and o'er his ale
any a time has told another tale.
nd I dare say my grandfather told true;
r, look on me (luck on me) the old fellow was no fool,
r rebel neither—

HARRY. [1] Whoy, moor a deeal than my brainpon con houd.
Its loike yo known as haoo, Sur, th' Oliverians
Cut off th' King's hyead—
SIR J. Yes,—
HARRY. [2] And haoo th' Presbyterians
Turnt aoot his son and maden a rebelution.
Sir. J. They did it, man, to save the constitution;
'Twas Churchmen too who brought King William in
As well as they—
HARRY. [3] Whoy, be they whooa they winn,
One egg, he sed, wus ne'er moor loike another
Than thooas two mac o foke wurn loike tone t'other.
They wurn at aw toimes enmies to th' Blood Royal,
And naoo woudn ha it that none but hom are loyal.
Haoo con that be, Sur?
SIR J. Why, I'll tell thee how—
HARRY. [4] Nay, but yo connot—
SIR J. Well, but hear me now;
Our Kings are stewards—
HARRY. [5] Sur, yo meean they "wurn;"
For things, yo known, han tan another turn;
The Stuart Race is—
SIR J. Poh! thou tak'st me wrong—
HARRY. [6] Haoo mun I tak oo reet?
SIR J. I say, so long
As Kings are our Protectors—

HARRY.

1 *Why more a deal than my brain-pan can hold.*
'Tis likely, Sir, you know how the Oliverians
Cut off th' King's head—
2 *And how th' Presbyterians*
Turn'd out his son, and made a revolution.
3 *Why, be they who they will,*
One egg, he said, was ne'er more like another
Than those two make (sort) of folks were like each other.
They were at all times enemies to th' Blood Royal,
And now would have it, that none but they are loyal.
How can that be, Sir?
4 *Nay, but you cannot—*
5 *Sir, you mean they "were;"*
For things, you know, have ta'en another turn;
The Stuart Race is—
6 *How must I take you right?*

HARRY. 1 Luk ye theer!
Oud Oliver agen—
SIR J. Nay, prithee, hear;
And keep thy nonsense in till I have done—
HARRY. 2 Weel. Weel;—Izt heear yooars first, then, if I mun,
SIR J. The people, Harry, when they all agree—
HARRY. 3 Aw. Sur?
SIR J. Be quiet!—choose them a trustee;
And call him King. Now if he break his trust,
They have a right to turn him out; and must,—
Unless they would be ruin'd.—Dost thou think,
For one man's swimming all the rest should sink?
HARRY. 4 Yo lovn a King, Sur, waintly;—sink or swim,
No mon, I ioind, is to be draoont but him.
This chozzen King mit happen draoon yo furst,
Then yo mit sink him after an yo durst.
If foke may tak whot Kings they han a moind,
Whot faut wi aw theese Scotchmen con yo foind?
SIR J. Hang them all!—Have they not a King already,
That keeps his contract with the people steady?
Rebels!
HARRY. 5 Whoy,—ay, that's reet; for they wur byetten,
They lost the feight;—but haoo, if they had getten,
Would yo ha' likt it, Sur. if an Heelander
Had toud oo "Sauce for th' goose wur sauce for th' gonder?"

HARRY.
1 *Look you there!*
Old Oliver again—
2 *Well, well;—I'll hear yours first then, if I must—*
3 *All. Sir?*
4 *You love a King, Sir, strangely;—sink or swim,*
No man, I find, is to be drown'd but he.
This chosen King, perhaps, might drown you first,
Then you might sink him after, if you durst.
If folks may take what Kings they have a mind,
What fault with all these Scotchmen can you find?
5 *Why,—ay, that's right; for they were beaten,*
They lost the fight;—but how, if they had gotten,
Would you have lik'd it, Sir, if a Highlander
Had told you "Sauce for goose was sauce for gander."

SIR J. Thou'rt a *sly tyke I'll talk with thee no more-
HARRY. 1 Whoy, if yo pleeasen then, Sur, ween
give ore,
Wishing that eery mon may have his reet,
Feight as feight winn;—and so, Sur John, good neet!
SIR J. Thou'lt look, I find, to thy own carcass still.
HARRY. 2 Yoi, Sur, as lung as ere I con, I will.

HARRY.

1 *Why, if you please, then, Sir, we will give o'er,*
Wishing that ev'ry man may have his right,
Fight who will fight, and so, Sir John, good night!
2 *Yes, Sir, as long as e'er I can, I will.*

* Sly Fellow.

A DIALOGUE,

About compelling a Person to take the Oaths to the Government.

SIR JOHN JOBSON AND HARRY HOMESPUN.

SIR J. WHY so grave, Harry?—What's the matter,
pray?
What makes thee look so sorrowful to-day?
HARRY. 1 Whoy, Sur, I geet sore trubbled i' my
moind,
At whot yon foke hand toud me wheer I doind.
SIR J. Prithee, what's that?
HARRY. 2 They touden me, Sur John,
That yo han sent a summons to a mon
To tak an ooath,—a meety long on too;
An they aw sen its moor till he can do.
SIR J. Do or not do, what bus'ness is 't of thine?

HARRY.

1 *Why, Sir, I got sore troubled in my mind,*
At what yon folks have told me where I din'd.
2 *They told me, Sir John,*
That you have sent a summons to a man
To take an oath,—a mighty long one too;
And they all say, 'tis more than he can do.

HARRY. 1 "Bus'ness?"—whoy, he's a naibor, Sur, o' mine;
An yo han hard, beloike, aoor pairson tell
'At one mun love their naibor as theirsel;
Besoides at he's a sarviseable felly
As onny at we han o' th' busness, welly.
And then, an ooath yo shanno hyear come aoot
O that mons maooth, Sur John, the year abaoot;
And if he be i' th' moind at he has been,
Yo'n foind it mich ado to cram one in.
SIR J. Harry, that matter we shall soon discuss;
Trial of skill is now 'twixt him and us.
We must and will subdue him, if we can;—
He's a refractory, seditious man.
HARRY. 2 Nay, if ye bin for giving aoot o'hond
Hard words, Sur, at one connot understond,
I'll say no moor;—or else I ha taen a wauk
That yo and I mit'n have a bit o' tauk.—
But happen naoo yo're not i' th' humour—
SIR J. Yes;
Talk what thou wilt—
HARRY. 3 And yo'n no' tak't amiss?
SIR J. No;—
HARRY. 4 Then I'll tell oo, mester, whot I think.
SIR J. Sit thee down first;—wilt have a little drink?

HARRY.

1 "*Bus'ness?*"—*Why he's a neighbour, Sir, of mine;*
nd you have heard, perhaps, our parson tell
hat one must love one's neighbour as one's self;
esides that he's a serviceable fellow
early as any that we have of th' bus'ness.
nd then, an oath you shall not hear come out
f that man's mouth, Sir John, the year about;
nd if he be in th' mind that he has been,
ou'll find it much ado to cram one in.
2 *Nay, if you be for giving out of hand*
ard words, Sir, that one cannot understand,
ll say no more,—or else I have ta'en a walk
hat you and I might have a bit of talk.—
ut now, perhaps, you're not in th' humour—
3 *You'll not take it amiss?*
4 *Then I'll tell you, master, what I think.*

HARRY. 1 Now; nor yo noather; we'n be soaber booath,
God willing, Sur, and tauk abaoot this ooath.
SIR J. What dost thou know about it?
HARRY. 2 Whoy, no mich,
That's true enough,—thank God!—I'm no so rich;
But I con guex abaoot it weel enough:
Foke at han tan it, sen it's weary tough.
There's monny a one that would ha gen a craoon,
With aw his heart, he neer had leet it daoon.
SIR J. But it shall cost this fellow more than so
If he don't take it;—that I'll let him know.
HARRY. 3 Win ye, Sur?
SIR J. Yes, I will.
HARRY. 4 And if yo win,
Sur John, yo're guilty of a wicked sin.
SIR J. Am I? How so?
HARRY. 5 Whoy, dunnot yo maintain
At mon may *tak God's holy name i' vain?*
SIR J. No; indeed don't I;—'tis what I abhor.
HARRY. 6 Then pray ye naoo, whot is this Summons for?
Is is not sent to mak a mon to swear
Summot abaoot the King and his reet Heir?
And ar not yo weel satisfy'd, to boot,
'At he mun tak God's name i' vain to do't?

HARRY.

1 *No; nor you neither; we'll be sober both,*
God willing, Sir, and talk about this oath.
2 *Why, not much,*
That's true enough,—thank God!—I'm not so rich;
But I can guess about it well enough:
Folks that have ta'en it say, 'tis weary tough.
There's many a one that would have giv'n a crown
With all his heart, he ne'er had let it down.
3 *Will you, Sir?*
4 *And if you will,*
Sir John, you're guilty of a wicked sin.
5 *Why, do not you maintain*
A man may take God's holy name in vain?
6 *Then pray ye now, what is this Summons for?*
Is it not sent to make a man to swear
Something about the King and his right heir?
And are you not well satisfy'd, to boot,
That he must take God's name in vain to do't?

SIR J. That's his affair to look to, and not ours;
We act according to the legal pow'rs.
If private conscience slight the public call,
It must e'en take the consequence;—that's all.
HARRY. 1 Marry, enough o'conscience, and good feeake,
Too mich by hauf, if consciences may speeak.
What mak han yo—to mak another mon
T' swear agen his?—What cawn ye *that*, Sur John?
SIR J. We cannot make him, man, unless he will.
HARRY. 2 Sur, Sur, it comes to the same mischief still,
Or warse, if ooather;—for, if he fears God,
And winno swear, then yo tan up the rod.
Here's a commandment kept that God has spokken,
And he mun pay for one o' yo'rs that's brokken.
I say agen that, shift it haoo yo win,
Sur John, yo're guilty of a wicked sin.
SIR J. Harry, as Justice of the peace I'm ty'd
For public peace and safety to provide;
So are my brethren;—now with this intent
The law directs our summons to be sent;—
If disaffected persons will not give
The constitution under which they live
Proper security, they must be made
To feel the force of what they would evade.
If we should suffer these nonjuring knaves,
We shall in time be Papists all and slaves.
HARRY. 3 "Papists and slaves!" Whoy, good Sur John, the Pope,
The Deel himsel can do no more, I hope,

HARRY.

1 *By Mary, enough of conscience, and, good faith,*
'oo much by half, if consciences may speak.
What make (sort) have you—to make another man
'o swear against his?—What call you that, Sir John?
2 *Sir, Sir, it comes to the same mischief still,*
r worse, if either; for, if he fears God,
'nd will not swear, then you take up the rod.
'ere's a commandment kept that God has spoken,
nd he must pay for one of your's that's broken.
say again that, shift it how you will,
'r John, you're guilty of a wicked sin.
3 "*Papists and slaves!*" *Why, good Sir John, the Pope,*
he Dev'l himself can do no more, I hope,

Then tempt a mon to utter with his tung
I' th' name o' God whot he believes is rung.
Mun we be Papists, if we dunnot make
A mon belye his Maker for aoor sake?
Mun we be slaves, except we forcen foke
To come and put their necks into aoor yoke?

SIR J. Thou dost not, Harry, understand the laws—

HARRY. 1 Whoy, han they, Sur, sich desperate lun
claws,
That a mon's conscience hid within his hairt
Mun be scratch'd aoot on't by um? For my pairt,
Laws or noa laws, I'm sure we shidden do
As we aw wishen to be done unto.

SIR J. Good faith! thou preachest tolerably well:
But wouldst thou have thy neighbour to rebel?
To make disturbances in Church and State,
And not be punish'd till it is too late?
Magistrates, man, must have a care in time,
And in the bud must nip the sprouting crime.

HARRY. 2 " Nip it i' th' bud?"—And so it mun be d
Yo thinken then, by punishing too soon?
Magistrates, Sur, so haesty and and so hard,
Maen aw th' Rebellions at thir ar i' th' ward.
Let foke be quiet when they ar so, Sur,
And noather Church nor State will mak a stur.

HARRY.

Than tempt a man to utter with his tongue
In th' name of God what he believes is wrong.
Must we be Papists, if we do not make
A man belie his Maker for our sake?
Must we be slaves, except we force folk
To come and put their necks into our yoke?

1 *Why, have they, Sir, such desperate long claws,*
That a man's conscience, hid within his heart,
Must be scratch'd out of it by them? For my part,
Laws or no laws, I am sure we should do
As we all wish to be done unto.

2 " *Nip it in th' bud?*"—*And so it must be done,*
You think then, by punishing too soon?
Magistrates, Sir, so hasty and so hard,
Make all th' rebellions that there are in th' world.
Let folks be quiet when they are so, Sir,
And neither Church nor State will make a stir.

But, to be made to pay, or be forsworn,
Vexes 'em boath, as sure as yo ar baurn.
Whoy mun yo mak my naibor pay sich scores?
His soul is his, as weel as yoars is yoars.
SIR. J. The law, not I, obliges him to pay.
HARRY. 1 Whoy win yo tak that low agen him, hay?
If yo mun do't whether yo win or not,
Are yo a Papist, or a slave, or whot?
Tell me, (if this faoo play be not yoar ooan)
What mun yo pay for letting him alooan?
SIR J. I pay?—No law obliges me to that.
What is it, Harry, that thou wouldst be at?
HARRY. 2 Whoy, Sur, at this,—When laws maen mich adoo,
Monny a wise mon is made into a foo;
Freeten'd o' th' sudden aoot of his reet sense,
He'll sell his wits and aw to save his pence.
But, pray, whot mon with hauf o' yar good thout
Would do his naibor an ill turn for nout,
When he himsel gets nere a farthing by't
But shaum of hurting aoot of arrant spite?
This is the wark, if yo'n consider weel,
Not of a mon, Sur John, but of a Deel.

HARRY.

But, to be made to pay, or be forsworn,
Vexes them both, as sure as you are born.
Why must you make my neighbour pay such scores?
His soul is his, as well as yours is yours.
1 *Why will you take that law against him, ha?*
If you must do't whether you will or not,
Are you a Papist, or a slave, or what?
Tell me, if this foul play be not your own,
What must you pay for letting him alone?
2 *Why, Sir, at this,—When laws make much ado,*
Many a wise man is made into a fool;
Frighten'd on th' sudden out of his right sense,
He'll sell his wits and all, to save his pence.
But, pray, what man with half of your good thought
Would do his neighbour an ill turn for nought,
When he himself gets ne'er a farthing by't
But shame of hurting out of arrant spite?
This is the work, if you'll consider well,
Not of a man, Sir John, but of a Devil.

If one cud tak a look at that mon's breast,
We shudden see him what they cawn "possest."
SIR J. Thou mak'st a Devil of me.—Very well!
HARRY. 1 Now, now; its yo that maen one o' yorsel
I'd mak a mon o' ye, Sur, if I cud,
A gradely mon, that seeches to do good,
And not to labbor books and sarch a cawse
For hately doings in hard favor'd laws.
SIR J. Thou "sarches" me, I'm sure.—Where has thou had
This same book-searching information, lad?
We have, 'tis true, been studying in what shape
We best might catch thy neighbour in a scrape.
But, by thy talking, we might spare the pains,
And better bus'ness might employ our brains—
HARRY. 2 Ay marry, meeght it.—Thooas that letten
Their breeans to mischief mit as weel be baoot;
Whoile they done so it con be no greeat news
That fokes shid caw um summat warse then foos.
SIR J. Harry, thou'rt got into a talking cue.
HARRY. 3 Yo gin me leeaf, do not ye?—
SIR J. I do.—
Now, prithee, tell me then and talk away,
Nor mince the matter,—what do people say?
HARRY. 4 I'll tell oo, Sur;—"Aoor Justices," they
"That tan themselves to be sich loyal men,
"Makken moor enemies to th' King and Craoon

HARRY.

If one could take a look in that man's breast,
We should see him what they call "possess'd."
1 *No, no; 'tis you that make one of yourself.*
I'd make a man of you, Sir, if I could,
A worthy (clever) man that searches (seeks) to do good,
And not to labour books and search a cause
For hately doings in hard favour'd laws.
2 *Ay, by Mary, might it.—Those that let out*
[illegible]rains to mischief might be as well without;
[illegible]y do so it can be no great news
That fokes should call them something worse than fools.
3 *You give me leave, do not you?*
4 *I'll tell you, Sir;—"Our Justices," they say,*
"*That take themselves to be such loyal men,*
"*Make more enemies to the King and crown*

" Till onny twenty men besoide i' th' taoon.
" They praisen mich this Government of aoors
" Becose it has no *harbittary paoors;*
" For *trade, religion, liberties* enjoy'd,
" It sheds aw th' Governments i' th' ward besoide;
" His *aoon oppinion* e'ry mon may take;
" Noa *parsecution* int for *conscience' sake.*
" Monny sich WORDS they han as smooth as oil,
" And DEEDS as sharp as Alegar aw th' whoile.
" They getten to a corner by 'umsels,
" And there they done, i' th' ward o' God, nowt elz
" But tan their books, their bacco, and their beer,
" And conjurn up poor fellies to appear;
" And then the gost'ling—what'n ye caw it?—Corum
" Mun huff, and ding, and carry aw before um."

SIR J. A fine description, truly! and quite free!
But, Harry, how did it appear to thee?
Couldst thou not find, where thou hast been to dine,
One word to say for an old friend of thine?

HARRY. 1 Yoi, Sur, I said as mich as ere I could;
But whaint ado I had to mak it good.
This summons, Sir, this summons! Fie upon't!
Whot argufi'd my T' NG agen yoar HONDT?

HARRY.

Than any twenty men besides i' th' town.
They praise much this government of ours
Because it has no arbitrary powers;
For trade, religion, liberties *enjoy'd,*
It shades all th' governments in th' world beside;
His own opinion *ev'ry man may take;*
No persecution *in't for* conscience' sake.
Many such WORDS *they have as smooth as oil,*
And DEEDS *as sharp as alegar all th' while.*
They get to a corner by themselves,
And there they do, by th' word of God, nought else
But take their books, tobacco, and their beer,
And conjure (summon) up poor fellows to appear;
And then the bullying (what do you call it?) quorum
Must huff, and ding, and carry all before them."
1 *Yes, Sir, I said as much as e'er I could;*
ut strange ado I had to make it good.
his summons, Sir, this summons!—Fie upon't!
f what service was my tongue *against your* hand?

Whene'er they thrutten that into my dish,
It strick me dumb aootreet as onny fish.
Had I gooan on,—I know, Sur, whot I know,—
They'd soon ha' said I wur as bad as yo.
Yo conno think,—if I may be believ'd,—
Yo conno think, Sur, haoo my heart wus griev'd.
I'd fain ha' yo belov'd, Sur, in yoar turn
As aw yoar anciters before ye wurn;
And I believe that none o' th' race before,
Be who they win, could ere desarve it moor,
If thooas good qualities that God has gin ye,
Mit but appear *withaoot* as they are *in* ye.
But i' this one faoo pleck, I need mun say,
Yo generaten fro' um quite away.
I hope yo tan it i' good part, Sur John:—
I meean to sarve ye—

SIR J. Honest lad! Go on,
I think thou dost. Thee I shall sooner heed
Than twenty prating wiseacres.—Proceed.

HARRY. 1 Whoy then, Sur John, if I may be so boud,
Good-will when getten is as good as goud.
Yoar faither left ye here a foine estate,

HARRY.

Whenever they thrust that into my dish,
It struck me dumb outright as any fish.
Had I gone on,—I know, Sir, what I know,—
They'd soon have said I was as bad as you.
You cannot think,—if I may be believ'd,—
You cannot think, Sir, how my heart was griev'd.
I'd fain have you belov'd, Sir, in your turn
As all your ancestors before you were;
And I believe that none of th' race before,
Be who they will, could e'er deserve it more,
If those good qualities that God has giv'n you,
Might but appear without *as they are* in *you.*
But in this one foul place, I needs must say,
You degen'rate from them quite away.
I hope you take it in good part, Sir John;—
I mean to serve you—

1 *Why then, Sir John, if I may be so bold,*
Good will when gotten is as good as gold.
Your father left you here a fine estate,

He sout his naibors' love and not their hate;
His principles wurn of annother mack
From thooas at yo han been advois'd to tak.
This greet lung ooath he neer could understond;
If yo bin wiser, naoo yo han his lond,
Better for yo;—and yet I conno skill
Haoo it shid happen;—but be that as 'twill,
Yet for yoar faither's seeake 'ats deead and gone,
Yo shid'n consider wi' yoar sel, Sur John,
Whether its hondsom for his Son and Heir
To foorce loike-moinded men to come and swear;
Monny han said that seen ye so behave,
" Sur John here tramples on his faither's grave."
If when th' oud mester wur alive himsel,
The Justices for feear he shid rebel
Had usend him as yo done other foke,
Yoar wheels had wanted monny a pratty spoke.
Had he been made agen his ooan consent
A Papish, Sur, by Act o' Parliament,
Yo wouldn ha' caw'd um by their proper name

HARRY.

e sought his neighbours' love and not their hate;
is principles were of another make (sort)
rom those that you have been advis'd to take.
his great long oath he ne'er could understand;
you be wiser, now you have his land,
etter for you;—and yet I cannot skill
ow it should happen;—but be that as 'twill,
et for your father's sake that's dead and gone,
ou should consider with yourself, Sir John,
'hether 'tis handsome for his son and heir
o force like-minded men to come and swear;
'any have said that see you so behave,
Sir John here tramples on his father's grave."
' when th' old master was alive himself,
he Justices for fear he should rebel
'ad used him as you do other folk,
our wheels had wanted many a pretty spoke.
'ad he been made against his own consent
Papist, Sir, by Act of Parliament,
ou would have call'd them by their proper name

That did the thing, tho' naoo yo done the same.
Th' oud mon's hard yoozitch would ha' rais'd yoar blood—
SIR J. So really, Harry, I believe it would:
I should not quietly have sitten still,
Had any of them us'd my father ill.
HARRY. 1 Whoy, Sur, and conno' yo think at it, *then*,
And show some marcy *naoo* to other men?
Suppose this mon, becose he conno' think
Just as yo done, had nooather meeat nor drink,
Could no', becose 'at laws ma'en sich a paoose,
Wark in his bus'ness and maintain his haoose;
But aw his childer wurn to beg i' th' street,—
Woulden yo think it sich a blessed seet?
Would no' yo say at seeing rags and ruin,
" The Deel wus in me!—What wus I adoing?"—
Yo gan me leeaf to tauk, Sur—
SIR J. So I did,
And must confess that I am fairly chid;
Thy honest bluntness oft has made me smile,
Harry, but I ne'er hed* thee all the while:
Now I believe that thou hast gain'd thy end,
And I, a better temper tow'rds thy friend.
HARRY. 2 Eh! Sur! God send it!—If yoar heart wur oppen'd
To loving thouts, haoo naibors would be gloppen'd!
Before this Justicing made sich a pother,

HARRY.

That did the thing, tho' now you do the same.
Th' old man's hard usage would have rais'd your blood—
1 *Why, Sir, and cannot you think at it, then,*
And shew some mercy now to other men?
Suppose this man because he cannot think
Just as you do, had neither meat nor drink,
Could not, because that laws make such a pause,
Work in his bus'ness and maintain his house;
But all his children were to beg in th' street,
Would you think it such a blessed sight?
Would not you say at seeing rags and ruin,
" The Devil was in me!—What was I a doing?"
You gave me leave to talk, Sir—
2 *Oh! Sir! God send it!—If your heart were open'd*
To loving thoughts, how neighbours would be astonish'd!
Before this Justicing made such a pother,

---

* Minded.

Haoo naiburly we liven'd with t'one t'other!
But naoo—

SIR J. Well, Harry, thou hast said enough:
I hope I shan't hereafter be so rough,
Nor sharpen, when they come within my sphere,
Laws, of themselves sufficiently severe.
When thou shalt see him, tell thy friend from me,
If he'll be quiet, quiet he shall be.
Tell all thy neighbours that the thing is done,—
The father's mem'ry shan't reproach the son;
Though all his thoughts and mine were not the same,
His worth and virtues shall direct my aim.
And, now I have confess'd to thee, friend Harry,
We'll call another cause if thou canst tarry;
This thou hast richly merited to win:—
Here!—who's in waiting?—Bring a tankard in.

HARRY. [1] Nay, Sur, yo mun excuse me, if yo pleeasen;
Yoar kindness here in harkening to reeason
Has made my hairt,—dry as a kex, Sur John,—
Weeter and leeter till gud likkor con.
I'll go mi ways, Sur, whooam afore its dark,
And let aoor naibors know o' this day's wark;
I lung to see um, feeling whot I feel;
At present, Sur, God bless ye! and fareweel!

---

ow neighbourly we liv'd one with t'other!
it now—
1 *Nay, Sir, you must excuse me if you please;*
ur kindness here in hearkening to reason
as made my heart,—dry as a kex, Sir John,—
'etter and lighter than good liquor can.
ll go my ways, Sir, home before 'tis dark,
nd let our neighbours know of this day's work;
long to see them, feeling what I feel;
t present, Sir, God bless you! and farewell!

A GENUINE DIALOGUE,

Between a Gentlewoman at Derby and her Maid,

In the Beginning of December, 1745.

MISTRESS AND JENNY.

MRS. JENNY, come here: I'm told that you have been
To see this man—
JENNY. What man?
MRS. Why you have seen
The young Pretender, hussy, at his lodging.
Is it not so?—Come, tell me without dodging.
JENNY. Why, really, Madam, I was passing by,
Thinking no harm, not in the least, not I;
And somebody or other that I met—
MRS. What "somebody?"
JENNY. Indeed, now I forget—
Said what a handsome man he was;—and so,
Begging your pardon, Madam, I DID GO;
But had no ill intention in the thing,—
A cat may look, as folks say, at a King.
MRS. "KING" do you call him, you rebellious slut?
JENNY. I did not call him so, good Madam, but—
MRS. But me no butting;—not another day
Shall any rebel in my service stay.
I owe you twenty shillings,—there's a Guinea;—
Pack up and go about your bus'ness, Jenny.
Matters are come indeed to a fine pass!—
The next thing, I suppose, you'll go to Mass.
JENNY. "To Mass?" What road? For I don't know the place,
Nor could I tell which way to turn my face.
MRS. "Turn?"—You'll turn Papist and believe Black's White.
JENNY. Why, bless me, Madam, I've not lost my sight!
MRS. And then the Priest will bid you cut my throat.
JENNY. Dear loving Mistress, how you talk by rote!
I would not hurt a hair of your dear head,
Were all the Priests in Mass to kill me dead:

And—I don't say it with design to brag,—
Since I've been with you, you han't lost a rag.
I "cut your throat!" because I saw the Prince,
And never thought of black or white e'er since.
MRS. Good!—this is you that did not call him King;
And is not Prince, you minx, the self-same thing?
JENNY. You are so hasty, Madam, with your snarls!—
Would you have me call the gentleman plain Charles?
MRS. "Prince Charles" again!—Speak out your treason tales,—
"His Royal Highness Charles, the Prince of Wales!"
JENNY. Oh! Madam! you say more of him than me;
For I said nothing of his pedigree.
MRS. "Pedigree!" Fool! What would the wench be at?
What *pedigree* has any bastard brat?
JENNY. Nay, I'm no Harold, be he what he will,—
He is a charming man to look at still.
When I was got in there amongst the throng,
His Royal Highness—
MRS. Hussy! hold your tongue!
JENNY. You call'd him so yourself but just e'en now.
MRS. Yes, so I did;—but then, the manner—how?
JENNY. And will you turn a servant out of doors,
Because her manners ben't so fine as yours?
MRS. Jenny! I say you had no bus'ness, neither
To see the creature, nor go near him either.
JENNY. "Creature!" Nay, pardon, Madam,—he's no creature,
But a sweet comely Christian, ev'ry feature.
MRS. "No creature?"—Would you worship him, you dunce?
JENNY. I would you were to see his Worship once!
MRS. How can the girl cross questions like a fool?
Or think that I should go and see the tool?
Jenny! though you have done so much amiss,
I pity such an ignorance as this.
If you'll go mind your work as heretofore,
And keep at home, I'll pass the matter o'er.
JENNY. Ah! Madam, you're so good! let me but speak
My simple mind, or else my heart will break,
I've such a strange foreboding in my heart,
If you but saw him once we should not part.
Do see him once! What harm is there in seeing?
If after that there be not an agreeing,

Then call me twenty Rebel sluts, if you,
When you have seen him, ben't a Rebel too.

Now whether Jenny did persuade her dame,
Is not as yet betrumpeted by fame.
Sometimes there happen to be secret views
That are not put into the public news;
But by report, that private rumour gives,
She'll never part with Jenny while she lives.

THE

CONTRAST BETWEEN TWO LORDS,

AT THEIR EXECUTION.

The untimely fate of the Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino excited almost universal commiseration. It is said to have drawn from Dr. Johnson some verses, which commenced with the following couplet,—

Pity'd by gentle minds Kilmarnock died;
The brave, Balmerino, were on thy side.

We can now form but inadequate conceptions of public feeling on this occasion, when the opinions of many good men were divided on such a subject for discussion as a disputed right of succession to the crown afforded. Kilmarnock was conscious before his death of having acted criminally, by engaging in the rebellion not so much from principle, as from resentment. Balmerino, on the contrary, having supported, in the best manner he was able, that cause which he believed had justice in its favour, disdained by any act to disparage his fair character, or by apparent penitence to induce a belief of his former conduct having been unprincipled and his professions insincere. The exit of such a man from the stage of life, as might have been calculated upon, reflected no discredit on his reputation. He resigned himself to death with the equanimity of a martyr to the claims of injured royalty, and seemed nobly to exult in what he was called on that account to endure. After he was beheaded the following short epitaph, says the Gentleman's Magazine, was written on him;—

Here lies a Baron bold: take care,—
There may be treason in a tear;
But yet my Arthur may find room
Where greater folks don't always come.

AS crowds attended when the fatal blow
Took off Kilmarnock and Balmerino,
Men were surpris'd that warriors on a side
Should in the common field of death divide:

By the same path descending to the grave,
In the same cause so widely to behave!—
What turns of anger, pity, censure, praise,
Did such a contrast of deportment raise!

One, struck with horror at rebellion's crime,
Seeks by repentance to redeem the time;
Begs of offended Majesty the grace,
That future conduct may the past efface;
Would live,—but only till his blood be spilt
In such a cause as may atone for guilt;
Would die,—if such shall be his Sovereign's doom,
And, praying for his race, approach the tomb.

Approach he must, and be the first to bleed;
The scene beheld—'Tis terrible indeed!
The sable scaffold, coffin, axe, and block,
And circling eyes, on him concenter'd, shock
Yet not confound: instructed to prepare,
He meets with death too serious to dare;
Receives (his crime avow'd, and mercy clos'd)
Th' impending stroke reluctantly compos'd.

The other, firm and steady in the cause
Of injur'd monarchs and of ancient laws,
By change of conduct never stain'd his fame,—
Child, youth, and man,—his principles the same.
How greatly generous his last adieu,
That from his friend one more confession drew!
He clears his Prince's honour and his own,
And only sorrows not to die alone.

"Pledge me," he cries, "one step to heav'n, my friends!"
And in his wonted dress thereon ascends;
Scorning when past thro' life with conscience clear,
In death to play the hypocrite and fear.
His head adorned with the Scottish plaid,
His heart confiding upon God for aid,
He as a guest, invites his welcome fate,
Fearless, intrepid, gallant, and sedate.

What shall we say?—If both of them were bad,—
The one was coward, and the other mad;
If one was wrong,—the other in the right;
The which—'tis plain to ev'ry party wight.

If each obey'd the dictates of his breast,
And of true worth sincerity be test,
Then to KILMARNOCK'S penitence give quarter,
And BALMERINO call, "a valiant martyr."

AN

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND,

ON THE

Art of English Poetry.

PART FIRST.

THE art of English Poetry, I find,
At present, Jenkins, occupies your mind;
You have a vast desire to it, you say,
And want my help to put you in the way,
Want me to tell what books you are to read,
How to begin at first, and how proceed.

Now tho' in short-hand, my Salopian friend,
To give directions I may well pretend,
As having had the honour to impart
Its full perfection to that English art,
Which you and many a sagacious youth
By sure experience know to be the truth;
Yet how in matters of poetic reach
Shall I, myself untaught, pretend to teach?
Well I remember that my younger breast
The same desire, that reigns in yours, possess'd.
Me,—numbers flowing to a measur'd time,
Me,—sweetest grace of English verse, the Rhyme,
Choice epithet, and smooth, descriptive line,
Conspiring all to finish one design,
Smit with delight;—full negligent of prose,
And thro' mere liking tempted to compose,
To rate according to my school-boy schemes,
Ten lines in verse worth half a hundred themes.

Without one living person to consult,
The years went on from tender to adult;
And as for poring to consult the dead,
Truly, that never came into my head.—
"Not Homer, Virgil, Horace?"—do you ask?
Why, yes; the rod would send me to the task.
But all the consultation that came out
Had this in view—to scape the whipping bout.
Was any subject waiting to be sung?
The Muse was question'd in the vulgar tongue;
Who, if she could not answer well in that,
Would hardly mend herself in Greek or Lat.—
'Tis poor encouragement for you to hope
That my instructions will attain the scope.
Yet since the help which you are pleas'd to seek,
Does not concern the Latin or the Greek;
In ancient Classics tho' but little read,
I know and care as little what they said,
In plain, familiar English for your sake,
This untried province I will undertake,
And rules for verse as readily instil,
As if ability had equall'd will:
Fair stipulation first on either side,
In form and manner here annex'd, imply'd,—
Conditions are—that if the Muse should err,
You gave th' occasion and must pardon her;
If aught occur, on sitting down to try,
That may deserve the casting of your eye,—
If hint arise in any sort to suit
With your intent, you shall be welcome to't.

You may remember when you first began
To learn the truly tachygraphic plan,
How, tracing step by step the simplest line,
We grounded, rais'd, and finish'd our design;
How we examin'd language and its pow'rs,
And then adjusted ev'ry stroke to ours.
Whilst the same method, follow'd in the main,
Made other matters more concisely plain,—
Made English, French, Italian, Hebrew too,
Appear the clearest in a short-hand view;
Which in all points where language was concern'd,
Explain'd how best and soonest they were learn'd,

Shew'd where to end as well as to commence
At that one central point of view—GOOD SENSE.

There fix your eye, then, if you mean to write
Verse that is fit to read or to recite.
A Poet slighting this initial rule
Is but at best an artificial fool;
Needless of learning *verse* were the expense,—
Plain *prose* might serve to shew his want of SENSE.

But you who have IT, and would give to prose
The grace that English Poetry bestows,
Consider how the short-hand scheme in part
May be apply'd to the poetic art:
To write or read in that, you understood,
There must be sense, and sense that must be good;
The more where words were proper and exact,
In book or speech, the more we could contract;
The HAND, you know, became a kind of test,
In this respect what writings were the best.
If incorrect the language or absurd,
It cost the fuller noting of each word;
But when more apt, grammatical, and true,
Full oft a letter for a word would do.

Form to yourself directly the design
Of so constructing a poetic line,
That it may cost in writing it *our* way,
The least expence of ink, as one may say;
That word or phrase, in measure that you please,
May come the nearest to prosaic ease.
Whilst this directs in gen'ral your attempt,
You'll see the cases from the rule exempt,—
How word or sentence you may oft transpose,
And verse be still as natural as prose.

"As natural,"—for, tho' we call it art,
The worth in Poetry is nature's part.
Here "artis est celare artem,*" here
Art must be hid that nature may appear,
So lie conceal'd behind the shining glass
That nature's image may the best repass;

* It is the perfection of art to conceal art.

All o'er, indeed, must quicksilver be spread,
But all its useless motion must lie dead.

The art of swimming, that comes next to mind,
Perhaps may shew you what is here design'd;
A young beginner struggling, you may see,
With all his might,—'twas so at least with me,—
With all the splutter of his limbs, to swim
And keep his brains and breath above the brim;
Whilst the more eager he to gain his art
The sooner ev'ry limb is thrown athwart,
Till by degrees he learns, with less ado
And gentler stroke, the purpose to pursue.
To nature's motions, poising, he conforms,
Nor puts th' unwilling element in storms,
Taught, as the smoother wave shall yield, to yield,
And rule the surface of the wat'ry field.

Soon as you can, then, learn to lay aside
All wild endeavours against nature's tide;
Which way she bends take notice, and comply;
What verses will not,—burn, or throw them by.
Perhaps the subject does not suit your skill,
Dismiss it then, till one comes up that will.
If sense, if nature succour not the theme,
All art or skill is strife against the stream;
If they assist to waft your verses o'er,
Stretch forward, and possess the wish'd-for shore.

This, from a certain native sense and wit
Arose,—" Poeta nascitur, non fit,"*—
Adage forbidding any rhyming blade,
Who was not born a poet, to be made.
For, if to sing, in Music, or to hear
Require a nat'rally good voice and ear;
If art and rule but awkwardly advance,
Without a previous pliant shape, to dance,
Well may the Muse of supple wit require
Versatile force before she can inspire.

Of this if Critics should demand a sign,
STRONG INCLINATION should be one of mine.
A fair desire is seldom known to spring
But where there is some fitness for the thing;

* A Poet is born such; he cannot be made.

Tho' by untoward circumstances check'd
There lies a genius, but without effect.
Many a fine plant, uncultivated, dies,
And worse, with more encouragement, may rise.
" Des Mecænates;"*—what had Maro been,
Had not Mecænas rais'd the MUSE within?

YOURS, honest pupil, when you are inclin'd,
May versify according to your mind;
She has no reason, to no patron tied,
To prostitute her favours to a side;
Nor to false taste, (if into such the age
Shall plunge itself) to sacrifice her page;
Much less with any vicious topic vile
An art of chaster offspring to defile.
All verse unworthy of an English Muse
Of short-hand race, she may, and must refuse.

Ancient and modern aptitude to run
Into some errors which you ought to shun
Will now and then occasion, I foresee,
In place or *out*, a præcipe† from me.
When this shall happen, never stand to try
The WHERE of its appearance, but the WHY;
Lest by authorities, or old or new,
You should be tempted to incur them too;
Since the most celebrated names infer
No sort of privilege in you to err.
Far from it:—Even where they may excel,
Barely to imitate is not so well;
Much less should their authority prevail,
Or warrant you to follow where they fail.

'Tis not to search for precedents alone,
But how to form a judgment of your own,—
In writing verse that is your main affair,
Main end of all *my* monitory care,
Who hate servility to common law
That keeps an equitable right in awe;
By use and custom justifies its lot,
Its modes and fashions, whether right or not;
Cramps the free genius, clips the Muse's wing,
And to one poet ties another's string,

* Oh bestow on us such men as Mecænas (patrons of learning).
† A Command.

Producing from their hardly various lines,
So many copies and so few designs.

Neither by names nor numbers be deterr'd,
Nor yield to mix amongst the servile herd:
Exert the liberty which all avow,
Tho' slaves in practice, and begin just now;
Begin with me, and construe what I write
Not to preclude your judgment, but t' excite;
Just as you once examin'd what I taught
From first to last, with unaddicted thought,
So while at your request I venture here
To play the master, see that all be clear,
Preserve the freedom which you always took,
Nor, if it teach amiss, regard the book.

Thus unencumber'd let us move along,
As road shall lead us, to the mount of song;
Still keeping, so far by agreement tied,
Good verse in prospect, and good sense for guide.

PART SECOND.

SENSE presuppos'd and resolute intent,
To regulate thereby poetic bent,
Let us examine language once again,
As erst we did to regulate the pen;
And then observe how the peculiar frame
Of words in English may assist your aim.

The end of speech vouchsaf'd to human kind,
Is to express conceptions of the mind.
By painted speech, or writing's wond'rous aid,
The lines of thought are legibly display'd,
In any place, at any time appear,
And silent figure speaks to mental ear,
Surprising permanence of meaning found
For distant voice and momentary sound.
Whether by heav'n at first the huge effect
Reveal'd, or by inventive wit,—reflect
What good may follow if a man exert
The talent right,—what ill, if he pervert;

And to exertion, whether good or bad,
What strength engaging poetry may add;
That if successful in your present drift,
You may not risk to desecrate the gift.

You see, in speaking, or by sound or ink,
The grand inceptive caution is—to think,
To measure, ponder, ruminate, digest,
Or any phrase that will betoken best
A due attention to make art and skill
Turn all to good, or least of all to ill,
Never to give on any warm pretence,
To just observers cause of just offence.
To truth, to good undoubtedly belong
The skill of poets and the charm of song.

In verse or prose, in nature or in art,
The head begins the movement, or the heart;
If both unite, if both be clear and sound,
Then may perfection in a work be found,
Then does the preacher, then the poet shine,
And justly take the title of Divine.
By common sense the world has been all led
To make distinction of the heart and head—
Distinction worthy of your keenest ken
In passing judgment upon books and men,
Upon yourself, before you shall submit
To other judges what yourself has writ.

The heart, the head, it may suffice to note,
Two diff'rent kinds of poetry promote;
One more sublime, more sacred, and severe,
That shines in Poetry's celestial sphere;
One of a useful, though a humbler birth,
That ornaments its lower globe of earth.
These we shall here ascribe, if you think fit,
One to good sense, the other to good wit;
And grant that whichsoever be display'd,
It must have something of the other's aid;
Without some wit solidity is dull,
As bad the sprightly nonsense, to the full.

To clothe them both in language and by rule,
Let us again revise the short-hand school,

And trace the branching stamens of discourse
From their most plain and *primerly* resource.
Four parts of speech, you know, we us'd to make
The best arrangement for enquiry's sake;
And how spontaneous to determine those,
The noun and adnoun, verb and adverb rose.
Occurring hints, but to no stiffness tied
Of formal method, let these four divide;
They do in fact partition out, you know,
The sense of words as far as words can go;
For of a thing the clear ideal sense,
The properties that really spring from thence,
Actions and modes of action that ensue,
Must all unite to make the language true:
If false, some one or other of these four
Unvails delusion ent'ring at its door;
But wonted lessons I shall here pass by,
Trusting to your remembrance and apply.

The noun, the name. the substantive, or thing,
May represent the subject that you sing,
The main, essential matter whereupon
You mean to set the muse at work anon.
Ere you begin the verse that you intend,
"Respice finem"—think upon its end.
One single point on which you are to fix,
Must govern all that you shall intermix;
Before you quest for circumstances round,
Peg down at first the *centre* of your ground;
Each periodic incident when past,
Examine gently whether *that* be fast.
How can you help, if *it* should e'er come out,
Mistaking quite the point you are about?
How help,—no tether fix'd to your designs,—
Unmeaning, loose, and incoherent lines?

You need not ask of classic Rome or Greece
Whether your work should all be of a piece;
The thing is plain, and all that rule can tell
Is—Memorandum to observe it well,
To frame,—whatever you shall intersperse
Of decoration,—well connected verse;
That shall, whatever may across be spread,
From end to end maintain an equal thread;

That botch, or patch, or clumsy, awkward seam
Mar not poetic unity of theme.

This theme or subject for your English Muse
Belongs of right to you and her to choose.
Your own unbiass'd inclinations best
The freer topics for a verse suggest.
All within bound of innocence is free;
And you may range without consulting me,
The just, delightful, and extensive sphere;
All else—what need of caution to forbear?
None; if the bards, and some of them renown'd,
Had not transgress'd and overleap'd the bound.
This may indeed bid you to have a care,
Me to renew the warning to beware:
While unrestrain'd you set yourself the task,
Let it be harmless, and 'tis all I ask.

Some, to be sure, more excellent and grand,
Your practis'd genius may in time demand;
To these in view, no doubt, you may in will
Devote at present your completer skill;
And whilst in little essays you express,
Or clothe a thought, in versifying dress,
On fair ideas they may turn, and just,
And pave the way to something more august.
If well your earlier specimens intend,
From small beginnings you may greatly end,
Write what the good may praise as they peruse,
And bless, with no unfruitful fame, the Muse.

A youthful Muse, a sprightly one may crave
To intermix the cheerful with the grave;
Indulge her choice, nor stop the flowing stream
Where verse adorns an inoffensive theme.
Unwill'd endeavour is the same as faint,
And brisk will languish if it feel constraint.
From task impos'd, from any kind of force,
A stiff and starch'd production comes of course,
Unless it suit, as it may chance to do,
The present humour of the Muse and you;
Sooner, so ask'd, that willing numbers flow
The more acceptable and a propos.
Tho' prompt, if proper the occasion rise,
Her nimbler aid no gen'rous Muse denies;

But if a fair and friendly call invite,
Speeds on the verse to opportune delight,
Cuts all delays to satisfaction short
When friends and seasons are in temper for't;
As by this present writing one may see,
Dear Muse of mine, is just the case with thee.

A gen'rous Muse, I must again repeat,
Disdains the poor poetical conceit
Of poaching verse for personal repute,
And writing only to be thought to do't,
Without regarding one of its chief ends,
At once to profit and to please one's friends.
Tho' to the bard she dictate first the line,
The reader's benefit is her design.
Mistaken poets seek for private fame;
'Tis gen'ral use that sanctifies the name.
Be free and choose what subject then you will;
But keep your readers in remembrance still,
Your future judges,—tho' 'tis in your choice
In what committees who shall have a voice;
Their satisfaction if the Muse prefers,
And their esteem who justly merit hers,
They who do not, however prompt of throat,
Stand all excluded from the legal vote.
Verse, any readers, for whom verse is writ,
May to the press or to the flames commit;
A poet signs the judgment on his verse,
If readers worthy to be pleas'd, rehearse;
But when the blockheads meddle in the cause,
Laughs at their blame, and smiles at their applause.

'Twill add to future versifying ease
To think on judges whom you ought to please,
To fancy some of your selected friends
Discussing points to which a subject tends,
By whom, you guess, it would be well discuss'd,
And judgment form'd that you might safely trust.
If you conceive them sitting on the bench,
Hints what is fit to add or to retrench
Anticipating fancy may supply,
And save the trouble to the real eye;
Judgment awaken'd may improve the theme
With righter verdict, tho' the court's a dream.

TO RALPH LEYCESTER, ESQ.

On his sending the Author a HARE, according to annual Custom.

WHAT! another hare,* Peter! Well so much the better;
I acknowledge myself to be doubly your debtor;
Should have thank'd you indeed for the last afore now,
But the forelock of time has been short of somehow:
I hope you won't take it, Sir, as an affront;
'Twas an excellent good one for what there was on't.
But since by your favour,—here, two at a time,—
Let that be for sense, and this other for rhyme:

Indeed when old Jackson, your namesake and neighbour,
Had brought what you call'd there, "the fruits of your labour,
"Of a whole day's whole labour,"—so labour'd the mountain,
Thought I, and when got to the end of her counting,
While the neighbours all round her with wonder struck dumb,
Stood to see what huge monster was waiting to come,
At last she with much ado brought forth a hero,
Which, when dress'd, would make much the same bill of fare-o.

Not that I lik'd your present one penny the worse;
No; if these be your thoughts, you are out of your course;
Your intention had had the same courtesy in't if
The fruits of your labour were e'er so dimin'tive.
Nor should I have fail'd of my thanks, if old Jackson
Had not told me that he was oblig'd to go back soon;
I began once to write but I could not proceed in't,
And indeed, as it happens, 'tis well that I didn't.

Had I answer'd your Minor, perhaps 'tis a wager
Whether ever or not I had heard of your Major;
But now having laid down your *premises* twain,
The *conclusion* is good, and the *consequence* plain;
For, as old Aristotle said some time agone,
"Two hens and two bacons are better than one,"

* The Author had, this year, received two hares from his friend, and wrote these verses in answer to the receipt of the latter.

Second hares are the best, as a body may say;
D'ye take, Sir, the force of the argument? Ha?

But as after your short hare you sent a long ditto,
So you should by your letter, and lengthen it out too.
You made me to cry with your bit of a scrawl,
Like our Trinity friend—you know who—Is this all?
I expected to find an account of Miss Puss
As long as my arm,—and to fob me off thus!
I thought, when a Cheshire Squire sent a hare hither,
That at least he'd have sent the hare's pedigree with her.

Sir Peter of Chester* would ne'er have been hind'red
From searching of writing to find out their kindred;
The field they were in he'd have blazon'd, I trow,
And have shew'd if your hares had been co-heirs or no;
With many such questions, so nice and so knotty;
Of which you have said not a syllable—
Yet you fancy that I should have somewhat to say to 'em,
As if I had any thing to do, but to eat 'em.

" Dr. John, 'tis long since I receiv'd any poe-
" try, Argol I've sent hare and service unto ye."
Very good, master Peter; you think, I suppose,
That verses with me are as common as prose.
" I send you a hare; send you me a conceit;"
Is the old grammar-rule then gone out of your pate?
Did your master ne'er tell you, amongst other stories,
The diff'rence betwixt *lepores* and *lepores*?†

The last time, indeed, that you sent me a hare,
My fury was mov'd with another affair;
And the creature arriv'd, just as I had my head full
Of a Butcher-Hall challenge§ so dire and so dreadful.
But now our dear friend is remov'd to Cheapside,
With right hand, and left hand, and pen laid aside;
And for fear I should take his bread from him, has fled straight
From Butcher-Hall Lane to the corner of Bread-Street.

* Sir P. Leicester, who published the Antiquities of Cheshire.

† The classical reader need not be reminded of *lepus* a hare, making *oris*, with the o short, and *lepor*, pleasantry, *leporis*, with the o long.

§ Alluding to the appearance at that time of an advertisement in the ublic newspapers, in which Weston (concerning whom see page 11) serted the superior excellence of his own method of writing short-hand point of expedition, and offered to make trial of skill in it with our thor, or any of his scholars.

Having put our antagonist therefore to flight
I return to the hare here—odzooks, what a weight!
The last that you sent us was presently gone,
But this, on my word, is a *whopper o' one.
Adzookus, whene'er we begin to see th' end on't,
We'll remember, old Arnold, thy worthy descendant;
With knives, and with forks, and with spoons we will thump her,
And then "to the Ladies of Toft" in a bumper.

TO THE SAME,

IN ANSWER TO THE FOLLOWING LETTER:

DEAR BYROM,—*A Toft hare was used in former days to produce a copy of verses; and I hope you still like hare as well as I do verses. Be that as it will, I shall be glad to hear in verse or prose that you are as well as I could wish you to be I grow old, stir little from home, and lament I am not able to put myself in your way as formerly.*

P.S. K. George and Mr. Pitt are, it seems, at present the darlings of the nation. I shall hereafter be surprised at nothing.

Killed 13th Nov.

DEAR Peter, this tells you as soon as it could,
That the hare which you sent us was tender and good;
And we send you thanks for it.—You say, "a Toft hare
"Was wont to produce a verse-copied affair;"
Which is true in the main; but Philosophers oft
Give effects to wrong causes;—it neither was Toft
Nor hare, that was really productive of metre,
But (as here you may see by self-evidence)—PETER.

The hare was no more than occasional item
That if verses were willing one might as well write 'em;
And Toft, tho' within but a few mille passus,†
Was as fit for the purpose as foreign Parnassus.
Its good-natur'd owner was proximate cause
Of the free-flowing rhyme and its modify'd pause,
The Phebus, at whose innuendo§ the Muse
Her assistance, jam nunc,‡ knows not how to refuse.

* A provincial term for, "a fine, or a large one." † Miles.
§ Nodding. ‡ Just now.

Still, it seems, "you like verse as you hope I like hare:"
Ay, for intercourse-sake, not the worth of the ware.
Shops would answer your taste with a much better line;
And shambles, with full as good provender, mine.
Nay if one should reflect upon cruelty's source,—
In the gentlemen butchers,—the HUNT and the COURSE,
'Twere enough to prevent either pudding or jelly
From storing such carcass within a man's belly.

Still I think of old Elwall invited to sup
At your Chester abode, when a hare was cut up,
How he gave me this answer concerning this prog,—
"Dost thou ever eat hare?"—"Dost thou ever eat dog?"
Don't think that hereby one intends to degrade
The presentment, Sir Peter, which now you have made;
I would only suggest that the thanks which I render
Stand up on their feet not to hare, but hare-sender,

Whose case you describe so exactly like mine,
That it runneth almost in a parallel line;—
"You grow old,"—I grow older; "stir little from home,"
I, less; and abroad more unable to roam:
You lament that "you cannot come in a friend's way
"As you formerly could,"—the same also I say.
Now, the case being common, how should it affect us,
Seeing "aliter non fit, avite, senectus?"*—

With gratitude first, as I take it—a truth
Which is common, indeed, both to age and to youth;
But if youth has neglected to fill up that page,—
My case,—it belongs to executor age
To supply the defect, which, tho' negligent, still
We suppose the said youth to have had in its will;
Old †senectus is ty'd then, for benefits lent us,
To pay the just debts of testator Juventus.§

With temperance next; since if gratitude binds
For the sake of past youth our senescenter‡ minds,
They must in a body more subject to Phthisic,
Guard against all excess and turn food into Physic.
One sees how corpuscular eating and drinking
Make youth in its mentals so stout, and unthinking;

* Old man, age comes not on without these. † Age.
§ Youth who has willed them. ‡ Inclining to old age.

Age therefore, altho' not so paunchful or pateful,
Will be much better off, being sober and grateful.

Two helps without which the mere animal pow'r
In young or old blood grows insipid or sour.
If the two ventilators of life do not mix,
Old age would, I find, be as cross as two sticks.
Oh! grant me, ye pow'rs both of verse and of prose,
To be thoughtful and thankful, choose how the world goes!
Not,—though the old man should become twice a child,—
To be peevish and fretful, but placid and mild.

Now as touching King George and his pensioner Pitt,
Your two present darlings of national wit,
And the strange alterations that seem, in your eyes,
So great as if nothing henceforth could surprise;
If you have not yet seen men and matters so vary
As to bring you before to a "nil admirari*"
In this changeable island, one need not be told
That you are but a youngster, but newly grown old.

What a pleasure to come, has our coming to age,
To emancipate thought from so shifting a stage!
And to fix it on matters that will in all cases,
Stand firm on their solid, immoveable bases;
Real objects!—your epitaph, else, on the hare
"Kill'd November thirteenth" is but one of a pair
With a poor hunted Peer's DECOLLAT.† such a day—
What more than the puss has the peerage, I pray?

It would else be too true what comes into my mind,
How our old master Bentley divided mankind;—
He was talking of short-hand, and how an erroneous
"Natare"§ the blockheads had made Suetonius
To write for "notare;"‡—the world, he then said,
Was made up of two sorts,—worriers, worried.—
Dick, he told me, should learn, and, amidst the world's hurry,
As the potenter choice, be a lawyer and "worry."

You see now, old friend, how intentional aim
Sets out to comply with your copyhold claim;
How age would run on, if the Muse did not fix
The Rhythmus of dactyls to ninety and six;

---

* To wonder at nothing. † Let him be beheaded.
§ To swim. ‡ To write.

And prompt what the household requires me to add,—
That to hear of Toft-welfare they always are glad,
Being always possess'd of a competent stock
Of the best of good wishes for the whole of your flock.

ON

INOCULATION FOR THE SMALL POX.

Written when it first began to be practised in England.

I HEARD two neighbours talk the other night
About this new distemper-giving plan,
Which some—so wrong, and others think—so right;
Short was the dialogue, and thus it ran,—
" If I had twenty children of my own,
" I would inoculate them ev'ry one."
Ay, but should any of them die, what moan
Would then be made for venturing thereupon!
" No; I should think that I had done the best,
" And be resign'd whatever should befall."
But could you really be so quite at rest?
" I could."—*Then why inoculate at all,*
Since to resign a child to God, who gave,
Is full as easy and as just a part
When sick and led by nature to the grave,
As when in health to drive it there by art?

AN

ANSWER TO SOME ENQUIRIES,

Concerning the Author's Opinion of a Sermon, on the Operation of the Holy Spirit.

" SAY to the Sermon?" Why, you all were by,
And heard its whole contents as well as I.
Without discussing what the preacher said,
I'll tell you Sirs, what came into my head.

While he went on and learnedly perplex'd
The genuine meaning of his chosen text,
I cast my eyes above him, and explor'd
The dove-like form upon the sounding-board.

That bird, thought I, was put there as a sign
What kind of Spirit guides a good divine,
Such as at first taught preachers to impart
The pure and simple gospel to the heart;

A perfect, plain, intelligible rule,
Without the dark distinctions of "the school,"
That, with a nice, sophistical disguise,
Hide the clear precepts from the people's eyes.

Whatever doctrine in one age was true
Must needs be so in all succeeding too;
Tho' circumstance may change, its inward aim
Thro' ev'ry outward state is still the same.

No thinking Christian can be pleas'd to hear
Men, who pretend to make the scriptures clear,
With low remarks upon the letters play,
And take the spirit of it quite away.

Be time, or place, or person, or what will,
Urg'd in support of such a wretched skill,
It all amounts but to a vain pretence
That robs the Gospel of its real sense,

Taught by the Saviour and by holy men;
'Tis now the very same that it was then;
Not to be alter'd by unhallow'd pains;
The world may vary, but the truth remains.

Its consecrated phrases one would think
That priests and pulpits were not made to sink;
Profaner wits can do it that disgrace,—
What need of HOLY ORDERS in the case?

The modish, critical haranguer heard,
May be admir'd, may be, perhaps, preferr'd,
Who sinks the dictates of the Sacred Page
Down to the maxims of the present age.

But o'er his sounding canopy why bring
The harmless dove to spread its hov'ring wing?

How, in the Church by such a shape, express'd
Fulness of brain and emptiness of breast?

Of heads so fatten'd and of hearts so starv'd
A diff'rent emblem should, methinks, be carv'd,—
The Owl of Athens, and not Sion's Dove,
The bird of learning, nôt the bird of love.

REMARKS

On Dr. Brown's "ESTIMATE," written in the Character of a Lady.

The shocking death of Dr. Brown, who committed suicide, would have disarmed our author's criticism of its asperity, had the probability of such an event, or a propensity towards it, been anticipated by him. But it was written long before that distressing catastrophe took place, and while the hero of it was in the zenith of popularity which he had acquired by the publication of the first part of his "Estimate." The following account, by M. de Voltaire, of its animating tendency is very creditable to Dr. Brown's talents, and is inserted as an antidote to whatever may be considered too virulent in the assumed Lady's strictures;—"When Marshal "Richelieu, in 1756, laid seige to Port Mahon, the capital of Minorca, "the British sent out Admiral Byng with a strong naval force, to drive "the French fleet off the island and raise the siege. At this time there ap-"peared a book entitled AN ESTIMATE OF THE MANNERS OF THE "TIMES; *of which no less than five editions were printed off in London "in the space of three months. In this treatise the author proves that "the English nation was entirely degenerated;—that it was near its "ruin;—that its inhabitants were no longer so robust and hardy as in "former times;—and that its soldiers had lost their courage. This work "roused the sensibility of the English nation, and produced the following "consequences:—They attacked, almost at one and the same time, all the "sea coasts of France, and her possessions in Asia, Africa, and America."*

THE book appears to my perusing sight
So rambling, scambling, florid, and polite,
That, tho' a *manly* skill may trace the clue,
A simple *female* knows not what to do,
Where to begin remark, or where to close,
Lost in a thousand—beauties, I suppose.

One specious proof of such a coalition
Of num'rous beauties is—a fifth edition,
As I have, reading authors, just now found
In the Whitehall—"Price three and sixpence, bound."

Many a good book, but less of print concise,
Less clean of margin, sells for half the price.

So that the nation grows in books, 'tis plain,
" Luxurious, effeminate, and vain,"*
That is, the purchasers;—or, if I durst,
I would have said the writers of them first;
And the *luxuriant* framer of this plan
First of the first, should be the leading man.

Somewhere before the middle of the book,
It seems, the author (whom I really took
But for a POLITICIAN) was, in fine,
To my surprise, a PROTESTANT DIVINE;
A Protestant Divine, in whose high flight
The *question capital* is, " who shall fight?"†

Not " who shall pay?"—as some Divines have plann'd,
From what we hear, *the capital demand:*
Both needless questions when Divines arose
Who neither sued their friends, nor fought their foes.
Now, what more " vain, effeminate, luxurious"
Than parson's talk, so " capitally" furious?

Truly, the works of distaff and of needle
Are worth whole volumes of courageous tweedle,
With the sum total—" Britons! all be free;
" Take the BROWN musket up and follow me;
" Let us be *strong*, be *hardy*, *sturdy*, *rough*,
" Till we are all beatify'd in BUFF."

With manners just the same, as we are told,
Men are effeminate and women bold.§

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* We may with truth and candour conclude that the ruling character of the present times is that of a vain, luxurious and selfish effeminacy.
BROWN'S ESTIMATE, Sec. 6.

† It hath been urged, indeed, as a proof that the natural spirit of defence is not yet extinguished, that we raised such large sums during the rebellion, and still continue such plentiful supplies for the support of our fleets and armies. This is weak reasoning; for will not cowardice, at least, as soon as courage, part with a shilling, or a pound to avoid danger?---The capital question therefore still remains, not---" who shall pay," but " who shall fight?"----Sec 6.

§ The sexes have now little apparent distinction beyond that of person and dress. Their peculiar and characteristic manners are confounded and lost, the one sex having advanced into boldness, as the other has sunk into effeminacy.----Sec. 5.

If aught like satire, or like ridicule,
Should seem to rise, we must apply this rule
To solve the case,—and so, I think, we may,—
"It comes from folly's natural display."*

Person and dress are left us to apply,
And little else, to know the sexes by.
Characteristics formerly made out,
Are now confounded by a present rout;
All would be lost, if, as the cassock warm,
With rage as just the petticoat should arm.

But while men fight, both clergify'd and lay,
Who left but women to cry,—"let us pray?"
While men are marshalling in prose Pindaric
"Religion, Virtue, Warburton, and Garrick,"
Women must pray that heav'n would yet annex
Some little grace to the talk-valiant sex.

"Love of our country," is the manly sound
That clads in armour all the virtues round.
Where is this lovely country to be sought?
Why, 'tis GREAT Britain in their LITTLE thought;
And the two states,—which these Divines advance,—
The Heav'n of England and the Hell of France.

Women must pray, and (if Divines can reach
No higher a theology) must preach.
This world—this sea-bound spot of it—may seem
The central paradise in *men's* esteem,
Who have great souls:—but *women*, who have none,
Have other realms to fix their hearts upon:

If such there be, the only certain scheme
To guard against each possible extreme
Is to put on, amidst the world's alarms,
With a good heart our *real country's* arms,
FAITH, HOPE, AND PATIENCE, from the tow'rs above,
ALL-BEARING MEEKNESS, AND ALL-CONQ'RING LOVE.

* Thus we have attempted a simple delineation of the ruling manners of the times. If any thing like ridicule appears to mix itself with this review, it ariseth not from the aggravation, but the natural display of folly.—Sec 5.

REMARKS

On a Pamphlet entitled, Epistles to the Great from Aristippus in Retirement.

IN A LETTER TO DR. S——.*

These epistles were published in the year 1757. "The species of poetry," says the editor, "in which they are written has been used with great success "among the French by Chapelle, Chaulieu, La Farre, Gresset, Madam "Deshoulieres, and others." To quote from them all the expressions alluded to in the following verses, would but swell out the notes to an unnecessary length. It is thought sufficient, therefore, to distinguish such allusions by Italic *characters.*

DOCTOR, this new poetic species
*Semel** may do, but never *decies*;†
For a Chapelle, or a Chaulieu,
The new devis'd conceit may do;
In rambling rhymes La Farre, and Gresset,
And easy diction may express it;
Or Madam's Muse, Deshoulieres,
Improve it farther still than theirs:
But, in the name of all the Nine,
Will an epistolary line
In English verse and English sense
Admit, to give them both offence,
The Gaul-bred insipiditee
Of this new fangled melodee?
Indeed it won't; if Gallic phrase
Can bear with such enervate lays
Nor *pleasure*, nor *pain-pinion'd hours*
Can ever suffer them in ours;
Nor, *ivy-crown'd*, endure a theme
Silver'd with *moonshine's maiden gleam:*
Not tho' so *garlanded and flow'ry*,
So *soft*, so *sweet*, so *Myrtle-bow'ry*,
So *balmy*, *palmy*—and so on—
As is the theme here writ upon;
Writ in a species that, if taking,
Portends sad future verse-unmaking:—

* Once. † Ten times.

Brown's "Estimate of times and manners,"
That paints effeminacy's banners,
Has not a proof in its detail
More plain than this, if this prevail.
Forbid it, sense! forbid it, rhyme!
Whether familiar or sublime,
Whether ye guide the poet's hand
To easy diction or to grand;
Forbid the Gallic namby-pamby
Here to repeat its crazy cramby.
One instance of such special stuff,
To see the way on't, is enough;
Excus'd for once;—if Aristippus
Has any more within his *cippus*,‡
Let him suppress,—or sing 'em he
With *gentle Muse*, *sweet Euterpee*;
Free to salute her while they chirp,
For easier rhyming—*sweet Euterp.*
It is allow'd that verse, to please,
Should move along with perfect ease;
But this coxcombically mingling
Of rhymes unrhyming, interjingling,
For numbers genuinely British,
Is quite too finical and skittish;
But for the masculiner *belles*,
And the polite *Me'moiselles*,*
Whom *Dryads*, *Naiads*, *Nymphs*, *and Fauns*,
Meads, *woods*, *and groves*, *and lakes*, *and lawns*,
And loves, *and doves*,—and fifty more
Such jaded terms, besprinkled o'er
With compound epithets uncouth,
Prompt to pronounce them verse, forsooth!
Verse let them be;—tho' I suppose,
Some verse as well might have been prose,
That *England's common courtesy*
Politely calls good Poetry.
For if the Poetry be good,
Accent at least is understood.
Number of syllables alone
Without the proper stress of tone,
Will make our metre flat and bare
As Hebrew verse of Bishop Hare.

* Stocks for the feet, a jail. † Misses.

Add, that regard to Rhyme is gone,
And verse and prose will be all one,
Or,—what is worse,—create a pother
By species neither one nor t'other;
A case, which there is room to fear
From dupes of Aristippus here.
The fancied sage in feign'd retreat
Laughs at the follies of the great,
With wit, invention, fancy, humour,
Enough to gain the thing a rumour.
But if he writes, resolv'd to shine
In unconfin'd and motley line,
Let him Pindaric it away,
And quit the lazy-labour'd lay,
Leave to La Farre and to La France
The warbling, soothing *nonchalance.**
When will our bards unlearn at last
The puny style and the bombast?
Nor let the pitiful extremes
Disgrace the verse of English themes;
Matter no more in manner paint
Foppish, affected, queer, and quaint;
Nor bounce above Parnassian ground,
To drop the sense and catch the sound;
Except in writing for the stage,
Where sound is best for buskin'd rage;
Except in Operas, where sense
Is but superfluous expense?
Be then the bards of sounding pitch
Consign'd to Garrick and to Rich,
To *Tweedledums* and *Tweedledees*,
The singy-songing *Euterpees.*

* Supineness.

EPILOGUE

TO

"HURLO-THRUMBO, OR THE SUPERNATURAL"

This play was written by Mr. Samuel Johnson, a Dancing Master, of Cheshire, and was performed in the year 1722, at the little theatre in the Haymarket, where it had a run of above thirty nights. We must refer the reader to the piece itself to give him a just idea of the humour and propriety of the following Epilogue, which was written with a friendly intention of pointing out to Mr. Johnson the extravagance and absurdity of his play. Mr. Johnson, however, so far from perceiving the ridicule, received it as a compliment, and had it both spoken and printed.

HURLO-THRUMBO, CRITIC, AND AUTHOR.

HURLO. LADIES and Gentlemen, my Lord of *flame*
Has sent me here to thank you in his name;
Proud of your smiles he's mounted many a story
Above the tip-top pinnacle of glory;
Thence he defies the sons of clay—the critics—
"Fellows," says he, "that are mere paralytics;
"With judgments lame and intellects that halt,
"Because a man outruns them, they find fault."
He is, indeed, to speak my poor opinion,—
Out of the reach of *critical* dominion.
(Enter Critic.),
Adso! here's one of them—

CRITIC. A strange odd play, Sir;—

(Enter Author who pushes Hurlo-Thrumbo aside.)

AUTHOR. Let me come to him.—Pray, what's that you say, Sir?

CRITIC. I say, Sir, rules are not observ'd here—

AUTHOR. Rules,
Like clocks and watches, were all made for fools.
"Rules make a play?" that is—

CRITIC. What, Mr. Singer?

AUTHOR. As if a knife and fork should make a finger.

CRITIC. Pray, Sir, which is the hero of your play?

AUTHOR. Hero? why they're all heroes in their way.

CRITIC. But here's no *plot!* or none that's understood.
AUTHOR. There's a *rebellion*, tho'; and that's as good.
CRITIC. No spirit, nor genius in't—
AUTHOR. Why, didn't here
A SPIRIT and a GENIUS both appear?
CRITIC. Poh! 'tis all stuff and nonsense—
AUTHOR. Lack-a-day!
Why that's the very essence of a play.
Your old house, new house, opera, and ball,—
'Tis NONSENSE, Critic, that supports them all;
As you yourselves ingeniously have shewn,
Whilst on their nonsense you have built your own.
CRITIC. Here wants—
AUTHOR. Wants what?—Why, now, for all your canting,
What one ingredient of a play is wanting?
Music, love, war, death, madness without sham,
Done to the life by persons of the *Dram;*
Scenes and machines descending, and arising,
Thunder and lightning;—ev'ry thing surprising!
CRITIC. Play, farce, or op'ra is't?
AUTHOR. No matter whether;—
'Tis a REHEARSAL of them all together.
But come, Sir, come! troop off, old blundermonger!
And interrupt the epilogue no longer.
(Author drives the Critic off the stage.)
Hurlo, proceed!—
HURLO. Troth! he says true enough;
The stage has given rise to wretched stuff.
Critic or player, a Dennis or a Cibber,
Vie only which shall make it go down glibber.
A thousand murd'rous ways they cast about
To stifle it, but, murder like, 'twill out.
Our author fairly, without so much fuss,
Shews it in "puris naturalibus,"*
Pursues the point beyond its highest height,
Then bids his men of fire and ladies bright
Mark how it looks, when it is out of sight.
So true a stage, so fair a play for laughter
There never was before, nor ever will come after.
Never; no, never! not while vital breath
Defends ye from that *long liv'd mortal*—Death.

* In its pure natural condition.

Death!—Something hangs on my prophetic tongue;
I'll give it utt'rance, be it right or wrong;—
Handel himself shall yield to Hurlo-Thrumbo,
And Bononcini too shall cry, "Succumbo."*
That's if the ladies condescend to smile,
Their looks make sense or nonsense in our isle.

REMARKS

ON

"Dr. Middleton's examination of the Lord Bishop of London's Discourses concerning the use and intent of Prophecy."

2 *Peter* 1. 19. *We have also a more sure word of Prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts.*

THIS passage, Sir, which has engag'd of late
So many writers in such high debate,
About the nature of prophetic light,
Has not, I think, been understood aright;
Nor does the critic Middleton's new tract
Relate the meaning fairly, or the fact.

Peter, you know, Sir, by his own account,
Was with our Saviour in the holy mount,
Where he and two disciples more beheld
The SHECHINAH, or glory that excell'd;
Saw that Divine appearance of our Lord
Which three of the Evangelists record;
His face a sun, and light his whole array,—
Prophetic glimpse of that eternal day,
Wherein the glance of Sun and Moon suppress'd,
God shall Himself enlighten all the blest;
Shall from his temple, from the sacred shrine
Shine forth of human Majesty Divine.
To this grand vision which the chosen three
Were call'd, before they tasted death, to see,
Was added proof to the astonish'd ear
That made presential Deity appear,

* I bend, or submit.

And by a voice from God the Father's throne
His well-beloved Son was then made known.

Now, search of mysteries the whole abyss,
What more intire conviction, Sir, than this?
Of human reason search the wide pretence,
What more miraculous and plain to sense?
But reason oft interprets past event
Just as the human heart and will are bent.
The Doctor, whom his own productions call
No hearty friend to miracles at all,
Disguises this to bring his point about,
As if both sight and hearing left a doubt,
Left some perplexity on Peter's mind,
Quite against all that he himself defin'd.
**This wondrous apparition, Sir, might leave*
Something too hard precisely to conceive;
And circumstances raise within his soul
Suspense about the nature of the whole.

What kind of saunt'ring spirit could suggest
Such groundless cavil to a Christian breast?
What Christian priest at least would choose to paint
His Saviour's glory in a light so faint?
But let this suit the priesthood, if you will;
Pray, what foundation for his critic skill,
For Peter's doubting what he saw and heard,
For scruples first imagin'd, then inferr'd?

The reason here assign'd is *fear and dread,*
So great that Peter knew not what he said;
He, and his partners in the vision too,
Fell on their faces at its awful view,
Nor durst look up, till Jesus at the last
Came to and rais'd them when 'twas overpast.

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* This wonderful apparition and heavenly voice might be accompanied with such circumstances, as would naturally leave some doubt and perplexity on the mind concerning the precise manner and nature of the whole transaction. For Peter, as we read, was in such a fright and amazement at what he saw and heard, that "he knew not what he said." And both he and the other two Apostles then with him, James and John, were so greatly terrified that "they fell upon their faces to the ground, and durst not so much as look up," till Jesus, when the vision was over, came to raise and encourage them.

Doctor Middleton's Treatise, p. 55.

Oh! vain suggestion!—Could they see and hear
Without an adoration, without fear?
If they were struck with more than mortal awe,
Their very fear was proof of what they saw;
For, strength to see and weakness to sustain
Made both alike the heav'nly vision plain:
Nor has he once attempted to devise
What else should strike them with so great surprise.

If overcome with reverential dread
Th' amaz'd Apostle wist not what he said,
Unbiass'd reason would itself confess
A greater light, diminishing its less.
Thus in the sacred books if we recall
The first recorded presence since the fall,
Themselves from God when our first parents hid
It might be said, they wist not what they did.
Yet were they taught their comfortable creed,
The promise of the woman's conq'ring seed;
As here th' Apostles were empow'r'd to see
That Jesus, God's beloved Son, was he.

If when God spake each fell upon his face—
How oft in ancient times was this case?
What prophet, Sir, to whom He spake of yore,
His voice or vision, unsupported, bore?
Moses himself,—when unawares he trod
On holy ground and heard the Voice of God,
Tho' turn'd aside on purpose to inquire
What kept the bush unburnt amidst the fire,—
Stopp'd in his search by the Divine Rebuke,
Straight *hid his face* and was afraid to look.

Abram, the covenanted sire of all
Who in his faith upon the Lord should call,
When he receiv'd the seal of it, the sign
Of circumcision, from the Voice Divine,
Fell on his face;—and must we then conceit
His proofs, that God talk'd with him, incomplete?

Read how Isaiah thought himself undone
When he had seen God's glory in his Son,
Until the Seraph with a living coal
From off the altar purg'd the prophet's soul.

Read how Ezekiel too with like surprise,
When Heav'n was open'd to his wond'ring eyes,
Fell on his face at the same glorious sight,
Till by God's Spirit made to stand upright.
Thus Daniel prostrate;—thus the great Divine
Who saw th' Apocalyptic scenes;—in fine,
Thus human strength alone could never stand
When God appear'd, unaided by His hand.
To urge a reason, then, from fear, to doubt
The glorious fact that could not be without,
Only befits a feeble, faithless mind,
To heav'nly voice and vision deaf and blind.

The learned prelate, against whose discourse
This gentleman has aim'd his present force,
Thought it absurd in any one to make
St. Peter, for his own conviction's sake,
Say that old prophecies should be preferr'd
To God's immediate voice which he had heard.
Such a comparison, he thought, became
No sober man, much less the Saint, to frame,
Concluding it impossible from hence
That this could ever be St. Peter's sense.

Tho' *'tis not only possible*, it seems,
But weak moreover, as the Doctor deems,
To doubt it,—a comparison so just
Peter not only might have made but must—*
And then he cites Rabbinical remarks
To prove the paradox from learned clerks;
Not that he minds what any of them writes,
But most despises whom he chiefly cites.
Lightfoot's authority,—to instance one,—
Is first and last and most insisted on;
The soundness of whose faith, he interjects,

* Let us now return to the Bishop's discourses, in which he goes on to demonstrate the inconsistency of the author's (Collins) exposition, by telling us, that "it makes Peter to say, in his own person, that the "dark prophecies of the Old Testament were a surer and more certain "evidence to himself than the immediate voice of God, which he had "heard with his own ears. And is it possible," adds he, "that St "Peter, or any man in his wits, could make such a comparison?" To which question, so smartly and confidently put, I readily answer that it is not only possible that St. Peter might make such a comparison, but even weak to imagine that he could make any other. Page 47.

*And erudition nobody suspects.**
Or if the reader wants a full display
Of these endowments,—*Lightfoot shews the way*
How by assuming liberty to take
For granted straight what premises we make,
Whatever notions or opinions tend
To favour that which we would recommend,
We may demonstrate by such arts as these
A doctrine true, Divine, or what we please.†

This, Sir, is his description of sound faith;
Let us now see what argument it hath.
This trusty evidence, among the rest,
Is call'd to prove a voice from Heav'n a jest,
The Jews' Bath Kol, a cunning acted part,
A fable, fantasy, or magic art,
Voice of the Devil, or of Dev'lish elves
To cheat the people and promote themselves.
And hence th' Apostle,—is the inf'rence drawn
That claims the special notice of the lawn,
That comes to clear this famous prelate's sight,—
With reason good, preferr'd prophetic light.

So introduce a Hebrew, foreign term,
Take all for true that quoted lines affirm,
And then assume that the Apostle too
Just thought and argued as these critics do,—
And we may prove from Peter's own design
That God the Father's voice was not Divine.

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* Dr. Lightfoot also, the soundness of whose faith and erudition is allowed by all, speaks still more precisely to my present purpose, and ys, "that if we observe two things, first, that the Jewish nation, under the second temple, was given to magical arts beyond measure; we may safely suspect that those voices which they thought to be from Heaven, and noted with the name of Bath Kol, were formed either by the Devil in the air to deceive the people, or by Magicians with devilish art to promote their own affairs." From which he draws this infence, which I would recommend to the special consideration of this ainent prelate; "hence," adds he, "the Apostle Peter saith with good reason that the word of prophecy was surer than a voice from heaven." age 52.

† Now, by the same method of reasoning, and the liberty which his ordship every where assumes, of supposing whatever premises he ants, and taking every thing for granted which tends to confirm his pothesis, we may prove any doctrine to be true, or divine, or whatever e please to make of it. Dr. Lightfoot has shewn us the way.—Page 144.

But should the Prelate think it mere grimace
To talk of fable in St. Peter's case,
Whose words exclude it, and expressly speak
Of heavenly truth; how frivolous and weak,
In his more sober and sedate esteem,
Must all his patchwork-erudition seem!
How will a Christian Bishop, too, conceive
Of what the Doctor's margins interweave
Touching that scripture where our Saviour pray'd,
And Heav'n the glorifying answer made?*
While from his note, Sir, nothing can be learn'd
But casual thunder, or Bath Kol concern'd.

Will he not ask,—" is it this author's aim
" Under his Bath Kol figments, to disclaim
" All faith in voices of a heav'nly kind?
" Is that the purpose of his doubting mind?
" You see th' apostle is extremely clear,
" That such a voice himself did really hear;
" He also had such wondrous proofs beside,
" That voice concurrent cannot be deny'd.
" And, when our Lord had been baptis'd, there came
" A voice from Heav'n in words the very same.
" Here, in his answer'd prayer,—tho', by mistake,
" Some said " *it thunder'd*," some " *an Angel spake*,—"
" We have his own authority Divine;
" *This voice*," said he, "*came for your sakes, not mine.*"

Would not the Bishop rightly thus oppose
Plain Scripture facts to learning's empty shows?
What signifies it, then, upon the whole,
How poor blind Jews have talk'd about Bath Kol?
What jarring critics of a later day,
Or Lightfoot, here thrice ridicul'd, may say?
Or Middleton himself (whose pious care
For giftless churches prompts him to compare

* Thus when Jesus, a little before his death, was addressing himself to the Father in the midst of his disciples and the people of Jerusalem, and saying, "*Father, save me from this hour! Father, glorify thy name.*" *There came a voice from Heaven saying, "I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again." Upon which the people that stood by, and heard it, said that it thundered; others said that an angel spake to him.* John 12.28.—That is, part of the company believed it to be nothing more than an accidental clap of thunder; while others took it to be the Bath Kol, or the voice of God, or of an angel, which was always accompanied with thunder.—Page 48.

Voices from Heav'n in his assuming page,
To *miracles* beyond th' Apostles' age)*
Taking for granted, without more ado,
His wild hypothesis about *them* too?

Prodigious effort! See obstructed quite
The Gospel promise and the Christian right;
Cut off, at once, miraculous supply;
All healing ceases when Apostles die;
No tongue inspir'd, no Demon dispossess'd,—
With them the working Spirit went to rest,
Forgot the prophecies that Christ had made,
And left believers without signal aid;
Altho' no limit in what scripture saith
Be put to miracles but want of faith;
Altho', without one, foolish to pretend
To know their nature, or to fix their end;
Yet if a daring genius advertise
That all but Scripture miracles are lies,
What crowds embrace the new belief and hope!
It suits their taste, and saves them from the Pope.
Others contend that wondrous gifts survive
The first *three* centuries, or *four*, or *five;*
Then, Sir, they close their jealous, partial view,
And grudge diviner influence its due;
Take diff'rent stations in the Doctor's track,
Blaming and backing his more close attack;
All miracles, beyond his *earlier* fence,
Are want of honesty, or want of sense;
All faith in Bishops, Confessors, and Saints
Who witness facts, a Christian priest recants;—
They must, *he says* they must, be fables all
That pass the bounds of his gigantic wall.

Such strange delusion if a man embrace
Without some voice, some miracle of grace,
It is in vain to reas'ners of his cast
To urge the evidence of ages past.
With minds resolv'd to disbelieve or doubt
Small is the force of history throughout.

* The reality of this oracular voice (Bath Kol) is attested, as I have said, by all the Jewish writers after the cessation of prophecy, in the same positive manner as the miraculous gifts of the Christian church by the primitive fathers, after the days of the Apostles. Page 50. 142. 145. 171.

Freedom of thought exerted and of will,
To claim the privilege of judging ill,
Prophets, Apostles. Martyrs cannot move,
Nor holy Church throughout the world disprove.

But to return;—how does his first assault
On miracles defend a second fault?
Or Rabbis, or Rabbinical Divines,
Help Lightfoot's comment, or his own designs?
Lightfoot, without detracting from his skill,
Wrote in this instance with a careless quill;
Such inf'rence, else, had never been annex'd;
He must have seen that the Apostle's text
Could not, with reason either good or great,
Compare the Prophets with a dev'lish cheat.
This learned writer, Sir, did not attend
To Peter's MEANING, or, not apprehend;
Or, if excuse may for his haste atone,
He did not well, perhaps, express HIS OWN.

Since by his present citer here you see
How quite forgetful learned men may be;
For after all the scraps he had amass'd,
And this triumphant inference at last—
The text, he says. *had, in St. Peter's views,*
No ref'rence to himself, but to the Jews:—*
Not in his haste aware that what he said
Knock'd all the Bath Kol pedantry o' th' head,
That what he thought his borrow'd pages won
His own gave up, as soon as he had done.
For if *St. Peter's words do not imply*
What he himself was most persuaded by,
But only shew what arguments were fit
For their attention, Sir, to whom he writ,

* Yet St Peter's words, after all, as they are expounded by the free-thinking author above-mentioned, do not necessarily imply him to mean, that prophecy was a surer argument to himself then the voice from Heaven, but to the Jewish converts in general, who did not hear that voice, but received it only from the report of others. It was not his view in this epistle to declare what sort of arguments was the most convincing to himself, but to propose such as were most worthy of the attention of those to whom he was writing.---Page 53. When St. Peter therefore says, "we have a more sure word of prophecy," the occasion of his words obliges us to interpret them as spoken, not with any particular reference to himself, but to the general body of the Jewish converts.---Page 54.

The Bishop's reas'ning which he strives to cloud,
Is not unanswer'd only, but allow'd;
The very thing pretended to be shewn
Is, by his own confession, overthrown.

Do but observe the point in question, Sir,
On which the Doctor makes this learned stir,
How he, who talks of *its perpetual change**
By others, takes the liberty to range;
When a comparison was judg'd absurd,
Peter could make no other—was the word;
Then, by a contradiction plain and flat,—
Peter's comparison could not be that;—
And then again—*supposing that it could*;
Thus he attempts to make the matter good.

Let Peter be himself assur'd, says he,
As fully as 'twas possible to be,
Of ev'ry circumstance that pass'd, he might
Have still preferr'd the old prophetic light.
This was a standing evidence, and lay
Open to cool, delib'rate reason's sway,
A firmer argument that brought along
Conviction, Sir, more permanent and strong
To men of sober senses, and sedate,
Than could the vision, which his words relate.†
Set the perplex'd equivocation by
That's here involv'd, how easy the reply
To reasons void, if we distinguish right
Betwixt a *real* and *reported* sight!
For be the proof that prophecies procure
More, to the Jews, comparatively sure,
As oft the text is commented upon
Thro' a mistake, (as will appear anon)

* And thus the Apostle's sense, as it is expounded by the author (Collins) is clear and consistent, not liable to any exception, but what flows from that perplexity in which his Lordship has involved it, by his use of equivocal terms and perpetual change of the point in question. Page 62.

† Let Peter be as perfectly assured, as we can suppose him to be, of every circumstance which passed in the mount, he might still take prophecy, considered as a standing evidence, always lying open to the cool and deliberate examination of reason, to be a firmer argument on the whole, and to carry a more permanent conviction with it to the sober senses of men than the vision with which he here compares it. Page 52.

Yet his conviction vacates the pretence
Of reason, argument, and sober sense;
Because the prophets here to be compar'd,
As evidences of what God declar'd,
Could but originally *hear and see*,
And be as fully satisfy'd as he.

The use of reason has, I apprehend,
When full assurance is attain'd, an end.
When we are certain that we *see and hear*,
And ev'ry circumstance is plain and clear,
What can examination teach or learn?
By what criterion, Sir, shall we discern,
When reason comes to be so deadly cool,
The sage deliberator from the fool?

Conceive St. Peter, if you can, entic'd
(Eye-witness of the majesty of Christ,
Of what the Father, in the mount, had done
By shewing forth the glory of the Son)
To disbelieve his senses, and to pore
Some ancient, standing evidences o'er,
To see if that which, on the holy spot,
He saw and heard, was seen and heard or not:
Would such a cool, deliberating plan
Have made him pass for a more sober man?
If so, then Middleton has hit the white;
Sherlock, if not, is thus far in the right,
And well may say that no man in his wits
Could be attack'd by such cold reas'ning fits.

But thus the frigid argument is brought
Why Peter might, in full, persuaded thought,
Prefer predictions in the ancient law
To what himself most surely heard and saw:
For after all the full convincing scene
Which he had witness'd, how did he demean?
With faith infirm he shamefully deny'd
*His Master, seen so greatly glorify'd.**

Yes, so he did, and gave a humbling stroke
To human confidence in reason's cloak;

* For, after all the conviction which he himself had received fr
we know that his faith was still so infirm as to betray him into a shi
denial of his Master, whom he had seen so wonderfully glorified. Pa

Enough to lay all syllogizing trust
In bare conclusions only in the dust;
An ample proof that in a trying hour
Ev'n demonstration loses all its pow'r,
That, without grace and God's assisting hand
In time of need, no evidence can stand.

Suppose a person of the clearest head,
In Logic arts well grounded and well read,
If, with a selfish love to truth alone,
He arm himself with weapons all his own,
When a temptation comes, alas! how soon
The valiant reas'ner turns a mere poltroon!

Peter, tho' void of learning and of art,
Had a courageous, had an honest heart;
Had natural abilities, beyond
All those of which the critics are so fond;
Had hidden qualities beyond their ken;
They fish for words, he was to fish for men.
His faith in outward evidence was such
That Peter trusted to himself too much;
When his denial plainly was foretold,
What should have humbled made him grow more bold;
" Tho' all should be offended, yet not I;
" Not death itself shall tempt me to deny."

We see in him, Sir, what the utmost height
Of boasted reason, evidence, and light,
Of courage, honesty, and even *love*
Could do without assistance from above.
It could to humbler thoughts resist the call;
It proudly could prefer itself to all;
It could, in short, upon conclusions true
Do all that numbers upon false ones do—
Rest on itself, be confident, and bounce,
And, when the call to suff'ring came, renounce.

As human resolution, courage, skill,
Conviction, evidence, or what you will,
Can in their nature only reach so far
As things are subject to a human bar;
All these, tho' actuating Peter's zeal,
To Christian doctrine could not set the seal.
God-like humility, the sacred root
Whence ev'ry virtue branches into fruit,

Lays the foundation of the Christian life,
As reason governs that of human strife.
And I appeal, Sir, setting grace aside,
How oft is human reason human pride?
Human desire of victory or fame,
A Babel tow'ring to procure a name?
A self assurance, an untutor'd boast?
That can but form intention, at the most;
Which, tho' directed right, must humbly ask
Divine assistance to perform its task.

In this fail'd Peter; and a servant maid
Made him, with all his bold resolves, afraid;
With all his sure convictions, he began
To curse and swear, and did "not know the man,"
Till, for a lesson wondrously address'd
To sink full deep into his humbled breast,
The cock pronounc'd by an awak'ning crow
Peter the man, whom Peter did not know.

But how, Sir, did his coward speech betray
Doubt of his Maker's glorious display?
By what account in hist'ry are we taught
That e'er it came into his frighted thought?
Or since 'tis certain that he did deny,
What prophecy did he prefer thereby?
'Tis then a cold absurdity to draw
From Peter's weakness this pretended flaw,
To hint delusion in the god-like sight,
Because the man was put into a fright.
If from distrust of evidence his fears,
From whence his bitter, penitential tears?
Whence was it that the Holy Pris'ner shook
The soul of Peter with one gracious look?
No GLORY then to credit or distrust;
And yet the Apostle's penitence was just,
And he a lively proof, upon the whole,
That grace alone can fortify a soul.

'Tis urg'd, that, *on the other hand we find,*
With faith confirm'd and with enlighten'd mind,
After the mission of the Holy Ghost,
That argument which he apply'd the most
Was what he calls (for so the Doctor too
Takes here a vulgar error to be true)

This MORE SURE WORD OF PROPHECY, *the chief*
Of all his motives to enforce belief;
From whence he prov'd that Jesus was of old
*Descriv'd by all the prophets, and foretold.**

Peter's condition, Sir, is that of all
Who from the heart obey the Christian call.
They by experience have the triple sight
Of weakness, penitence, and heav'nly light;
While others wrangle about outward show,
Nature, and grace, and miracle they know.
Tho' not inspir'd, like Peter and th' Eleven,
Nor struck, like walking Paul, by voice from Heav'n,
They meet, what others foolishly evade,
The real mission of celestial aid;
Of which, howe'er the tokens are perceiv'd,
No faithful soul can ever be bereav'd.

What does the share of it that Peter had
To all the Doctor's forc'd refinements add?
Might not the Bishop justly give him back
Some compliments bestow'd in his attack?
Such as, *the nothing but an empty strain*
Of Rhet'ric, insignificant, and vain—
The choosing not to see of any theme
More than may suit his pre-adopted scheme—
The passing over what he should confute
With matters foreign to the main dispute—†
And such like flow'rs upon his pages thrown,
That, full as well, become the Doctor's own.

* We know on the other hand that after our Lord's ascension, when his faith was more fully confirmed, and his understanding enlightened by the mission of the Holy Ghost, the chief argument which he applied in all his sermons, to evince the truth of the gospel, was this "more sure word of prophecy," as he calls it; from which he demonstrated to the Jews how the character, doctrine, and mission of Jesus were foretold and described by the mouths of all their prophets. Page 56.

† Yet all this pomp of words, this solemn appeal to the whole college of the Apostles and Evangelists, is nothing else but an empty strain of rhetoric, without any argument or significancy in it whatsoever. Page 60. One would be apt to suspect, that his Lordship never chooses to see more of any subject than what may serve that particular hypothesis which he comes prepared to support. Page 34. It is this alone, which the nature of the subject required him to confute, and what he had undertaken to confute; but, instead, he changes the question upon us, and when we were expecting reasons, &c. Page 39.

For has the Bishop in his book deny'd
That prophecy was properly applied?
No; but that Peter did a thing so odd
As to prefer it to the voice of God.
This was the point requir'd to be explain'd
In contradiction to what he maintain'd,
That which the Doctor undertook to clear
And make the pref'rence of the Saint appear.
But while we look'd what reasons he would bring
For so incomprehensible a thing,
As common sense must reckon an appeal
From what th' Almighty should Himself reveal,
Shifting the circumstances, time, and place,
In short, the question, to another case,
He tells us not of prophecy preferr'd
To voice from heav'n which he had just averr'd,
But how the Saint apply'd in his discourse
Prophetic words to give the gospel force;
How Peter argued, from them, he relates,
And proves full well what nobody debates.
How gravely, Sir, from fallacy so crude
He prompts the amused reader to conclude
That any man, especially a Jew
As Peter was, might think the pref'rence due!
And what himself had heard th' Almighty speak
*Might be esteem'd comparatively weak!**

Under this mill-stone oft the struggling page
Bestirs itself, but cannot disengage.
At all events resolving to confute
(To use his Logic) *or at least dispute,*
Its author shews great spirit and great art,
And well performs the contradicting part;†
But in his subsequent remarks we find
How lamely confutation limps behind.

Fully resolv'd, and singly, to maintain
A paradox so quite against the grain,

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* I might now leave it to the reader to judge whether, in contradiction to what the Bishop maintains, a man in his wits, and especially a Jew, might not think prophecy a stronger argument in general, than a voice from Heaven which he himself had heard. Page 56.

† This was the ground of his Lordship's resolution to confute, or, at all events, to contradict them (the free-thinker's words) which last part he has performed with great spirit; but how far he has succeeded in the first will be seen in the following remarks. Page 29.

The learned Antithaumatist* must choose
Not to instruct his reader, but amuse,†
Whene'er he touches a prophetic clause
Not to illustrate, but perplex the cause,
To speak some truth that shews the favour'd side,
And that, which gives the whole connexion, hide.
Why else a total silence on the head
Of miracles in what St. Peter said?
How could recited prophecies alone
Prove to the Jews that Jesus was foreshewn,
Had there not been that other previous proof
To ev'ry thoughtful Jew in his behoof,
Had not such wond'rous facts struck up the light
That shew'd their application to be right?
Trace the quotations, Sir, that Peter made,
And see their force impartially display'd,
See what solution stated fact supplies,
Without contriv'd evasion or disguise.§

The first occasion which th' Apostle took
To cite a passage from a Prophet's book,
Was at that public, wonderful event
Upon the Blessed Spirit's first descent.
The faithful flock that met with one accord
To wait the gifts of their ascended Lord,
Soon as the tokens of His presence came,—
The sound celestial and the sacred flame,—
Began to speak, with holy ardour fir'd
In various hymns by Heav'n itself inspir'd.
This joyful voice of a diviner laud
Was spread through all Jerusalem abroad,
And pious Jews from ev'ry distant clime
Residing there,—that providential time!—
Devout epitome of all mankind,
Were drawn to witness that which God design'd.
His wondrous works as Galileans sung,
All understood the Spirit-utter'd tongue;

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* An opposer of wonders or miracles.

† *Speaking of the Bishop's work,* proper rather to perplex than to illustrate the notion of prophecy; and to amuse rather than instruct an inquisitive reader. Page 4.

§ Instead of contriving any evasive expedients or fanciful systems to elude the force of such objections, I thought it my duty to examine seriously and impartially what solution of them the subject itself, when fairly stated, would supply. Page 153.

Of language then was no confusion known,
Each heard this ONE, and heard it as HIS OWN.
God gave the word Himself, and all "the good"
Shar'd in the promis'd gift, and understood,
Tho' then astonish'd at the wondrous theme,
Prepar'd to spread it to the world's extreme.

Others insensible of Grace Divine,
Mock'd at its influence and talk'd of wine,
Themselves intoxicated with that pride
By which the deaf in spirit still deride.
'Twas then that Peter, standing up to shew
Th' absurd reproach, gave all of them to know
That what these mockers call'd a drunken fit
Was God's performance of what Joel writ
Of days then dawning, when he would impart
His gospel gifts to ev'ry faithful heart,
Pour out His Heav'nly Spirit, and refresh
Not only single nations, but "all flesh:"
All should partake, that would, of richer grace,
Now fully purchas'd for the human race.

For this was what St. Peter, then inspir'd,
Went on to shew, and argument requir'd.
The Jews all knew Messiah was to come,
That this of all prediction gave the sum;
The question was, if it had been fulfill'd
In Jesus, whom their wicked hands had kill'd?

Now, to prove this th' Apostle first applies
The miracles perform'd before their eyes;
God's approbation of him, he defines,
Was manifest by WONDERS and by SIGNS
Done in the midst of them.—See here the ground
Prepar'd, before he offer'd to expound,
By arguments of such immediate force,
So plain, so striking, that they must of course
Make, secondly, to such as should take heed
The word of prophecy more sure indeed.

And then he shews how the prophetic word
With its exact accomplishment concurr'd;
"What David had prophetically said
"Jesus fulfill'd in rising from the dead,

" Whereof we all are witnesses."—Here lay
The strength of all that any words could say;
When numbers present could the fact attest,
Thousands of souls th' *accomplish'd word* confess'd,
That this was He, the Lord, the Holy One,
Whom David fix'd his heart and hopes upon,
And so describ'd as only could agree
With Him, whose " flesh should no corruption see."
His resurrection, you perceive, it was
That shew'd the prophet's word now come to pass,
That made th' Apostle's intimation clear,—
" He shed forth this which we now see and hear."

Again,—when Peter had restor'd the lame
To perfect soundness in our Saviour's name,
He told the wond'ring throng that they had slain
The Prince of life whom God had rais'd again;
" Whereof we are the witnesses," says he,
Then shews how all the prophecies agree,—
" All have successively foretold these days,
" And mark'd THE PROPHET whom the Lord should raise."

So when the priests and Sadducees aggriev'd
That such increasing multitudes believ'd,
Ask'd by what pow'r he acted,—Peter said,
" By that of Jesus risen from the dead,
" By Him this healing miracle is wrought;"
Then quotes, " the Stone which ye have set at nought,
" On this, rejected by the builders' hands,
" As a sure basis, all salvation stands."
No priest was then so impotently skill'd
As to suggest the passage unfulfill'd;
All by the wondrous cure were overcome,
The living proof was there and struck them dumb.

In vain a council then, as well as now,
To silence miracles or disavow.
Peter and John could neither be deterr'd,
They needs must speak what they had seen and heard.
Nor charge, nor chains, nor meditated death
Could stop to God's commands th' obedient breath;
His final argument still Peter brings,
" We are His witnesses of all these things."

This you may read, Sir, was the real path
That Peter trod in his confirmed faith,
That all the preachers of the Gospel trod
When they explain'd the oracles of God,
Preach'd what themselves without a learned strife,
"Saw, heard, and handled of the WORD OF LIFE,"
When in their days so mightily it grew
And wrought such proofs that prophecy was true.
Which tho' it pointed to the future scene,
And oft prefigur'd the Messiah's reign,
Yet gave a light comparatively dim,
That ow'd its shining certainty to Him.

Thus, Sir,—to come directly to the text
With which the critics are so much perplex'd,
Whereof the real meaning, fairly trac'd,
Lays heaps of paper, printed on it, waste;—
Had they adverted that St. Peter still
From what he saw upon the holy hill,
Argues Apostles not to have surmis'd,
Or follow'd fables cunningly devis'd;
But to have witness'd only what they knew
From their own sight and hearing to be true,
And to have justly gathered from thence
The sure completion of prophetic sense;
To which the Jews did rightly to attend
Till they themselves should see it in the end.
Had they consider'd this, they would have found
Of all their wide perplexities the ground,
Have soon perceiv'd that, in the various brawl,
A wrong translation was the cause of all.

Peter makes no comparison between
Prophetic word and what himself had seen,
As if he thought the vision in the mount
Less sure to him upon his own account.
This is a stretch by which the Doctor meant
*Of public patience, sure, to try th' extent;**

* But, to say the truth, I have never observed a stranger instance of the public patience, and blind deference to the authority of a great name, than in the case of these very discourses; which, though in all parts greatly exceptionable, and furnishing matter of offence in every page, have yet passed through many editions not only without reproof, but with some degree even of approbation. And it was the experience, perhaps, of what the world would bear, which made his Lordship resolve

Or,—still to copy so polite a clown,—
To try how far his NONSENSE *would go down.*
To say the truth, his pages indevout
Have furnish'd matter of offence throughout;
But here, from knowing what the world would bear,
Grown without ceremony quite severe,
He would oblige his readers to admit
A thing that shocks a *plain*, or *critic* wit,—
That dark, old prophecy, in Peter's choice,
Was held more sure than God's immediate voice;—
They must admit, or else they must be weak,
Something more sure than truth itself could speak.

Nor does St. Peter, as the learned gloze,*
Speaking to *Jewish converts*, here suppose
That they would think comparative distrust
Of an Apostle's own experience just:
No true construction of the text can guide
To such suspicion, Sir, on either side.

His words import directly, if you seek
Their genuine meaning in the Vulgate Greek,
And mind the previously related scene,—
His words, I say, most evidently mean,
" We saw the glory, heard the voice, and thus
" Have the prophetic word made sure to us;
" Which ye do well to follow as a spark
" That spreads a ray through places that are dark,
" Till ye with us enjoy the perfect light,
" And want no prophecies to set you right."

An English reader may be led, indeed,
To think that, as th' Apostle's words proceed
With—" we have also"—it was something more,
Some surer proof than what had gone before.
But " also," tho' without Italics read,
Is an addition to what Peter said;

withdraw his preface, and to treat us no longer with any ceremony; ving seen that, notwithstanding the consciousness which he had decla- d of being in the wrong, the public was still disposed to think him in e right, and that his nonsense would go down with them without giv- g him the trouble of making an excuse for it. Page 8.

* Insinuate.

It only shews how our translation fail'd,
And made the blunder that has since prevail'd;
Which, tho', sufficiently provok'd to mend,
The learned still choose rather to defend.

A writer,—whose freethinking schemes incite
The Bishop and the Doctor both to write,
Who had, it seems, in prophecies a rule
First to extol, and then to ridicule,—
Took, Sir, his stand on this corrupted place,
From whence he both might heighten and disgrace;
One point the vulgar error gain'd alone,
While for the other he employ'd his own.
Ingenious authors answer'd him apace,
But got no triumph in this knotty place;
Good sense oblig'd them wholly to reject
St. Peter's pref'rence in his own respect;
Collins himself th' absurdity forbore;
That height was left for Middleton to soar.
But still some other they suppos'd there was,
Something that prophecy must needs surpass.
What it was not they easily could see,
But what it was, scarce two of them agree.
Intent some kind of pref'rence to provide
Which "also" plainly, and "more sure" imply'd,
All by an error, (which the simple thought
Of construing right had rectify'd) were caught.

In this mistake the Bishop too has shar'd
*Asserting prophecy indeed compar'd,**
And by St. Peter to the voice preferr'd
Which he himself upon the mount had heard.
Yet not, says he, *as that freethinker meant;*
The words relate but to that one event
Which stands upon prophetical record,
To wit, the glorious coming of our Lord.

* His Lordship's exposition of the text is this; that the word of prophecy is compared, indeed, and preferred here by St. Peter to the evidence of that heavenly voice, which he himself had heard in the mount, yet not, as that freethinking author imagines, on the account of its being a surer proof or better argument for the general truth of the Gospel, but only for the particular article of *Christ's coming again in glory*, to which case alone the comparison relates: for, with regard to the truth of the gospel Peter is so far from speaking of prophecy in this place as the best evidence, that he manifestly speaks of it as not the best. Page 29.

But, one or all, to make a surer word
Then heav'nly demonstration, is absurd,
And glaring in the instance that he chose,
Because that coming, as the context shews,
Was of such majesty as Peter knew
That Christ was really cloth'd with in his view;
And therefore could not possibly say "WE
"Have also something surer than TO SEE;
"WE were EYE-WITNESSES of what we preach,
"Yet think *more certain* what the Prophets teach."

He contradicts,—in splitting on the shelf
Of our translation,—Peter and himself;
The Saint, by such restriction of his own
As was by him unthought of and unknown;
Himself, who says that Peter in this place,
Admitting Gospel truth to be the case,
Far from preferring the prophetic test,
Has manifestly said 'twas not the best.

And of all Gospel truths that you can name
This *glorious coming* is the one great aim,
The sum and substance, with respect to man,
Of heav'nly purpose since the world began.
Divine intention could no more have been
For Christ to *suffer*, them for man *to sin*;
Tho', since that fatal accident befel,
Incarnate Love would save him from a hell.
Whereas his *glorious reign* amongst mankind
Might from their first existence be design'd;
And, since his suff'ring, saving advent past,
What sense of justice can deny the last?
"His reigning glory," were the prophets dumb,
All things in nature cry aloud "will come."

Besides, what better does the text afford,
To any tolerable sense restor'd,
(Compare, prefer, or construe how you will)
Than that Divine Appearance on the hill?
That ascertaining in a heav'nly light
Our Saviour's glory by a present sight?
That record, which the Father thereupon
Gave of his Son to Peter, James, and John?
So full of proofs that, let what will be chief,
Doubt is too near akin to disbelief.

The Doctor says, '*tis surely no offence*
To true religion, or to common sense,
To think that, tracing circumstances out,
*Perplex'd Apostles might be left in doubt:**
A serious reader, yet, may think it is
From one plain circumstance, and it is this,—
When they descended from the sacred place
After partaking of this heav'nly grace,
Our Saviour charg'd them that they should not tell
To any man the vision that befel,
Till He Himself was risen from the dead.
The vision, then, (if He knew what He said)
Was true and real; while, if you complete
The Doctor's hints of *possible deceit*,
To give his rash reflections any force
Our Lord Himself must be deceiv'd, or worse:
Such things would follow,—but the horrid train
Is too offensive, even to explain.

In fine, these comments which the learned make
On Peter's words are owing to mistake;
Those which the Doctor has been pleas'd to frame
Upon his whole behaviour are the same.
Nor is more learning needful in the case
Than to consult the untranslated place:
The phrase, you'll see, asserts what I assert,
And leaves no critic room to controvert.
Grotius, whose paraphrase the Doctor quotes,
Gives it this meaning in his learned notes,—
The word of prophecy we all allow
To be of great authority, but now
With us much greater, who have seen th' event
So aptly correspond with its intent.†
This paves the way to a becoming sense,
And overthrows our author's vain pretence—
Vain art and pains employ'd upon the theme,
To dress up an imaginary scheme,

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* It is no offence surely, either to reason or religion, to imagin this wonderful apparition, &c. before quoted in page 152. Page

† And Grotius paraphrases the same words, as if the Apostle ha *The word of prophecy had always great authority with us, but now greater, after we have seen the events correspond so aptly with the pro concerning the Messiah.* Page 32.

Of which, the whole New Testament around,
*Nor foot, nor footstep, Sir, is to be found.**

Tradition—tho' of Apostolic kind,
Such as was Enoch's prophecy—you find
Contemptuously call'd, *I know not what!*†
Tho' by St. Jude so plainly pointed at.
Because, if Jude's authority be good
Prophets existed long before the flood.
That glorious advent, set so oft in view
Both in the ancient scriptures and the new,
Of Him, who first was promis'd at the fall,
Hope of all ages, was foretold in all.
If Enoch and if Noah preach'd away,
Was Adam, think you, silent in his day?
Had he no loss to tell his children then?
No saving righteousness to preach to men?
Did God ordain two Saviours in the case
Of *ante* and of *post-diluvian* race?
Let oral mention or let written fail,
If good,—that is, if Christian—sense prevail,
It never can permit us to reject
Consistency of truth for their defect.
One God, one Saviour, and one Spirit still
Recur, let book-worms reason as they will.
Whatever saves a man from being curst,
What man can say "God hid it from the first?"
Or if he does, and talks as if he knew,
Will want of *writings* prove that he says true?
With or without *them* fancy can take aim,
If wanting, triumph,—or if not, disclaim;
Let *them* abound, no miracles make out,—
Let *them* be silent, make Apostles doubt.

The two main pillars of his whole discourse,
Whereon the Doctor seems to rest its force,
And begs the reader, Sir, to recollect
In his conclusion are to this effect,—
That gospel proofs on prophecies rely'd,

* I found much art and pains employed (by the Bishop) to dress up an imaginary scheme, of which I had not discovered the least trace in any of the four gospels. Page 4.

† Nor do they (the Apostles) refer us for the evidences of our faith to know not what prophecies of Enoch. Page 18.

Singly and independently apply'd;
And that the first, from whom its preachers draw
*Their proof of Christ, is Moses in the law.**
Both which St. Peter's evidence again
Shews to be slips of his too hasty pen;
For when th' Apostle at the temple gate
Restor'd the cripple to a perfect state,
And took occasion from the healed lame
To preach the Gospel in our Saviour's name,
Thus he bespake the people that stood by,—
" God by the mouth,"—(observe the sacred tie)—
" Of all his prophets hath foreshewn His Son
" Jesus, by whom this miracle is done."
Which of them singly then did Peter cite?
What independency where all unite,
Where all predicted as one Spirit bid
That Christ should suffer as he really did?—

" And enter into glory"—for, that next
The preacher speaks to, in the following text;
Where in his exhortation to repent,
" Jesus," he tells them, " shall again be sent;
" Heav'ns must receive mankind's appointed head,
" Till time hath done whatever God hath said,
" By all His prophets since the world began:"—
For so the sense, without curtailing, ran,
Of which the Doctor, quoting but a part,
Has yet dissolv'd the charm of all his art,
Since all the prophets—let the world begin
With Moses, if he will—are taken in;
And, join'd together, must, whate'er he thinks,
Produce a chain, however few the links.

'Tis true he afterwards begins to quote,
And first " the Prophet of whom Moses wrote;"
Adding, " that all who in succession came
" Had likewise spoken of the very same:"
" The same"—see how prophetic words conspire—
God's Own, predicted to the Jewish Sire,—
" And in thy seed," so Peter's words attest,
" Shall all the kindreds of the earth be blest."
Proofs of our Saviour Christ you see him draw
From *in*, from *after*, from *before* the law.

* See quotation, Page 175.

What can be said in answer, Sir, to this?
The fact is plain, tho' Peter judg'd amiss;
For, *such defect* (he scruples not to own)
Collins against th' Evangelist has shewn:
The very Gospels have some proofs assign'd
*Of loose, precarious, and uncertain kind.**
This unbeliever,—in the shocking terms,
In which his cause a Clergyman confirms,—
Has arguments unanswerably strong
To prove their manner of applying wrong:
Altho', whatever difficulties lie
Against the way wherein they shall apply,
It is the best, which, of all other ways,
The case affords;—so runs his rev'rend phrase.
So Deist and Divine, but both in vain,
Seek to unfasten the prophetic chain.

Should the New Testament be treated so
By one whose character we did not know,
Might not the language miss its aim'd effect,
And rather tempt the reader to suspect
That some presumptuous mocker and self-will'd
Had Enoch's, Jude's, and Peter's words fulfill'd?

To clear a tortur'd passage from abuse
This good effect may possibly produce,
That when a writer of the modern mode
Shall cast reflections on the Sacred Code,
Men will not, merely upon sudden trust
In bold assertions, take them to be just;
Since it may be that he has only made
Of great mistakes a critical parade;
Has only spoken evil of those things,

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* From these two observations it follows, that, whatever difficulties may be charged to the particular applications of prophecies which are found in the New Testament, yet, on the whole, that way of applying them must be esteemed by Christians as the best which the case affords; and that the authority of the Gospel, as far as it is grounded on prophecy, rests on those single and independent predictions, which are delivered occasionally here and there in the law and the prophets. It must be confessed, however, that the author, against whom the Bishop's discourses are levelled, has alleged several strong and even unanswerable objections to some of them, which are cited by the Evangelists in proof the mission of Jesus, as being of too loose and precarious a nature to build any solid argument upon. Page 151

Of which he does not really know the springs;
Has met with matters high above his reach,
And, scorning to be taught, presum'd to teach,
Raising about them an affected cry
That ends in nothing but a " Who but I?"

Bare prophecy, the Doctor has profess'd,*
Admits completion only for its test;
Th' event foretold by it must also be
What human prudence never could foresee,
Nor human pow'r produce; or else no sign
Could thence appear of Agency Divine.

Prophecy then, as his descriptions own,
Can be made sure by miracles alone;
It is, what he himself is pleas'd to call,
While unfulfill'd, no evidence at all.
How is it then, in his repeated term,
Of standing evidence more sure and firm?
How is this consonant to standing still,
As none at all, till miracles fulfil?
If it has none till they are overpast,
Is not the evidence from them at last?
From them prophetic word, before obscure,
Becomes an evidence confirm'd and sure;
Its truth is first demonstrated, and then
Reflects its light on miracles again.

A hungry question, therefore, to inquire,
Of two great proofs that actually conspire
" Which is the best?"—when with united light
They both produce an evidence so bright.
But *the freethinker with a crafty view*,
(If what his learn'd assistant says be true)†

* Whereas a bare prophecy, delivered as the proof of a Divine character in any person or doctrine, is incapable of any persuasive force or of giving any sort of conviction until it be accomplished; the completion of it being the sole test by which its veracity can be determined. The event likewise foretold by it must be of a kind which neither human prudence could foresee, nor human power produce; for otherwise it could not give any assurance of a Divine interposition. Page 40.

† As far as these words go there is certainly nothing in them but what a sincere advocate of the Gospel might freely allow and join issue upon; but they come from an enemy, who had a crafty view in extolling the credit of prophecy, in order to depress it afterwards the more effectually. And this was the ground of his Lordship's resolution to confute, or, at all events, to contradict them, &c. Page 29.

Had rais'd prophetic credit to excess,
In order more securely to depress;
And for this cause his Lordship undertook
To write, it seems, at all events, a book.

This being, then, the motive which he had,
A reader asks—"what is there in it bad?"—
With what decorum does a priest accuse
A Bishop writing against crafty views,
Views of an enemy to Gospel truth?
Is the defending of him less uncouth?
Does such defence, with such a rudeness writ,
The Priest, the Bishop, or the cause befit?
So interlarded with that loose reproach
Which want of argument is wont to broach,
So deeply ting'd the Ciceronian style
With what the critics commonly call bile,
That they, who thought it worth their while to seek
The author's motive, judg'd it to be pique.

Soon as you enter on the work, you see
An instant sample what the whole will be;
First, *being jealous of the Bishop's views,*
His book for years he dar'd not to peruse,
Afraid to trust so eminent a guide
*For fear his judgment should be warp'd aside:**
Tho' quite secure, *for he had ever found*
Authority to be a treach'rous ground;
And even this, this capital affair,
That was to lead his judgment to a snare,
He found—and just as he expected too
Who fear'd before a bias from his view,—
When graciously inclin'd to see it since,
Quite of a kind that never CAN CONVINCE;
Which, to be sure, afforded reason good
To write a book against it, lest it SHOULD.

* I knew his Lordship also to be eminently qualified to dress up any bject into any form which would best serve his own views, and was ious of warping my judgment by some bias which his authority might apt to imprint: for, so far as my experience had reached, I had ever nd authority a treacherous guide to a searcher after truth. Page 8. on this task I soon after entered, and found this capital work of his rdship's to be just such as I expected, exhibiting a species of reason- ; peculiar to himself, ever subtle and refined, yet never convincing. ge 4.

Had any other author, less polite,
With vulgar phrase attempted thus to write,
And thus begun so fine a scheme to spin,
The reas'ners of this world had broken in,
*Rudely unravell'd all his fine-spun scheme,**
And sent him forth to seek another theme.

How suited this to any good design
That should engage a Christian, a Divine?
But what are names, if not *a single one*
Be worth regard for sixteen ages gone?
If to inquire what any of them say,
Be, as he thinks, *but wasting time away?*†
Himself excepted in the modest creed,
Unless he writes for nobody to read.

Sure of all treach'rous guides the greatest cheat
Is that of wild unchristian self-conceit:
Possess'd by this domestic, inbred pride,
The wise free-thinkers scorn the name of guide.
Their own sufficiency with eyes their own
Clearly beheld, they trust to that alone;
Resolv'd no other maxims to imbibe
Than what THEIR REASON and THEIR SENSE prescribe;
That is, THEMSELVES—for what a man calls HIS
In such a case is really what HE IS:
Choose how refin'd an egotist may be
HIS reason, judgment, mind, and sense is HE.
In such confinement if he sits enthrall'd,
No matter by what title he is call'd,
Blind as a Sadducee to heav'nly light,
He *will* believe HIS OWN CONCEPTIONS right;
No PROPHECY to him can seem more sure,
Nor MIRACLE ATTESTED work his cure.
THAT of conversion from his own dark mind
Must first convince him that he once was blind;

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* But his Lordship being apprehensive that the reasoners of this world might break in upon him, and rudely unravel his fine-spun scheme.—— Page 106.

† I thought it an idle curiosity and waste of time to inquire what any modern Divine had preached or written about it (viz. the nature of prophecy) because the whole that can be known authentically, concerning its relation to Christianity, must be learned from those who first planted Christianity, and were instructed by the Author of it on what foundation it rested, and how far the argument of prophecy was useful to its propagation and support. Page 3.

Then may he see with salutary grief
The dire effects of wretched unbelief;
Looser, and yet more loose from sacred ties,
To what strange heights a self-taught Sophist flies.

Friendship to Doctor Middleton sincere
Must, if exerted, wish him to forbear
A kind of writing on the Christian cause,
That gains him no desirable applause,
That, whether meant or not, may unawares
Involve a reader in free-thinking snares;
Involve himself.—If frequent the relapse,
A TEACHER OF DIVINITY, perhaps,
May run the risk of being quite bereft,
Of having nothing but the HABIT left.

May that, which teaches rightly to divide
The word of truth, be his petition'd guide!
Or, if resolv'd at present to pursue,
At future leisure, a mistaken clue,
May future leisure—an uncertain date—
If granted, find him in a better state!

FOUR EPISTLES

To the Rev. Mr. Lancaster, late Vicar of Bowden,

ON THE

MIRACLE AT THE FEAST OF PENTECOST.

Our author here repeats, and endeavours to support a sentiment which is mentioned by him, Page 165, 166. *He thinks, and brings very plausible reasons for maintaining, that the extraordinary effusion of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost, in the gift of tongues, did not consist in the communication to the Apostles of a miraculous power to utter different languages; but in bestowing on Parthians, Medes, Elamites, and others, a capacity for understanding that one tongue used on the solemn occasion, which was accompanied with such an anointing of the Holy One, that it may with great propriety receive the appellation of the universal language of spiritual Canaanites on that day. The first intimation which he had of it was from Jacob Behmens' writings, of which he was an enthusiastic admirer.*

OUR folks gone a visiting, Reverend Sir,
Having left me at home here, less able to stir,
I am thinking on matters that lovingly pass'd
Where the squire of the house and I visited last,

At the Vicar's of Bowden, old friend of us two,
And a lover of learning, fair, honest, and true,
Especially such as shall make to appear
Any passage of Scripture more easy and clear.

The Scripture was writ and is oft understood
By persons unlearned, yet pious and good,
Who have much better helps than mere learning can yield;
Which may yet be of use in its own proper field,
If it be but to mend its own faults in a brother,
And correct in one man the mistakes of another,
Or to combat our scruples and fix a true thought
When the head shall confirm what the heart has been taugh

One thing, I remember, that fell in our way
Was " the speaking in tongues on the Pentecost day;"
Which our friend the Divine had conceiv'd in a light,
That, however so thought, does not seem to be right.
All the comments, 'tis true, with which one has met
Concur with his notions about it;—but yet
The mistake is so plain that I wish by some means
To obtain his review of those wonderful scenes.

It is not my thought; for I first was appriz'd
Of the thing by a JACOB, too greatly despis'd;
Dipping into whose writings, which little I knew,
Some expression like this was presented to view,—
All languages spoken by PETER *in one*—
A truth, which the moment I enter'd upon,
All the force of simplicity, fitness, and fact
Extorted assent that I could not retract.

If the honest old Vicar, our visited friend,
To St. Luke's own account will be pleas'd to attend,
I cannot but think that the current conceit
Will yield to solution so clear and complete
Of a number of difficult points, that arise
Upon viewing the text with unprejudic'd eyes;
If SPEAKERS were more than Apostles, and SPOKEN
But to one in fifteen was a sensible token.

For the names to that number, if rightly I count
By a Baguly Bible, of nations amount,
Who all understood what a Peter or John,
Or whoever he will, was discoursing upon,

And to all at one time; for, how plain to be seen
That persons nor place could admit of fifteen,
When Parthians, and Medes, Elamites, and the rest,
Must be too intermix'd to be singly address'd!

" Are not these,"—said the men, the devout of each land,—
" Galileans that speak, whom we all understand?"
As much as to say,—" by what wonderful pow'rs
" Does the tongue Galilean to us become ours?"
While the good were so justly astonish'd, the bad
Whose hearts were unopen'd cry'd out, " they are mad!"
Unaccountable charge! if we do not recall
That in one single tongue the Apostles spake all.

For, separate speakers and tongues, it is clear,
Good and bad without madness might equally hear;
And surprise in the bad would be equally keen,
How illiterate men could speak all the fifteen.
But the miracle wrought in the simplest of ways
In both good and bad well accounts for amaze;
One was sensibly touch'd with a gift so Divine,
One stupidly rais'd the reproach of " new wine."

When St. Peter stood up, and to all that great throng
Shew'd the truth in a sermon so good and so long,
But to one fifteenth part was it only then shewn?
To the worst, the Jerusalem scoffers alone,
Whilst all the good strangers, not knowing one word,
Stood unedify'd by?—This is greatly absurd.
God pour'd out his Spirit,—that answers all mock,—
And spake by St. Peter to the whole of his flock.

The vulgar objection, which commenting strain
Has made to a thing so exceedingly plain,
Is " the miracle then would not be in the speaker,
" It would be in the hearers;"—now, what can be weaker?
For the gift in this case had a twofold respect,
And must needs be in both to produce its effect,
To account for the fact which the comments forgot,
Why the pious could hear what the mockers could not.

It is no where affirm'd that th' Apostles acquir'd
Any tongue but their own, tho' Divinely inspir'd.

St. Peter, St. John are soon mention'd again,
And describ'd as unlearned and ignorant men.
But enough!—or too much!—for, the shortness of time
Gives a hint to set bounds to th' extension of rhyme:
Our friend will acknowledge, tho' hasty the letter,
This question's solution, or give us a better.

So I shall not here touch upon Hebrew and Greek,
Where a Rabbi so able, if minded to seek,
May observe other points in which learning, that makes
Many things clear enough, has occasion'd mistakes.
Whether this be one instance I only desire
That a suitable leisure may prompt to inquire;
For to me it appears,—that the miracle done
Was all by one language,—as clear as the sun.

Baguley, August 12th 1756

EPISTLE SECOND.

MANY thanks have been order'd this day to attend
The receipt of your letter, dear Vicar and friend;
Which at first being left to your leisure to frame,
Was sure to be welcome whenever it came.
The point, which the Muse had a mind to propose
In her free-spoken rhymes, you have handled in prose;
All fair on both sides, because, say it or sing,
In this affair truth is the principal thing.

But I cannot but marvel that much better sight
Than my own should not see so meridian a light
As that of the speaking, at Pentecost time,
By the Spirit of God, to the good of each clime,
In one single tongue by that Spirit inspir'd,
Whose assistance did all that could then be requir'd;
Whose power, it is certain, could make itself known
By a number of tongues, or by one tongue alone.

So needless the many, so simple the one,
That I wonder what judgment can hesitate on,
Or a learned inquiry that finds, if it seek,
That the tongue might be one in construction of Greek;

Which, as comma takes place, (as old Gregory said,
Nazianzen I think) either way may be read,—
" They speak in our tongues," or, as crystaline clear
The fact is to my understanding, " we hear."

I sent you some reasons from Baguley, why
The tongue was but one, which you choose to pass by,
And to comment St. Luke in a many-tongu'd way
That darkens the light which I took to be day.
And day it is still; for, account that you give
So plain and so obvious is water in sieve;
Which seems to be something at first-looking view,
But by holes *plain and obvious* it quickly runs through.

The tongues which appear'd, and which sat upon each,
All cloven and fiery, you argue,* *may teach,*
And by notice symbolical make it discern'd,
That they spake in such tongues as they never had learn'd.
Need I tell a Hebræan that tongue is the same
In relation to fire as the English word flame?
Which appears to be cloven, and proof, that is spun
From the tongues or the flames, has too much of the pun.

When you ask, *Pray, what reason can else be assign'd*
For tongues? I ask you, " Pray, what reason for wind?"
Not to shun a fair question; but tongue being flame
May have answer'd already your questioning aim.
I think that an air, that a flame from above
Both is and betokens the life and the love,
Which if Christians were blest with, one language would do,
And their whole body fill'd with, there could not be two.

But let them be symbols, (the tongues) if you will,
Of the grace which the Spirit was pleas'd to instil,
His gift is as good, if, in speaking their own,
Men made the same truth in all languages known.

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* The cloven tongues like fire which sat upon each of the persons mentioned (Acts 1. 15.) were a plain symbolical notice, that by the Holy Ghost, with which they were then baptized, they should be endowed, for the propagation of the Gospel in all nations, with divers languages. If this is not the case, pray what reason can be assigned why there could be an appearance of fiery tongues divided, and sitting upon each of the Apostles and disciples? *Rev. Mr. Lancaster's letter to the author.*

This effect you will grant the good gift to intend;
Now, supposing two ways of attaining one end,
Is that explication less likely or just,
Which takes the more simple, more plainly august?

Your account is quite new in one thing that I meet,
That is, *that the speakers went into the street,*
Or went out of the house to the multitude met,—*
For, of this going out I have never read yet;
Or if ever I did, have forgotten the book,
And can find nothing said in th' account of St. Luke,
But what should imply both profane and devout
Coming into the house, and not them to go out.

May one ask what authority, then, you have got
For the scene and succession, which here you allot
To the speaking disciples, in number fifteen,
By an order well fancied, but not to be seen
In the Acts, or elsewhere the New Testament through?
Nor—(what I shall just give a hint of to you—)
Will you find an Apostle, not even a Paul,
In a tongue, not his own, ever preaching at all.

I agree that *the mockers who mock'd with the throng,*
Knew only their vulgar Jerusalem tongue;†
But when you say farther, what cannot but strike,
That the nations too all understood it alike,
Your order'd confusion of speaking a store
To a crowd out of doors is more puzzling and more.
In the midst of such darkness if you can see light,
You need not complain of the need of eye-sight.‡

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* The Apostles and Disciples, upon the rumour of what had happened being spread abroad, by those of the house in which they were assembled, went out to the multitude, whom such a report had brought together; and then in order, first one of them in one language and then another of them in another, and so on till all the languages of the nations specified were used, addressed the multitude; who hearing illiterate Galileans speaking after such a manner to each different class amongst them in their own proper language in which they were born, were amazed and confounded. *Mr. L.'s letter.*

† The mockers appear to be such as understood the Jewish language. St. Peter's speech beginning (Acts 2. 14.) is addressed to all the multitude, and, as being so, is spoken in the Jewish language, which all of them, tho' of different nations, understood. *Mr. L.'s letter.*

‡ A much greater complaint than this I have to make, and that is want of eyesight; for what appears to you as clear as the sun does not appear to me clear at all. *Mr. L.'s letter.*

Thus, my dear old acquaintance, I run thro' your plan,
And defend my conviction as well as I can.
As to what a Bengelius or Wesley* may raise
From Twelve Hundred and Sixty prophetical days,
As the book is not here, if it otherwise could,
My skill in the German can do you no good;
But the part that you mention, my author foretells,
Will be put in our tongue by a Doctor at Wells.

So writes younger Wesley, who call'd here and din'd;
And to him I subscrib'd for it,—tho', in my mind,
What prophets have written 'tis learning in vain,
Without some prophetical gift, to explain;
Nay, in points that are clear beyond any fair doubt,
It is fifteen to one that the learned are out.
This ratio I find in one instance is true;
Excuse the presumption.—Dear Vicar, adieu!

EPISTLE THIRD.

I HOPE that the Vicar will pardon the haste
With which an occasion once more is embrac'd
Of getting some knowledge, in points that I seek,
From one so well vers'd both in Hebrew and Greek,
In a question of fact, where a friendly pursuit
Has *the truth* for its object, and not *the dispute:*
Which, tho' haste should encroach upon metrical leisure,
Will be sure, if it rise, to be kept within measure.

It would save much voluminous labour sometimes,
If disputes were tied down to dispassionate rhymes,
As well as to reason.—But, not to digress,
Having weigh'd his responses both larger and less,
I resume the same subject, same freedom of pen,
To intreat for some small satisfaction again
In relation to points, which, appearing absurd,
Have extorted poetical favour the third.

---

*The Rev. John Wesley, in his explanation of the New Testament, this published, says that the 1260 prophetical days in the Revelations ot, as some have supposed, 1260, but 777 common years; and that gelius in his German Introduction has shewn this at large. You rstand the German language, and therefore, if Bengelius be in your ry, I desire in a few lines you will let me know how he makes this *Mr. L.'s letter.*

Three things are laid down in prose favour the last,*
And regard to his thoughts would have none of them past;
To his first it was paid, to his future shall be;
But let "Veritas magis amica"† be free.
First *manage the comma*, says he, *how you will*,
SPEAK, *or* HEAR, *the same sense will result from it still:*
Yes, the sense of the context, λαλούντων αὐτῶν,‡
"While they speak in *their tongue*, we all hear in *our own*."

The Hebrew word לָשׁוֹן,§ *or* TONGUE, says he next,
Whene'er it is us'd by itself in a text,
Never signifies fire, never signifies flame,
And, believing it true, I say also the same.
But in joint אֵשׁ לָשׁוֹן,‖ *tongue of fire*, or a *blaze*,
Foreign languages claim no symbolical phrase;
Tho' *tongue* may occasion mistake to befal,
It has here no relation to language at all.

Short issue, he thinks, *the dispute will admit*,
And desires me *to answer this query, to wit,—*
Were the tongues, the new tongues, which a promise was made
That Disciples should speak, as St. Mark hath display'd,
New languages, such as have never been got
By learning beforehand to speak them, or not?
To which for the present, till somebody shew
That it must have this meaning, my answer is, "no."

Now this, if he can, I could wish he would do,
And prove the construction—NEW LANGUAGES—true,
In the sense that he means:—for, when all understood
One person who spake, it was really as good
As if numbers had spoken, or promised grace
Were interpreted languages here in this place.

---

* You send me to Hebrew and Greek, and the result of my inquir is, however the comma be managed in the verse you mean, (Acts 2. 11. the sense is the same; and that לָשׁוֹן, when used by itself, never signifies fire or flame. And therefore, to bring the dispute to a short issue I desire your answer to the following query:—Were the new tongues with which our Saviour (Mark 16. 17.) promised his disciples should speak, new languages, that is, such as they had never learned, or not?—*Mr. L.'s letter.*

† Truth yet a greater friend. ‡ Lalountoon autoon. § Lashon.
‖ Lashon esh.

The effect was the same, and may answer the pith
Of all that his second has favour'd me with.

Still difficult, then, if we carefully sift,
Is the vulgar account of the Pentecost gift,
Which the learned advance, and establish thereon
What the Vicar has built his ideas upon,
With additions thereto, which, as far as I see,
Not one of the learned has added, but he;
For example,—if some,—very few, I presume,
Have describ'd the Disciples as quitting the room.

But let them be many, what reason, what trace
Do we find of their leaving the sanctify'd place?
Of a wind from above did they fear at the shake?
And the house, thro' a doubt of its falling, forsake?
Or did they go forth to the gathering quire,
Lest the many bright flames should have set it on fire?
If a thought could have enter'd of going away,
What circumstance was not strong motive to stay?

Then again—*that the foreigners, all of them, knew*
The language then us'd at Jerusalem too—
For the miracle's sake one would here have demurr'd;
Which is render'd so needless, improper, absurd,
That Jerusalem mockers would really have had
A pretence to alledge that the pious were mad;
For of speaking strange tongues what accountable aim,
Or of hearing fifteen, when they all knew the same?

Add to this—*the Disciples, the Hundred and Twenty,*
Spake amongst one another strange tongues in like plenty,
One by one, says the Vicar, who very well saw
What confusion would rise without some such a law
As the text has no hint of, which says "they began
"To speak by the Spirit," not *man after man:*
Could time have suffic'd for so doing, yet why
Speak the tongues of such men, as were none of them by?

The Vicar saw too that this could not attract
Any multitude thither, supposing it fact;
And so he conceiv'd that *a rumour was spread*
By the men of the house, of whom nothing is said.
Now, when men of his learning are forc'd to find out
Such unchronicled salvos to dissipate doubt,

One is apt to infer a well grounded suspense,
And the more to look out for more natural sense.

I wish my old friend would consider the case,
And how ill it consists with effusion of grace
To speak Parthian and Median, and so of the rest,
To none but themselves being present address'd:
Unless he can grant, on revolving the point,
That indeed there is something not rightly in joint,
Or solve one's objections, or shew one the way.
How to clear up the matter.—What can a man say?

EPISTLE FOURTH.

I HAVE with attention, dear Vicar, repass'd
Your obliging reply to the lines in my last;
Am sorry 'tis final, yet cannot but say
That your patience to hear me, has gone a great way,
And extinguish'd all right to require any more,
If I put you to prove *two and two to make four*,*
Very difficult task!—as one cannot deny,
When there's nothing more plain to demonstrate it by.

But if *two and two*, *four*, I am thinking, has claim
To self evident truth, has this comment the same?
The new tongues, which are mention'd in promising pag
Are the old ones subsisting for many an age:
Is it really as plain, as that four is twice two,
That in no other sense they could ever be new,
But as new to the speaker,—John, Peter, or Paul,—
While the tongues in themselves had no *newness* at all?

Were this a true thesis, and right to maintain,
Yet "two halves are one whole" is, however, more pl
Till the proof which is wanted shall make it appear
How the two propositions are equally clear.

---

* Your answer to the query, "were the tongues, which our Sav
"promised his disciples (Mark 16. 17.) they should speak with, such
"guages as they then knew not?"---is, "no." This is doing things to
purpose, a bold Alexandrian stroke; and I am put upon the diffi
task of shewing that two and two make four. *Mr. L.'s letter.*

This proof may be had from the Chapter, you say,
Which relates what was done on the Pentecost day,—
The best of all proofs;—but, to do the fair thing,
Give me leave to examine what reasons you bring.

That γλώσσαι‡ *is* LANGUAGES *oft, if you seek*
In the Septuagint, or the New Testament Greek,
Acknowledge you must.—* Yes, 'tis really the case—
Ταῖς ἡμετέραις γλώσσαις‡ *in this very place*
Must mean IN OUR LANGUAGES;—*sense, you must own,*
Is the same as in τῇ διαλέκτῳ ἡμῶν,‡
In our languages, or in our dialect. Yes,
Two and two making four is not plainer than this.

But how it flows hence that in cited St. Mark
It has no other meaning, I'm quite in the dark.
Few words of a language are always confin'd
To a meaning precisely of just the same kind:
For the roots of the Hebrew in Hutchinson's school
I remember they had such a kind of a rule,
But the reach of its proof has been out of my pow'r,
Tho' I've talk'd with their master full many an hour.

I believe that by grace, which the Spirit instill'd,
"They shall speak with new tongues" was exactly fulfill'd
In our Saviour's Disciples; that, grace being got,
They did so speak in tongues as before they could not
With respect to good strangers partaking of grace;
For "speak with NEW TONGUES" with NEW LANGUAGES place,
And the promise fulfill'd we may very well call,
By one Spirit-form'd tongue which instructed them all.

If the bold Alexandrian stroke of a "No"
Had been "Yes" in my last (and it would have been so

---

* You cannot but own that the word γλώσσαι in several places of the Old Testament according to the Seventy, and in many places of the New Testament signifies languages. And that it does so in the above cited (Mark 16. 17.) may be fully proved from the very chapter (Acts 2.) in which what was done on the day of Pentecost is related. In verse 11, the signification of ταῖς ἡμετέραις γλώσσαις is evidently "in our languages," the same as is otherwise expressed in verse 6, by τῇ ἰδίᾳ διαλέκτῳ, and in verse 8, by τῇ διαλέκτῳ·ἡμῶν. *Mr. L.'s letter.*

‡ Gloossai.----Tais eemeterais gloossais.----Tee dialectoo eemoon.

If the facts had requir'd it) what could it have shewn,
Tho' the text had this meaning, if not this alone?
For how do "all languages spoken in one"
Disagree with the promise insisted upon?
I allow it fulfill'd; let the Vicar allow
The fulfilling itself to determine the *how*.

God's wonderful works when disciples display'd,
And spake by the Spirit's omnipotent aid,
Ev'ry one understood in a language his own,
Loquentibus illis, λαλούντων αὐτῶν
"While they spake" at the first; for, good Greek and good sense
Forbid us to form an unwritten pretence
For dividing of tongues, when the Spirit's descent
Gave at once both to speak and to know what was meant.

But thus to interpret, it seems, you forbid,*
By placing the stop as old Gregory did,
Who thought as you think; tho' you bring, I agree,
At least a more plausible reason than he,
From a passage that suits with your meaning alone,
Acts the tenth, "for they heard" ἤκουον γὰρ αὐτῶν †
Λαλούντων "them speaking," and γλώσσαις "in tongues,"
Where indeed to that Greek that construction belongs.

By transposing two words the grammatical lot
Shews when they are absolute, when they are not;
But be it "them speaking," as you would collect,
"In our languages," still it will never affect
The force of those reasons from which 'tis inferr'd
That at once they were spoken, at once they were heard;
Nor of those which deny that TONGUES, *quatenus* § new,
Mean always precisely what LANGUAGES do.

That evidence, Vicar, which here you have brought,‡
Cross-examin'd, will certainly favour this thought;

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* Let me observe that the words λαλούντων αὐτῶν (v. 11.) are not, as you would have them, put absolutely, but are governed of ἀκούομεν, as λαλούντων αὐτῶν (v. 6.) are of ἤκουον, and as αὐτῶν λαλούντων γλώσσαις are of the same verb (Acts 10. 46.) *Mr. L.'s letter.*

† Eecouon gar autoon. § *So far as*, or, *for as much as* they are new.

‡ See the reference to Acts 10. 46.

For Cornelius converted, and company too,
Without intervention of languages new,
How can any one think, but from prejudice bred,
Tho' honest, from what he has often heard said,
That then they were all on a sudden inspir'd
To speak with strange tongues, when no reason requir'd?

But now being got to the end of a tether
Prescrib'd to your trouble, I leave to you whether
Tongues any where else, in the sense you assert,
Were spoken to purpose, that is, to convert?
Or whether your patience can bear to excuse
A reply to your hints on the sense that I choose?
In the mean time I thank you for favours in hand;
And, speaking or silent, am yours to command,

J. B.

An Epistle to J. Bl—k—n, Esq.

Occasioned by a Dispute concerning the Food of

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

The arguments are certainly very ingenious, by which the author attempts to prove that the food of John the Baptist consisted of vegetables, or the tops of trees, and not of that most destructive among volatile insects, the Locust. He is not singular in his opinions about this matter: Athanasius, Isidorus, Theophylact, and others have adopted the same ideas respecting it, and some of them have employed similar reasoning. The most plausible parts of what is used on both sides will be found in the following notes.

THE point, Mr. Bl—k—n, disputed upon,
"Whether *insects* or *herbs* were the food of St. John,"
Is a singular proof how a learned pretence
Can prevail with some folks over natural sense,
So consistent with herbs, as you know was allow'd.—
But the dust that is rais'd by a critical crowd
Has so blinded their eyes, that plain, simple truth
Is obscur'd by a posse of Classics, forsooth!

Diodorus and Strabo, Solinus and Ælian,
And authorities down from the Aristotelian,
Have mention'd whole clans that were wont to subsist
In the East upon Locusts as big as your fist:
Therefore so did the Baptist;—now, were it all true
That reporters affirm, but not one of them knew,
What follows but hearsay how savages eat,
And how locusts sometimes are necessity's meat?*

If amongst their old tales they had chanc'd to determine
That the Jews were accustom'd to feed on these vermine,
It would have been something; or did they produce
Any one single hermit that stor'd them for use,
Having pick'd them, and dry'd them, and smok'd in the sun,—
For, this before eating, they tell us, was done,—†
The example were patter than any they bring
To support such an awkward, improbable thing.

Hermitical food the poetical tribe
Of Classics have happen'd sometimes to describe,
And their native descriptions are constantly found
To relate in some shape to the fruits of the ground;‡
If exception occurs, one may venture to say
That the Locust conceit never came in their way,
Or let its defender declare, if he knows,
Any one single instance in verse or in prose.

"But the word which the text has made use of," 'tis said,
"Means the *animal* Locust, wherever 'tis read,

* This is very true. No one can suppose that these voracious creatures are preferred in the East to other sustenance. The acounts, which we have to this effect from travellers, can only apply to the natives making the best of a bad affair: when the rising vegetables and grain are laid waste by these destroyers, in what better way can they employ themselves than in pickling and eating the creatures which have caused such injury?

† And on this account it is said to be improbable that St. John, whose life is reckoned almost that of an ascetic, would in the wilderness use the labour that is requisite in seizing and in salting locusts sufficient for his consumption in a year. If he submitted to this, it would detract greatly from those ideas, which, in the Gospels, we are led to form of his abstinence. He would then, instead of eating simple fare, be indulging in delicacies; for, as such, we are assured, the Easterns esteem them when thus prepared.

‡ It is related by Burchard, in his description of the Holy Land, that he found near the river Jordan a sort of herb, called *Locusta*, which the Monks in that part use for food, and which, they say, was eaten by John the Baptist. Pods also, or the tops of boughs on trees, are called by the Germans to this day, "St. John's bread."

" Of a species which Jews were permitted to eat;
" There is therefore no need of a *plantal* conceit,
" Of tops, summits, or buds, pods, or berries of trees,
" For to this," the sole proof is, " no Classic agrees;
" And the Latin *Locustæ** came, only from want
" Of attention, to signify tops of a plant."

It would take up a volume to clear the mistakes,
Which in this single case Classic prejudice makes,
Thro' attachment to writers, who pass a relation
Which others had sign'd without examination;
As the authors have done, who have read and have writ
That Locusts are food which the law did permit:
And the place,† which they quote for a proof that it did,
Is one that will prove them expressly forbid.

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* This word is also used by modern Botanists for the tender extremi-s of the branches of trees.

† Levit. xi. 21. 23. In the authorised English version, from the words *Italics*, which the translators inserted as supplementary to the meaning ıich they attached to these three verses, it will be seen that there is ;reat confusion and contradiction in the terms of the pretended indul-nce, to the Israelites, of eating locusts. But this is easily cleared up perusing the Hebrew text without undue bias. The permission in the enty-first verse runs thus, " Yet ye may eat these of every flying rep-tile that moveth upon four, not having legs above its feet with which ıt may leap upon the earth." This last clause, containing an exception the creatures of this general class about to be allowed for food, is, cording to all naturalists, an exact description of the locust. There-·e either some other insect than the common migratory locust must be ınd to answer, in the following verse, to the Hebrew word אַרְבֶּה ıich we translate "locust;" or "the locust after his kind" must mean at it was allowable to eat all of the locust *genus*, in which are included veral species, provided they did not come under the foregoing specific ception of having legs, with which to leap when they were upon the ound. These considerations, on investigating the whole, will cause e intelligent reader to believe that all, who have interpreted these ver-ı as granting a licence to locust-eaters, have been evidently induced to explain them from the single circumstance of their being said to be e food of John the Baptist. They uniformly quote this passage (Mat. . 4.) in support of the turn which they give to the prohibition; and ıs, without any cause, they break the integral harmony of scripture, by dely attempting to bend one portion of it to what they have errone-sly conceived of another.

For the refutation of this rather lame piece of criticism it is sufficient observe,—(1.) That in the above, and in other fourteen Hebrew texts, e Masora teaches us, and the labourers in our venerable version have been persuaded, that the negative לֹא *not*, is inserted for some mysterious ason, instead of the pronoun לוֹ *to it;* and, therefore, that our English

I appeal to the Hebrew, and for the Greek word
To the twenty-third Iliad, where once it occurr'd,
And where the old Prince of the Classics, one sees,
Never once thought of insects, but branches of trees,*
As the context evinces; tho', all to a man,
Translators adopt the Locustical plan.
How the Latin *Locustæ* should get a wrong sense
Is their bus'ness to prove, who object the pretence.

---

translation is correct;---(2) that in Exodus x. 14. 15. and in several other passages, which contain accounts of the habits, or the ravages of the locusts, they are designated by the same name אַרְבֶּה as in Leviticus;---(3) that the following and similar descriptions of them can suit no other flying reptiles with which we are acquainted,---"The East wind brought "the locusts. For they covered the face of the whole earth, so that the "land was darkened; and they did eat every herb of the land, and all "the fruit of the trees which the hail had left; and there remained not "any green thing in the trees, or in the herbs of the field;"----(4) that wherever these ravenous multitudes are mentioned in the Hebrew Bible their correspondent name in the Septuagint is ἀκρίδες;---(5) and that, till it be proved that nearly the same thing is intended by ἀκρὶς and ἄκρα, on which unauthorised assumption the whole weight of this construction rests, we must be content with the common English reading of Levit. 11. and of the disputed passage, Mat. iii. 4.---(6) Especially when we have, in favour of such acquiescence, the great name of Dr. Shaw, in these words, "Neither has any authority been hitherto produced for taking "ἀκρίδες according to the Greek appellation, for *the fruit* of the lo-"cust-tree, or *the tops of plants*; the name itself being rather derived from "the desire, or appetite, which this insect has, in particular, of living "upon such food." On the same side are ranged all the able modern commentators; and consonant with theirs is the decision of that amiable man and acute critic, the late Dr. Campbell, who says, "I see no ground "to doubt that it was the animal so named that is meant here. I have "never had satisfactory evidence that the word is susceptible of any "other interpretation."

* Here comes an attempt at reducing the Greek word ἀκρίδες to the meaning of *the tops of trees*. Homer gives the following simile, Iliad 21. 12.

Ὡς δ' ὅθ' ὑπαὶ ῥιπῆς πυρὸς ἀκρίδες ἠερέθονται
Φευγέμεναι ποταμόνδε, &c.

Thus correctly translated by Cowper,---

As when, by violence of fire expell'd,
Locusts uplifted on the wing escape
To some broad river, swift the sudden blaze
Pursues them, they, astonish'd, strew the flood,
So, by Achilles driv'n, &c.

Let *branches of trees* be substitutes for *locusts*, and then let the impartial reader determine which of the two is the most appropriate and beautiful comparison. The first accords very accurately with the means which the inhabitants of eastern countries use for the destruction of their reptile ravagers; the second, which here follows, does not appear so natural,

But the classical Greek, tho' it often confirm,
Cannot always explain a New Testament term,
Any more than an Old one; and therefore, to pass
All authorities by of a Paganish class,
Let them ask the Greek Fathers, who full as well knew
Their own tongue and the Gospel, which meaning is true.
But for *insects* to find a plain proof in their Greek
Will cut a librarian out work for a week.

For *herbs* here is one, which, unless it is match'd,
Ought to carry this question as fairly dispatch'd,—
Isidorus, Greek Father of critical fame,
Has a letter concerning this very Greek name,
Dismissing the doubt which a querist had got,
If the Baptist did eat animalcules or not;
" God forbid," says the Father, " a thing so absurd!
" *The summits of plants* is the sense of the word."

Such an ancient decision, so quite *a propos*,
Disperses at once all the Classical show
Of a learning that builds upon Africa's East,
And the tales, how wild people were fabled to feast
Upon fancied huge locusts, which never appear,—
Or huge or unhuge,—but five months in the year,
To be hoarded, and pickled in salt and in smoke,—
How Saint John is employ'd by these Critical folk!*

---

since we are not told that the trees grew on the banks of a river, nor that the branches, already partially scorched by the fire, were driven into the stream by the fury of the wind. The word φευγέμεναι would induce the reader to conclude that they were at some distance, unless it be referred to the height intended by ἠερέθονται, which has the further signification of "being suspended." Taking ἀκρίδες in this sense, the passage will be almost literally translated thus,

As when, by force of fire, *branches of trees*
Erected stand, into a river's bed
About to drop, just then the flame, unspent,
Excited fresh, with sudden fury burns,
And makes *them* down into the water fall,
So, by Achilles, &c.

* Many of the commmentators see no reason for supposing that St. John cooked them in any form. The accounts given of his food and clothing convey the idea of both being simple, and requiring little or no preparation. The honey and the locusts might be mixed together, and rendered palatable. The Pseudo-Gospel according to the Hebrews affords a colouring to this opinion. It says, " his meat was locusts and " wild honey; and the taste of it *(of this mixture)* was that of manna,

Where the Locust could feed, such an abstinent saint
Of food for his purpose could never have want.
If the desart was sandy and made such a need,
How account for the Locusts descending to feed?
In short, Mr. Bl—k—n, they cannot escape
The charge of "absurd," in all manner of shape;
If they can, let them do it;—meanwhile I conclude
That St. John's was the *plantal* not *animal* food.

Thus, Sir, I have stated, as brief as I'm able,
The friendly debate that we had at your table,
Where the kind entertainer, I found, was inclin'd,
And acknowledge the pleasure, to be of my mind.
Having only to add, now I make my report,
That howe'er we may differ in points of this sort,
Our reception at Orford all pleas'd we review,
And rejoice in the health of its master;—Adieu!

"like sweet-meats kneaded with oil." The advocates, too, for ἀκρὶς being *a plant* lay hold on this latter circumstance, and assert that the commixtion of honey with the juicy pods, or extremities of boughs, besides the greater probability of it, would be far more agreeable to the taste than the other medley.

And here, in these notes, is an end of what the judicious Poole calls "great and insignificant disputes, about the habit and the diet of St. "John the Baptist."

THREE EPISTLES TO G. LLOYD, ESQ.

On the following Passage in Homer.

Οὐρῆας μὲν πρῶτον ἐπώχετο, καὶ κύνας ἀργούς
Αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' αὐτοῖσι βέλος ἐχεπευκὲς ἀφιεὶς,
Βάλλ'· αἰεὶ δὲ πυραὶ νεκύων καίοντο θαμειαί.
ILIAD. 1. 50.

Mules first and dogs he struck, but, at themselves
Dispatching soon his bitter arrows keen,
Smote them. Death-piles on all sides always blazed.
COWPER'S HOMER.

The drift of our author's observations on the common rendering of mules *and* dogs, *in this place, is certainly good, and elucidatory of Homer's meaning, which, in many passages, without it, would be obscure. He wishes to see them generally translated "guards and patroles." For this change, from irrationals to creatures endued with understanding, he adduces apposite quotations. The plausibility of his arguments is increased by the weight of authority: Aristotle, in the 27th chapter of his "Poetics," says,* "Οὐρῆας, *in this sentence, he does not make equal to* mules; *but "rather calls them* guards, or sentinels."

THUS Homer, describing the pestilent lot
That amongst the Greek forces Apollo had shot,
Tells how it began, and WHO suffer'd the first,
When his ill-treated priest the whole army had curst,—
Or rather WHAT suffer'd,—for custom computes
That Apollo's first shafts fell amongst the poor brutes,
Instructing both Critics to construe, and Schools,
Κύνας ἀργούς* "the dogs," and οὐρῆας† "the mules."

Now, observing old Homer's poetical features,
I would put in one word for the guiltless dumb creatures,
And the famous blind bard; for, as far as I see,
The learn'd in this case are much blinder than he.
At the mules and the dogs in his versified Greek,
Nor Phœbus, nor priest had conceiv'd any pique;

* Kunas argous. † Oureeas.

And I doubt, notwithstanding the common consent,
That the meaning is miss'd which Mæonides* meant.

Why the brutes were first plagued, an Eustathius and others
Have made a great rout, with their physical pothers
Of the nature, and causes, and progress of plague,
And all to the purpose quite foreign and vague.
But be medical symptoms whatever they will,
Such matters I leave to friend Heberden's skill,
And propose a plain fact to all cunninger ken,—
That the mules and the dogs, in this passage, are men.

Just then, as they rise, to explain my ideas—
Let the Lexicon tell what is meant by οὐρῆας,
In plain, common sense, without physical routs,—
"The Grecian outguards, the *custodes*, or *scouts*."
The word may be mules too, for aught that I know,
For my Scapula§ says, "'tis Ionice† so;"
And refers to the lines above quoted from Homer,
Where mules, I conceive, is an arrant misnomer.

If a word has two meanings, to critical test
That which makes the sense better is certainly best:—
The plague is here plainly describ'd to begin
In the skirts of the camp, then to enter within,
To rage, and occasion what Iliad styles
"Incessantly burning their funeral piles;"
Which the Greeks, I conjecture, were hardly such fools
As to burn, or erect for, the dogs and the mules.

The common Greek word, the Homerical too,
For mules is ἡμίονους,‡ where it will do;
And there was, as it happen'd, no cause to coerce
Its use in this place, for it suited the verse.
Whereas a plain reason oblig'd to discard,
If this was the point to be shewn by the bard,
That first to the parties about the main camp
Apollo dispatch'd the vindicative damp.

Thus much for οὐρῆας: the meaning of κύνες
Is attended, I own, with a little more newness;
For the sense, in this place, will oblige us to plant
A meaning for κύνες which lexicons want.

---

* Homer. § The Editor of a Greek Lexicon.
† In the language of Ionia. ‡ Eemionous, *a half-ass, or mule.*

And if that be a reason for some to reject,
'Tis no more than correction, tho' just, may expect;
" But if it be just," the true critics will add,
" 'Tis a meaning which Lexicons ought to have had."

Both *canes** in Latin, and *κύνες* in Greek,
And the Hebrew word for them, if critics would seek,
Should be render'd sometimes, in prose-writers or bards,
By "slaves, or by servants, attendants, or guards."
Οὐρῆας and *κύνας* have here, in my thought,
Much a like kind of meaning, as really they ought;
The diff'rence, perhaps, that, for camp-preservation
One mov'd or patrolf'd, while the other kept station.

Ἀργούς, which is " white" in the commonest sense,
To describe the dogs here has no sort of pretence;
Nor here will the Lexicons help a dead lift
That allow the odd choice too of " slow," or of " swift."
If the dogs were demolish'd, 'twill certainly follow
That *white*, *slow*, or *swift* was all one to Apollo,
Whose fam'd penetration was rather too deep
To mistake dogs for soldiers, as Ajax did sheep.

Why *them*? or why *mules*?—For, Description allows
That he shot at no horses, bulls, oxen, or cows;
With a vengeance selecting, from all other classes,
Poor dogs of some sort, and impeccant half-asses.
Now grant, what his poem shews plainly enough,
That Homer abounds with nonsensical stuff,
Yet it should for his sake, if it can, be confin'd
To the *Pagan*, and not the *Poetical* kind.

The Mules and the dogs, being shot at, coheres
No better with sense than the bulls and the bears.
To exculpate old Homer, my worthy friend Lloyd,
Some sort of correction should here be employ'd;
And for languages' sake,—in which matters are spread
Of a greater concern, if old writers are read,—
Where it seems to be wanting, the critics should seek
To make out fair English for Latin or Greek.

If the words have a meaning both human and brute
Where Homer describes his Apollo to shoot,

* Dogs.

Tho' *brute* in the Latin possesses the letter,
I take it for granted that *human* is better.
Do you think this a fair postulatum?—" I do;
" But you only *affirm* that the HUMAN is true."—
That's all that I want in this present epistle;
In the next I shall *prove* it, as clear as a whistle.

EPISTLE SECOND.

YOUR consent I made bold to suppose, in my last,
To a fair postulatum had readily past,—
That a mulish distemper, or that a canine,
Neither suited Apollo's, nor Homer's design,—
Like making the subjects, who felt its first shock,
To be men like their masters, tho' baser of stock.
Now, proof at the present comes under the pen
That οὐρῆας and κύνες may signify " men."

You'll draw the conclusion so fair and so just,
That if they *may* do it, they certainly *must*;
It would look with an unphilosophical face,
And anti-Rawthmelian,* to question the case.
Tho' the proofs of this point, which I formerly noted,
Have slipt my remembrance, and cannot be quoted,
From Homer himself it may chance to appear,
As I promis'd to make it, no whistle more clear.

That οὐρῆες are " guards" in Iliadal lore
You may see in book Kappa, line eighty and four;‡
Where the wise commentators confess in their rules
That—" Here it is *guards*, not ἡμίονοι *mules*:"
Being join'd with ἑταιροι† *companions*, they knew
As ἑταιροι were men, that οὐρῆες were too.
Now let us illustrate the combated place
As near as we can by a parallel case.

---

* Referring to Rawthmel's coffee-house, where several members of Royal Society usually spent their evenings together.

‡ Ἠέ τιν' οὐρήων διζήμενος, ἤ τιν' ἑταίρων. ILIAD. 10.

Com'st thou abroad
Seeking some friend or soldier of the guard? COWPER

† Etairoi.

Plain sense, as I take it, (if once it is shewn
That Homer opposes to " being alone,"
" Having two κύνες ἀργοὶ along with a Hero")—
Will call them " companions," not " dogs" *in Homero.**
Turn, then, to his Odyssey, Beta, line ten,†
Where dogs, as they call them, are certainly men,
Attended by whom (he will second, who seeks)
Telemachus went to a council of Greeks.

With his sword buckled on, and a spear in his hand,
He went (having summon'd) to meet the whole band,
So bravely set forth, so equipp'd, and so shod,
That, as Homer has phras'd it, " he look'd like a God;‡
" Not alone"—to enchance the description of song,—
" But he took with him two κύνας ἀργούς along:"
Two swift-footed dogs!—Yes, two puppies, no doubt,
That Apollo had sav'd from the general rout!

One can but reflect how we live in an age
That scruples the sense of all sensible page,
Any kind of old nonsense more pleas'd to admit,
If in Homer, or Virgil, or Horace 'tis writ;
But yet, to do justice to these and the rest
Of the poor Pagan poets, it must be confess'd
That time, and transcribing, and critical note
Have father'd much on them which they never wrote.

This place is a proof how the critics made bold
To foist their own sense into verses of old;
For instead of two Greeks, here, attending their master,
And footing a pace neither slower nor faster,
They have made, in some places, to follow his track
Of their swift-footed dogs an indefinite pack,
The son of Ulysses unskilfully forcing
To go to a council, as men go a coursing.

Οὐκ οἷος, οὐκ οἴη,§ for " master and dame
" Not alone"—to interpret by Homer's true aim,

---

* In Homer.

† Οὐκ οἷος, δύω κύνες ἀργοὶ ἑποντο. ODYS. ζ. 10.

Nor alone he went,
But follow'd by his hounds, a faithful pair. COWPER.

‡ And, godlike, issu'd from his chamber-door. COWPER.

§ Ouk oios ouk oiee.

There are places enow to evince, that attendants
Were men or were maidens, were friends or dependants.
Thus Achilles οὐκ οἷος, Omega rehearses,*
Had two θεράποντες† both nam'd in the verses,—
" Automedon, Alcimus,"—whom, it is said,
" He valued the most, for Patroclus was dead."

Penelope thus, in first Odyssey strain,‡
Two ἀμφίπολοι† follow'd, two women, 'tis plain,
When the dame was οὐκ οἵη, and mention'd anon,
How they stood to attend her, on either side one.
Had ἀμφίπολοι signify'd " cats" in the Greek,
Would not sense have oblig'd us new meaning to seek?
And two dogs as unfit as two cats you will own
To describe man or woman " not being alone."

To close the plain reasons that rise in one's mind,
Take an instance from Virgil of similar kind,
Where, in fair imitation of Homer, no doubt,
He describes King Evander to dress and march out;
And discern, by the help of his Mantuan pen,
How *custodes* and *canes* were both the same men,
Where *canes* are " dogs," as all custom opines;
See Virgil's eighth book;—come. I'll copy the lines—
Necnon et gemini custodes limine ab alto§
Procedunt, gressumque canes comitantur herilem —

Κύνες ἀργοὶ in Homer were then in his view,
When Virgil in Latin thus painted the two;

---

* Οὐκ οἷος, δύω θεράποντες ἕπονθο
Ἥρως Αὐτομέδων, &c. ILIAD. 24. 575.
Of whom two alone
Served at his side, Alcimus, branch of Mars,
And brave Automedon. COWPER.
† Therapontes. Amphipoloi.

‡ Οὐκ οἵη—ἀμφίπολοι δύ' ἕποντο. ODYS. 1. 331.
Not sole, for two fair handmaids follow'd her. COWPER.

§ Most of the translators give these lines the following signification: *Two trusty dogs go also before him through the stately entrance, and attend on the footsteps of their master.* They may, with as great propriety, stand thus: *Two guards march likewise before him from the lofty door, and dogs accompany the steps of their master.*

It is our author's wish to have them understood after this manner,—*Two guards go also before him from the lofty entrance, and, like dogs, accompany the steps of their master.* Or, giving *canes* the signification of *servants, Two menial guards go also, &c.*

And the *canes* in him are the very *custodes*,
Most aptly repeated, *dignissime sodes*.*
Did ever verse yet, or Prose ever record
Any literal dogs that kept pace with their lord?
" Proceeding, attending"—how plain the suggestion
That dogs in the case are quite out of the question!

And now I appeal to all critical candour,
If Homer's young hero and senior Evander
Had dogs for companions, to honour their *gressus*,†
As translators in verse and in prose would possess us.
The moderns, I think,—though a lover of metre,—
Should manage with judgment a little discreeter,
Than to gape and admire what old poets have sung,
If it will not make sense in their own mother tongue.

EPISTLE THIRD.

HAVING shewn you the passage, one cannot avoid
An appendix so proper, kind visitant Lloyd,
To the mules and the dogs, which a little while since
Were guards and piquets, as verse sought to evince.
Whether κύνες attended, two-footed or four,
Upon heroes and kings let the critics explore;
But οὐρῆας for " mules," in old Homer's intent,
I suspect that his rhapsodies never once meant.

The word is twice us'd, in the twenty third book,‡
In the space of five lines, where I made you to look.
I'll refresh your attention—Achilles, know then,
Had desir'd Agamemnon, the monarch of men,
To exhort them to bring, when the morning appear'd,
And prepare proper wood for a pile to be rear'd,
For the purpose of burning, as custom instill'd,
The remains of Patroclus whom Hector had kill'd.

When the morning appear'd with her rosyfied fingers,
Agamemnon obey'd, and exhorted the bringers,

---

* In a most becoming manner, I beseech you. † Steps.

‡ Οὐρῆας τ' ὤτρυνε καὶ ἀνέρας. ILIAD. 23. 111.
Then royal Agamemnon call'd abroad
Mules and mule-drivers from the tents in haste
To gather wood. COWPER.

The mules and the men—as translation presents—
Exhorted them all to come out of their tents.
So the men and the mules lay amongst one another,
If this be the case, in some hammocks or other;—
And the men taking with them ropes, hatchets, and tools,
Were conducted, it seems, to the wood by the mules.

For "the mules went before them,"* the Latinists say,
Which, a man may presume, was to shew them the way;
Or since there was danger, the mules going first
Might, perhaps, be because not one of them durst;
For they all were to pass, in their present employ,
To the woods of mount Ida belonging to Troy;
And if Trojans fell on them for stealing their fire,
The men, in the rear, might sooner retire.

However, both mulish and well-booted folks
Came safe to the mountain and cut down its oaks,
And with more bulky pieces of timber cut out
They loaded such mules as were mules without doubt.
When you found in the Latin so certain a place,
Where the loading description shew'd mules in the case,
Your eyes to the left I saw rolling to seek
If the word for these "mules" was οὐρήων in Greek.

And had they discover'd that really it was,
Conjecture had come to more difficult pass;
But since it was not, since ἡμίονων came,
What else but the meaning could vary the name?
Why should Homer, so fond (as you very well noted)
Of repeating the words which his Muse had once quoted,
Make so awkward a change, without any pretence
Of reason suggested by metre or sense?

Ἡμίονοι, "mules," tho' a masculine ender,
Is always in Greek of the feminine gender;
But οὐρῆες, you'll find, let it mean what it will,
Never is of that gender, but masculine still.
How ridiculous, then, that οὐρῆες, *the he's*,
Should become by their loading ἡμίονοι, *she's*?

---

*——Ῥῳὸ δ' ἄρ' οὐρῆες κίον αὐτῶν. ILIAD. 23. 115.
They, bearing each in hand his sharpen'd ax
And twisted cord, thence journey'd forth, the mules
Driving before them. COWPER.
Or rather, *went before them.*

In a Latin description, would poetry pass,
That should call them *mulos*,* and load them *mulas?**

Both the word, and the sense, which is really the bard's,
Shew the masculine mules to be certainly guards.
Any mules I desire any critic to name,
If Jack's in the gender, that are not the same;
One place, which I hinted at over our tea,
May be offer'd, perhaps, as a masculine plea;
But if folks were unbiass'd, they quickly would find
A mistake to be there of the very same kind.

The Trojans met Priam at one of their gates,
With the corpse of his Hector, Omega relates,
Whom they would have lamented there all the day long,
Had not Priam, addressing himself to the throng,
Made a speech,—"let me pass with the mules,"†—and so on,
For mules drew the hearse which the corpse lay upon:
Now the words that he said at the entrance of Troy
Were οὐρεῦσι διελθέμεν εἴξαΐξε μοι.§

Priam said to the people still hurrying down—
"Let me pass thro' the guards"—to go into the town;
This is much better sense, by the leave of the schools,
Than for Priam to say—"Let me pass with the mules"—
For Idæus directed the mulish machine,
While horses drew that in which Priam was seen,
Who thought of no mules, but of reaching the dome,
Where they all might lament over Hector at home.

The mules had been nam'd very often before
In the very same book, times a dozen or more,
And the proper term for them had always occurr'd;
It is only this once that we meet with this word.
That it signifies "guards," it is granted, sometimes,
As I instanc'd, you know, in the Baguley rhymes;
And will critics suppose that the poet would make
Variation for mere ambiguity's sake?

That Apollo should plague, Agamemnon exhort
These irrational creatures is stupid, in short;

---

* He mules and She mules.

† Fall back on either side, and let the mules
Pass on. ILIAD. 24. 716. COWPER.

§ Oureusi dielthemen eixate moi.

Where no metamorphosis, fable, or fiction,
Can defend such abuse of plain, narrative diction.
Perchance, as a doctor, you'll think me unwise
For poring on Homer with present sore eyes;
But a glance the most transient may see in his plan
That a mule is a mule, and a man is a man.

Critical Remarks in English and Latin,

Upon several Passages in Horace.

The name of Dr. Bentley will be familiar to the reader who is acqua with the progress of Literature in the eighteenth century: and when reminded of what occurs in the first page of this work, he will not be prised at some among the following emendations of Byrom, the f equalling in boldness the conjectures of Bentley, who was his master

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AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND,

Proposing a Correction in the following Passage:

Si non Acrisium virginis abditæ
CUSTODEM PAVIDUM *Jupiter et Venus*
Risissent--- *Lib.* 3. *Ode* 16.

If Jupiter and Venus had not laughed at Acrisius, the affri keeper of the concealed virgin.

By the insertion of que, (and) *after* custodem, (keeper) *and by cutting from the beginning of the next word (of both which alterations the sure will admit) our author proposes to read the second line thus,* C demque avidum, *&c.* and the covetous guard, *whom Acrisiu placed as a strict watchman over his incarcerated daughter. By th makes the guard to have been bribed, and not Acrisius, who is no charged with such a love for the precious metals as to prefer the poss of them to his existence.*

SO then you think Acrisius really sold
His daughter Danae, himself, for gold;
When the whole story of the Grecian king
Makes such a bargain so absurd a thing,
That neither poetry nor sense could make
The poet guilty of the vile mistake.

No, Sir; her father here was rich enough;
Satire on him, for selling her, is stuff.
Fear was his motive to a vast expence
Of gates and guards to keep her in a fence;
But some dull blockhead happ'ning to transcribe
When half asleep, has made HIM take the bribe,
Which Jupiter and Venus, as the bard
Had writ, made use of to corrupt the GUARD.
All the remarks on avarice are just;
But 'twas the keeper that betray'd his trust.

Passage from Virgil which you here select us
How gold is " cogent of *mortale pectus*,*
And from Euripides, that " gold can ope
" Gates" unattempted even by the Pope,
Shew money's force on subjects that are vicious;
But what has this to do with king Acrisius,
Who spar'd no money to secure his life,
Lost, if his daughter once became a wife?
He shut her up for fear of death—and then
Sold her himself!—all stuff! I say again.
Death was his dread, nor was it in the pow'r
Of love's bewitchment, or of money'd show'r,
Of Venus, Jupiter, or all the fry
Of Homer's heav'n, to hire the man to die.

Where is his avarice of any kind
Noted, in all the fables that you find,
Except in those of your inventing fashion
That make him old, and avarice his passion?
To hide the blunder of amanuenses,
Who, writing words, full oft unwrit the senses—
Fact, that in Horace, in a world of places,
Appears by irrecoverable traces;—
On which the critics raise a learned dust,
And, still adjusting, never can adjust.
Having but one of all the Roman lyrics
To feed their taste for slavish panegyrics,
The more absurd the manuscriptal letter,
They paint from thence some fancied beauty better;
Hunting for all the colours round about,
To make the nonsense beautifully out;

* *The breast of a human being.*

Adorning richly, for the poet's sake,
Some poor hallucinating scribe's mistake.

Now I would have a short-hand son of mine
Be less obsequious to the Classic line,
Than, right or wrong, to yield his approbation
Because HOMERIC, or because HORATIAN;
Or not to see, when it is fairly hinted,
Either original defect or printed.
Not that it matters twopence in regard
Of either Grecian, or of Roman bard,
If schools were wise enough to introduce
Much better books for education's use.
But since, by force of custom or of lash,
The boys must wade thro' so much scum and trash
To gain their Greek and Latin, they should learn
TRUE GREEK, at least, and LATIN to discern;
Nor for the sake of custom to admit
The faults of language, metre, sense, or wit.
Because this blind attachment by command
To what their masters do not understand,
Makes reading servile, in the younger flock,
Of rhyming Horace down to prosing Locke;
Knowledge is all mechanically known,
And no innate ideas of their own.

But while I'm rhyming to you what comes next,
I shall forget th' Acrisius of the text.
Your reasons, then, why this *custodem pavidum*
Should not be chang'd to *custodemque avidum*,
Turn upon avarice:—you think the father
Fond of the bribe;—I think the keeper rather;
Who had no fear from Danae, the wife,
Who could receive the gold, and lose no life,
Must needs be he, and that, without the change,
The verse is unpoetically strange.

You make Acrisius to have been the guard,
And to be *pavidus*.—Extremely hard
To make out either!—For, what other place
Shews that the king was jailer in the case?
And is not *pavidus* à *dictum gratis*? §
Was not his Danae *munita satis?*

§ *A word that passes for nothing, a word more free than true.*

"Safe kept enough?"—If *pavidus* come after,
The *Dear Joy Horace* must provoke one's laughter,
Plain common-sense suggesting all the while,—
"Not fear, but fancied safety gave the smile."
Safe as Acrisius thought himself to be,
The *custos avidus* would take a fee;
A golden shower, they knew, would break his oath,
And Jupiter and Venus laugh'd at both.

Sume, Mæcenas, cyathos amici
Sospitis centum. *Lib.* 3. *Ode* 8.

Take, Mæcenas, a hundred cups with thy friend, who is now in safety.

lteration here proposed is the substitution of cantum *(a song) for* centum *a hundred). The difference caused in the sense of the passage by this hange will be shewn in the last paragraph.*

A DIALOGUE.

JOHN AND RICHARD.

ohn. WHAT! must Mæcenas, when he sups
th Horace, drink a hundred cups?
ndred cups Mæcenas drink!
re must he put them all, d'ye think?
have the critics all so blund'red,
none of them corrects this HUNDRED?

hard. Not that I know has any one
ny scruple thereupon.
r what reason, pray, should you?
ading, to be sure, is true;
red cups—that is to say—
nas! come, and drink away."

If that was all the poet meant,
ress'd without the Cent.

Sume, Mæcenas, cyathos—*
Does it full well without the dose,
The monstrous dose in cup or can,
That suits with neither bard nor man.

Richard. Nay, why so monstrous? Is it told
How much the *cyathus*† would hold?
You think, perhaps, it was a mug,
As round as any Jonian Jug.
They drank all night; if small the glass,
Would *centum*† mount to such a mass?

John. Small as you will, if 'twas a bumper,
Centum for one would be a thumper.
Its bulk Horatian terms define,
Vates attonitus§ with nine;
Gratia‡ forbidding more than three—
They were no thimbles you may see.

Richard. Not in that ode; in this they might
Intend a more diminish'd plight;
And then Mæcenas and the bard
That night, I warrant ye, drank hard;
Perfer in lucem,‖ Horace cries—
To what a pitch might numbers rise!

John. A desperate long night, my friend,
Before their hundred cups could end;
Nor does the verse invite, throughout,
Mæcenas to a drunken bout:—
Perfer in lucem comes in view
With *procul omnis clamor* too.¶

Richard. Was it no bout, because no noise
Should interrupt their midnight joys?

---

* Take some cups, Mæcenas. † A cup. † A hundred.
§ Qui Musas amat impares,
Ternos ter cyathos attonitus petet
Vates:—
The inspired *(thunder-struck)* poet, who loves the unequal-numbered *(the nine)* Muses, shall call for bumpers three times three. Hor. Lib. 3. Ode 19.
‡ One of the Graces. ‖ Keep up till day-break.
¶ Far from hence be all noise.

Horace, you read, with annual tap,
Notes his escape from dire mishap:
Must he, and friends conven'd, be sober,
Because 'twas March and not October?

John. Sober or drunk is not the case,
But word and meaning to replace,
Both here demolish'd. Did they, pray,
Do nothing else but drink away?
For friends conven'd had Horace got
No entertainment but to sot?

Richard. Yes, to be sure, he might rehearse
Some new or entertaining verse;
Might touch the lyre, invoke the Muse,
Or twenty things that he might choose;
No doubt but he would mix along
With cup and talk, the joyous SONG.

John. Doubtless he would; and that's the word,
For which a *centum* so absurd
Has been inserted, by mistake
Of his transcribers, scarce awake;
Which all the critics when they keep,
Are, *quoad hoc*,* quite fast asleep.

Richard. "And that's the word"—What word d'ye
mean?
For song does *centum* intervene?
Song would be—O, I take your hint—
Cantum not *centum* you would print;
Sospitis cantum--but the clause
Can have no sense with such a pause.

John. Pause then at *sospitis*, nor strike
The three cæsuras all alike;
One cup of Helicon but quaff,
The point is plain as a pikestaff;
"The wine, the song, the lustre's light"—
The verse, the pause, the sense is right.

Richard. Stay, let me read the Sapphic out
Both ways, and then resolve the doubt—

* In this particular.

Sume, Mæcenas, cyathos amici
Sospitis centum—et vigiles lucernas
Perfer in lucem—procul omnis esto
Clamor et Ira.
Sume, Mæcenas, cyathos amici
Sospitis, cantum, et vigiles lucernas
Perfer in lucem: procul omnis esto
Clamor et ira.*
Well, I confess, now I have read,
The thing is right that you have said:
One vowel rectified how plain
Does Horace's intent remain!

NONUMQUE *prematur in Annum.*

HOR. ART. Poet. L. 388.

And let it be suppressed till the ninth year.

The emendation propounded in these lines is unumque *(and one) for* nonumque *(and the ninth): thus making the period for the revisal and correction of any work to be* one year *instead of* nine.

YE poets, and critics, and men of the schools,
Who talk about Horace and Horace's rules.
Ye learned admirers, how comes it, I wonder,
That none of you touch a most tangible blunder?
I speak not to servile and sturdy logicians,
Who will, right or wrong, follow printed editions;
But you, who are judges, come, rub up your eyes,
And unshackle your wits, and I'll shew where it lies.

Amongst other rules, which your Horace has writ,
To make his young Piso for Poetry fit,
He tells him that verses should not be pursued
When the Muse or Minerva was not in the mood;

---

* The latter verse with the amended reading may be thus rendered.—"Mæcenas, take some cups (of wine); on account of your friend being "in safety, begin a song, and keep up the chearful lights till day-break: "let all noise and anger be far removed."

That "whate'er he should write, he should let it descend
"To the ears of his father, his master, his friend;"*
"And let it lie by him"—now prick up your ears—
Nonumque prematur in annum—"nine years."

"Nine years!" I repeat—For, the sound is enough,
With the help of plain sense, to discover the stuff.
If the rule had been new, what a figure would "nine"
Have made with your Pisos, ye masters of mine?
Must a youth of quick parts, for his verse's perfection
Let it lie for "nine years"—*in the house of correction*?
Nine years if his verses must lie in the leaven,
Take the young rogue himself, and transport him for seven.

To make this a maxim that Horace infuses,
Must provoke all the laughter of all the nine Muses.
How the wits of old Rome in a case so facetious
Would have jok'd upon Horace, and Piso, and Metius,
If they all could not make a poetical line
Ripe enough to be read, till the year had struck nine!
Had the boy been possess'd of nine lives like a cat,
Yet surely he'd ne'er have submitted to that.

"Vah!" says an old critic, "indefinite number
"To denote many years"—(which is just the same lumber)
Quotes a length of Quintilian for *time to retouch*, ‡
But wisely stops short at his blaming *too much*.
"Some took many years," he can instance, in fine,
"Isocrates ten, Poet Cinna just nine"—
Rare instance of taking, which, had he been cool,
Th' old critic had seen, never could be a rule.

"Indeed," says a young one, "nine years, I confess,
"Is a desperate while for a youth to suppress;
"I can hardly think Horace would make it a point;
"The word, to be sure, must be out of its joint;
"Lie by with a *nonum!*—Had I been his Piso,
"I would have told little *Fatty*, mine never should lie so.
"Had he said for nine months, I should think them enow:
"This reading is false, Sir, pray tell us the true."

---

* Si quid tamem olim
Scripseris, in Metii descendat judicis aures,
Et patris, et nostras. DE ARTE POET. 385.

‡ Quint. Instit. Orat. Lib. 10. cap. 4.

Why, you are not far off it, if present conjecture
May furnish the place with a probable lecture;
For by copies, I doubt, either printed or written,
The hundreds of editors all have been bitten.
Nine months you allow.—" Yes."—Well, let us, for fear
Of affronting Quintilian, e'en make it a year:
Give the critics their *numque*, but as to their *no*—
You have *one* in plain English more fit to bestow.

I take the correction, *unumque prematur*—
" Let it lie for one twelve-month"—" Ay, that may hold water;
" And time enough too for consulting about
" Master Piso's performance before it came out.
" What! would Horace insist that the sketch of a boy
" Should take as much time as the taking of Troy?
" They that bind out the young one say, when the old fellow
" Took any time like it, to make a thing mellow,

" Tho' correct in his trifles,"—Young man, you say right;
And to them that *will see*, it is plain at first sight;
But critics that *will not* are hunting all round
For something in sameness, in sense, or in sound;
It is all one to them, so attach'd to the letter
That, to make better sense, makes it never the better.
Nay the more sense in readings, the less will they own 'em;
You must leave to these sages their mumpsimus *nonum*.

" Do you think," they cry out, " that with so little wit
" Such a world of great critics on Horace have writ?
" That the poets themselves, were the blunder so plain,
" In a point of their art too, would let it remain?"—
For you are to consider, these critical chaps
Do not like to be snubb'd; you may venture, perhaps,
An amendment where they can see somewhat amiss;
But may raise their ill blood, if you circulate this.

" This as surely will circulate, Sir, as their blood,
" Or, if not, it will stand as in Horace it stood.
" They may wrangle and jangle, unwilling to see,
" But the thing is as clear as a whistle to me.
" This *nonum* of theirs no defence will admit,
" Except that a blot is no blot till 'tis hit;

"And, now you have hit it, if *nonum* content 'em,
"So would, if the verse had so had it, *nongentum*."*

You'll say, "this is painting of characters"—true;
But really, good Sirs, I have met with these two:
The first, in all comments quite down to the *Delphin*,
A man, if he likes it, may look at himself in:
The last if you like, and, along with the youth,
Prefer to *nonumque* poetical truth,
Then blot out the blunder, now here it is hinted,
And by all future printers *unumque* be printed.

Nunc et CAMPUS, *et* AREÆ,
Lenesque sub noctem susurri
Compositâ repetantur horâ.

HOR. Lib. 1. Ode 9. 18.

Now let both the Campus Martius, and the open squares, and soft whispers be resorted to again, at the hour of assignation.

Our author wished cantus *(a song), and* aleæ *(dice), to be put in the place of* campus *(a large plain, particularly that in which the popular assemblies of the Romans were held), and* areæ *(any open places whatever).*

BY *campus* and by *areæ*, my friends,
The question is what Horace here intends?
For, such expression with the current style
Of this whole ode is hard to reconcile:
Nay, notwithstanding critical pretence,
Or I mistake, or it can have no sense.

The ode, you find, proceeding to relate
A winter's frost in its severest state,
Calls out for fire, and wine, and loves, and dance,
And all that Horace rambles to enhance;
But how can this *fair-weather* phrase belong
To such a wintry, saturnalian song?

---

* Nine hundred.

A learned Frenchman quotes these very lines
As really difficult; and thus refines,—
"We use these words," says Monsieur Sanadon,
"For nightly meetings *hors de la maison;* *
"But 'tis ridiculous in frost and snow,
"Of keenest kind, that Horace should do so."

Right, Monsieur, right!—such incoherent stuff
Is here, no doubt, ridiculous enough.
The *Campus Martius* and its active scenes,
Which commentators say the expression means,
Have here no place; nor can they be akin
To scenes, not laid without doors, but within.

"*Nunc*† must refer," proceeds the French remark,
"To *donec*‡—*puer*§— age of Taliarque, ‖
"Not to the frost; for which the bard before
"Design'd the two first strophes, and no more;
"As commentators rightly should have taught,
"Or inattentive readers else are caught."

Now inattentive critics too, I say,
Are caught sometimes in their dogmatic way.
United here, we must divide, forsooth,
The time of winter from the time of youth;
When all expressions of Horatian growth
Do plainly, in this ode, refer to both.

Youthful th' amusements, and for frosty week;
From drinking, dancing,—down to *hide and seek:*
But *campus* comes and *areæ* between,
By a mistake too big for any screen;
And how nonsensically join'd with "lispers,
"By assignation met, of nightly whispers!"

Strange how interpreters retail the farce
That *campus* here should mean the field of Mars!
When in their task they must have just read o'er
Contrast to this, the very ode before,
Where ev'ry manly exercise disclos'd
To love's effeminacy stands oppos'd.

---

* Out of doors. † Now. ‡ Until. § Being a youth.
‖ Thaliarchus, the young man, to whom Horace addressed this ode.

In this no thought of any *field* on earth,
But warm fire-side, and Roman winter's mirth:
No thought of any but domestic *ring**
Where all Decembrian customs took their swing;
And where—but come, that matter we'll suppress;—
There should be something for Cantabs† to guess.

I'll ask anon, from what has now been said,
If emendation pops into your head;
Or if you'll teach me how to comprehend
That all is right, and nothing here to mend.
Come, sharpen up your Latin wits a bit;
What further use have all the odes that Horace writ?

Cedes coemptis saltibus, et domo;
Villâque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit,
Cedes; et EXTRUCTIS IN ALTUM
DIVITIIS *potietur heres.*

HOR. Lib. 2. Ode 3. 17.

You shall leave your purchased lawns, and your house; you shall retire from the villa, which is washed by the yellow Tiber; and an heir shall enjoy your riches high piled up.

The Liberty here taken with Horace is to change divitiis *(riches) into* ædificiis *(buildings). By this means an additional syllable is created, which is proposed to be placed, after the Horatian fashion, at the end of* altum; *the last syllable of which, coming before a diphthong, is, by the rules of Latin prosody, cut off by Ecthlipsis. But this emendation is the least plausible of all the corrections of Horace, which our author has offered. The recurrence of so many buildings, in the new description, would be tautology. Thus,* your house, your villa, your high raised edifices *appear disagreeable and unpoetical repetitions.*

THIS phrase of "riches built on high"
Has something in it, at first sight,
Which, if the Latin language try,
Must needs appear not to be right:
Produce an instance, where before
'Twas ever us'd, I'll say no more.

---

* Another meaning of *Areæ*.
† Members of the University of Cambridge.

Talk not of "riches pil'd on heaps"
To justify the Latin phrase;
For if you take such critic leaps,
You jump into *Dog-Latin* days;
And I shall answer to that trick
*In med mente non est sic.**

That "lands" were here the poet's thought,
"And house along the river's side,
"And lofty villa," built or bought,
Is much too plain to be deny'd.
These "high extructed spires" he writ
That mortal Deltius† soon must quit.

"Well, Sir, supposing this the case,
"And *structures* what the poet meant,
"How will you fill the faulty place
"With phrase that suited his intent,
"Meaning and metre both arrange,
"And small, if possible, the change?"

Smaller and better, to be sure,
Into their place amendments fall:
What first occurs will here secure
Meaning and metre, change and all.
May it not be that for *divitiis*
Th' original had *ædificiis?*

If you object that sep'rate Æ
Makes in one word an odd division,
Horace, I answer to that plea,
Has more than once the like elision:‡
In short, upon correction's plan,
Give us a better if you can.

---

* According to my mind, it is not so.

† The man to whom the ode is inscribed.

‡ Such a separation of the beginning of a word at the end of a line from the rest of it, placed at the commencement of the next line, is not unfrequent among some of our ancient and fantastic poets. This disunion is needless in the English language, as, from the easy divisibility of our compound words, almost every variation that can be desired is readily effected.

Non est meum, si mugiat Africis
Malus procellis, ad miseras preces
Decurrere, et votis pacisci,
Ne Cypriæ Tyriæque merces
Addant avaro divitias mari.
TUM *me biremis præsidio scaphæ*
Tutum per Ægæos tumultus
Aura FERET, *geminusque Pollux.*

HOR. Lib. 3. Ode 29. 57.

It is no part of my concern, if the mast be cracked by African storms, to descend to piteous intreaties, and by my vows to make an agreement that my Cyprian and Tyrian wares shall not augment the treasures of the greedy ocean. Then under the safeguard of a two-oared skiff, the breeze and the twin-brother Pollux will waft me safely through the Ægean tempests.

Only a slight variation from the original text is here set down. Tum (*then*) *is changed into* cum (*when*), *and* feret (*will bear*) *into* ferat (*may bear*) *The sense of the passage will then be as set down in the last verse.*

THIS passage, Sirs, may put ye, one would think,
In mind of him, who, in a furious storm,
Told that the vessel certainly would sink,
Made a reply in the Horatian form;
" Why, let it sink, then, if it will," quoth he,
" I'm but a passenger, what is't to me?"

So " *non est meum*,"* Horace here cries out,
" To purchase calm with wretched vows and pray'rs;
" Let them who freight the ship be thus devout,
" I'm not concern'd in any of its wares."
May not one ask, if common sense will read,
Was ever jest and earnest more agreed?

" Nay, but you see the reason," 'tis replied,
" Why he rejects the bargaining of pray'r;

* It is not my business.

" His little skiff will stem the raging tide
" With double Pollux and with gentler air.
" This is his moral," say his under-pullers,
" The poor and innocent are safe in scullers."

Why, so they may be, if they coast along,
And shun the winds that make *a mast to moan*,
But here, according to the critic throng,
Horace was in the ship, tho' not his own.
Suppose a sculler just contriv'd for him,
When the ship sunk, would his *biremis** swim?

Can you by any construing pretence,
(If you suppose, as commentators do,
Him in the Ship) make tolerable sense
Of his surviving all the sinking crew?
With winds so boist'rous, by what cunning twist
Can his clear stars and gentle air resist?

" The gifts of fortune Horace had resign'd,
" And poor and honest his just fancy'd case,
" Nothing to do had he with stormy wind,
" Nor in Ægean seas to seek a place.
" How is it likely, then, that he should mean
" To paint himself in such an awkward scene?

Why, but TUM *me biremis*† must suppose,
By *then* escaping that he sure was in't;
And *feret*‡ too, that comes into the close
In all the books that we have here in print—
Both words are wrong tho', notwithstanding that,
Tum should be *cum*, and *feret* be *ferat*.

The sense or moral, if you please, is this,—
Henceforth be probity, tho' poor, my lot,
The love of riches is but an abyss
Of dangerous cares, that now concern me not.
Caught in its storms, let avarice implore,
I thank my stars, I'm rowing safe to shore.

---

* A two-oared vessel. † Then shall a two-oared vessel convey me.

These observations on a few verses of Horace, which are given in the second paragraph below, contain an emendation of invisam *(hated) into* inversam *(turned up) which appears better to agree with* terram *(the ground) if other parts of the description were equally agreeable: concerning his further objections against the weather he does not decide.*

WHENE'ER this Horace comes into one's hand,
One meets with words full hard to understand:
If one consult the critics thereupon,
Some places have a note, some others none;
And when they take interpretating pains,
Sometimes the difficulty still remains.

To you that see, good friends, where I am blind,
Let me propose a case of either kind:
Premising first,—for both relate to weather,—
That winter and December come together:
The Romans too, as far as I remember,
Have join'd together winter and December.

In book the third of Horace, ode eighteen,
Ad Faunum*—these two sapphics here are seen:

Ludit HERBOSO *pecus omne campo,*
Cum tibi nonæ redeunt DECEMBRIS:
Festus in PRATIS *vacat otioso*
Cum bove pagus.

Inter audaces lupus errat agnos;
Spargit agrestes tibi silva FRONDES;
Gaudet INVISAM *pepulisse fossor*
Ter pede terram.†

HOR. LIB. 3. ODE. 18. 9.

Now, in December, if we reason close,
Are fields poetically call'd "herbose?"
Is that the month, tho' Faunus kept the fold,
For "daring lambs" to frisk about so bold?

* To Faunus, the person to whom the ode is inscribed.

† All the cattle play upon the grassy plain, when the nones of December to thee return: the festive village is at leisure in the meadows with the idle ox; the wolf wanders among the dauntless lambs; for thee the wood scatters rural leaves; the digger rejoices to have beaten the hated ground in a triple dance.

"Leaves" I would add too—but the learn'd Dacier
Has made this point elaborately clear,
As one that artful Horace interweaves,—
"The trees in Italy then shed their leaves;
"And this the poet's artifice profound,
"The trees themselves for Faunus strew'd the Ground."

It is, we'll say, a fine Horatian flight;
But is the herbage, are the lambs so right?
Is there in all the ode a single thing,
That makes the winter differ from the spring?
Nones of December are indeed hybernal,
But all the rest is absolutely vernal.

Lenis incedis per aprica RURA—*
Does this begin like winter?—but *quid plura?* †
Read how it all begins, goes on, or ends,
Nothing but *nones* is winterly, my friends;
Neither in human, nor in brutal creatures,
One trace observ'd of winter's stormy features.

May not there be, then, tho' the critics make
No hesitation at it, a mistake?
The diggers dancing too has somewhat spissy,
Gaudet invisam terram pepulisse.
"*He* in revenge," say comments "*beats the soil,*
"*Hated,* because it gave him so much toil."

As oft the diggers, whom we chance to meet,
Turn up the ground, and press it with their feet,
Horace himself, perhaps we may admit,
INVERSAM *terram* not *invisam* writ;
But this at present our demand postpones;—
Pray solve the doubts on these Decembrian *Nones.*

* Thou pleasantly walkest among thy sunny fields. † What more?

Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
Dormirem et URSIS;—

HOR. Lib. 3. Ode 4. 17.

How I could sleep with my body secured from black vipers and bears.

The change of ursis (*bears*) *into* hircis (*goats*) *accords better with the climate of Italy, than the common reading, which is well suited to Greenland, or any cold country.*

HORACE, an infant, (here he interweaves
In rambling ode, where no design coheres)
By fabled stock-doves cover'd up with leaves,
" Kept safe from *black-skinn'd vipers* and from *bears:*"
But passing by the incoherent ode,
I ask the critics "where the bears abode?"

The leaves, indeed, that stock-doves could convey,
Would be but poor defence against the snakes,
And sleeping boy be still an easy prey
To black pervaders of the thorny brakes;
The bears, I doubt too, would have smelt him out,
If there had been such creatures thereabout.

The snakes were black; the bears, I guess, were white,
(Or what the vulgar commonly call bulls)
Bears had there been. —Another word is right,
That has escap'd the criticising skulls,
Who suffer bears as quietly to pass
As if the bard had been of Lapland class.

A word where sense and sound do so agree,
That I shall spare to speak in its defence;
And leave absurdity, so plain to see,
With due correction, to your own good sense;
'Tis this, in short, in these Horatian verses,
" For *bears* read *goats*"—*pro* URSIS *lege* HIRCIS

Romæ, principis urbium,
Dignatur soboles inter amabiles
Vatum ponere me choros.

HOR. Lib. 4. Odc 3. 13.

The children (*inhabitants*) of Rome, the queen of cities, deign to place me among the amiable bands of poets.

The change of a single final vowel makes amabilis (*amiable*) *the singular of* amabiles. *Our author will have it applied to* soboles (*offspring*) *and not to* choros (*bands*). *The sense will then be*—The amiable children, *&c.* among the bands of poets.

THIS is one ode, and much the best of two,
Fam'd above all for Scaliger's ado.
" I rather would have writ so good a thing
" Than reign," quoth he, " an Arragonian king."
Had he been king, and master of the vote,
I doubt the monarch would have chang'd his note,
And loading verses with a huge renown,
Would still have kept his Arragonian crown.

This ode, howe'er, tho' short of such a rout,
He shew'd some judgment when he singled out,
Compar'd with others, one is at a stand
To think how those should come from the same hand.
For, if they did, 'tis marvellous enough
That such a muse, with such a breath, should puff;
That such a delicate, harmonious Muse
Should catch the clouds, or sink into the stews.

But fame has sold them to us in a lot,
And all is Horace, whether his or not.
For his or whose you will, then, let them pass,
What signifies it who the author was?
" Dunghill of Ennius," as we are told
By ancient proverb, " might afford some gold:"
And that's the case of what this Horace sung,
Some grains of gold, with tinsel mix'd, and dung.

We'll say this ode, allowing for the age
That *Horace* writ in, was a golden page;
The words well chosen, easy, free, and pat,
The lyric claim so manag'd—and all that—
What I would note is, that no critic yet,
Of them, I mean, whose notes my eyes have met,
Has seen a *blemish* in this finish'd piece,
Outdone, they say, by neither Rome nor Greece.

Yet there is *one*, which it is somewhat strange,
That none of them should see a cause to change,
But let a great indelicacy stand,
As if it came from *Horace's* own hand;
To *the bands of Poets* join'd AMABILES, †
When, what he meant was lovely *soboles.* §
Meo periculo‡, sirs, alter this,
If taste be in you, read *amabilis.*

If ye refuse, I have no more to say,
Keep to flat print, and read it your own way;
Let fear to change a vowel's rote dispense
With jingling sound, and unpoliter sense.
I don't expect that critics, with their skill,
Will take the hint,—but all true poets will.
Be it a test, at present, who has got
The nicer taste of liquid verse, who not.

Iracunda diem proferet Ilio,
Matronisque Phrygum, classis Achillei;
Post certas hyemes uret ACHAICUS
IGNIS *Iliacas domos.* HOR. Lib. 1. Ode 15.

The enraged fleet of Achilles shall bring on Troy and Trojan matrons the day, when, after a certain number of winters, GRECIAN FIRE shall consume Trojan houses.

SPONDÆO a stabili, si numeros modo
Observare velis, incipit ultimus
Versus—non poterunt Carminis et pedem
Leges ferre Trochaicum.

---

† Lovely. § Offspring. ‡ At my risk.

TRANSLATION.

e last verse, if thou wilt only observe the nu[illegible]rs, begins with a spondee; and the laws of the poem will not allow a trochee to be

Castigant Pueros Archididascali,
Pro longâ fuerit syllaba si brevis;
Et credunt critici dicere Horatium
——" Ignis Iliacas domos?"

Sunt, qui, cum penitus sensus abest metro,
Pugnant, ac vitium mille modis tegunt;
Quos vocum ratio dissona plurimos
Fixis Mentibus ingerit.

Verum, Carminibus cum sua Quantitas
Desit, quam ratio metrica postulat,
Num peccare velit, tam pueriliter,
Romanæ fidicen lyræ?

Si demum parilis culpa notabitur
Vatum, quam pariter corrigere est nefas,
Defendat numerus; Tu tamen, interim,
Verum restituas metrum.

Voci, quæ legitur, litera defuit
Princeps, quam soliti pingere, forsitan,
Haud scripsere: legas—" uret *Achaicis*
Lignis Iliacas domos.*"

TRANSLATION.

placed there. Schoolmasters chastise their boys, if a short syllable be put for a long one; and yet do the critics believe that Horace says, *Ignis Iliacas domos* (wood shall consume Trojan edifices?) Some people there are who, when sense is totally absent from metre, quarrel, and cover the fault by a thousand methods, many of which the discordant meaning of the words fastens the more strongly on their determined minds. But can the minstrel of the Roman lyre be wishful of blundering in such a childish way, when the verses are deficient in their proper quantity which the conditions of the metre require? If at length a similar fault shall be noticed in the poets, which it is in like manner a crime to correct, let the numbers of the place defend them. Yet do thou, in the mean time, restore the true metre. The principal letter was wanting to a word which is read in this poem; which letter, it is probable those who are accustomed to invention have never written: Thou mayst read it—*Uret Achaicis Lignis &c.* (will burn with Grecian wood the Trojan dwellings.)

* *One author would change* Achaicus Ignis (Grecian fire *will, &c.) into* Achaicis Lignis, *(the fleet will burn with* Grecian wood *the Trojan dwellings.) His reasons for the alteration will be seen in his verses, a translation of which is added above.*

——*Quis neget arduis*
Pronos relabi posse rivos
Montibus, et Tyberim reverti,
Cum tu coemptos undique nobiles
Libros Panætii, Socraticam et domum
MUTARE *loricis Iberis,*
Pollicitus meliora, TENDIS.

HOR. Lib. 1. Ode 29.

Who can now deny the possibility of rapid rivers flowing back again to the high mountains, and of the Tyber's return, when thou *aimest at exchanging* the *noble* books of Panætius, purchased in all quarters, *and* the houshold of Socrates for Iberian coats of mail, after having promised better things?

If NOBILIS, ut, tutere, *and* vendis *supply the places of* nobiles, et, mutare, *and* tendis, *as our author proposes, the quotation from Horace will read as in the last verse, which, with the others, is translated below.*

" NON esse," dices, " credo, poeticum
" Hoc *tendis;* et quò tenderet Iccius?
" Mutare libros?—at vicissim
" Non alios habuisse fertur.

" Mutare, rursus, Socraticam domum?"—
Hæc velle Sectam linquere te docent:
At Secta loricas Iberas
Nulla novo dederat Clienti.

TRANSLATION.

" I think," thou wilt say, " this word *tendis* is not poetic: and whither " would Iccius be *tending?* To change his books? But by turns he " he is said to have had no others. Again, is he aiming at changing the " Socratic house?" These words teach thee that he is wishful of leaving a sect: But no sect had given *Spanish Coats of Mail* to one who had but recently put himself under its protection. Whilst at a mere glance *coemptos* (purchased) and the words which follow it, compared with those which precede it, raise a persuasion that *Pollicitus meliora, vendis* (THOU GUESSEST, having promised better things) should be here read. Iccius, the future soldier, and a man of science, sold the books which he had bought, " and," says Horace, in a jesting manner, "he is not willing to defend science with books, but with warlike weapons." The ode, full of Irony, blames the leader of such a discordant military service; but busy hands seem to have vitiated the latter part of it. The hand of Horace, had, I think, described his wavering friend thus—Quis neget, &c. " Who can deny that it is possible for precipitate rivers to flow back to the high mountains, and for the Tyber to return, since thou *sellest* the books of the *noble* Panætius, *that* thou mayst *defend* the houshold of Socrates with Iberian coats of mail, after having afforded more hopeful promises?"

Dum vox *coemptos*, intuitu mero,
Et quæ sequuntur verba, prioribus
Collata, suadent hìc legendum
" Pollicitus meliora, *vendis*."

Libros coemptos vendidit Iccius,
Miles futurus, virque Scientiæ,
" Quam nolit hic libris tueri,"
Flaccus ait, joculans, " sed armis,"

Tam discrepantis militiæ ducem
Ironiarum plena redarguit
Ode; sed extremum videtur
Multa manus vitiâsse carmen.

Sic ipsa Flacci pinxerat, autumo,
Incertum amicum—" Quis neget arduis
Pronos relabi posse rivos
Montibus, et Tyberim reverti;

" Cum tu coemptos undique *nobilis*
Libros Panæti Socraticam *ut* domum
Tutere loricis Iberis,
Pollicitus meliora, *vendis?*"

Hor. Lib. 2. Ode 14.

*" *EHEU! fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,*
" *Labuntur anni; nec pietas moram*
" *Rugis, et instanti Senectæ*
" *Afferet, indomitæque morti.*

" *Non si* TRECENIS *quotquot eunt dies,*
" *Amice, places illachrymabilem*
" *Plutona tauris*"—Hem! trecenis?
Nolumus hanc posuisse vocem,

* *By the change of* trecenis *(three hundred) into* tercentum *(three hundred times) the poet will be understood to say that if Posthumus sacrifice one Bull every morning for three hundred days together, he will not appease Pluto.*

TRANSLATION.

Alas! Posthumus, Posthumus! the fleeting years slide onward; nor will piety cause any delay to wrinkles, and advancing old age, and unconquerable death. You appease not, my friend, the pitiless Pluto with *three hundred* bulls on each passing day.

What! with three hundred? We cannot admit, Oh Foxley, that Horace placed this word here—quotquot eunt dies, &c. The immense

Foxleie, Flaccum—" quotquot eunt dies,
Tauris trecentis illachrymabilem
Placare divum!" immanis, ipso
Intuitu, numerus patescit.

Quovis trecenos lumine Posthumum
Mactare tauros, si benè finxerit
Vates, quot exactos, memento,
Myriadas feriat per annos!

Hæc inter artes norma poeticas,
—" Famam sequi, vel convenientiam"—
Præscripta Flacco, quam trecenis
Immodicè violata tauris!

Vult quando *centum pocula sospitis*,
Codex, *Amici*—tum sibi sapphicum
Quid carmen exposcat volutans,
Te, statuo, repetente—*Cantum*.

Idem in trecenis hæreo, suspicor;
Et, non jocantem, simplicius velim

TRANSLATION.

number is evident at the first glimpse. If the poet have happily imagined that Posthumus kills three hundred bulls every morning, recollect how many myriads he will sacrifice before his years are brought to a close. This rule among the poetical arts is prescribed by Horace—" Abide by common report or by what appears to be fitting," which rule is immoderately violated by *three hundred bulls!* When a *(codex)* copy wishes (centum) *a hundred cups on account of the safety of a friend*, then pondering on what a sapphic poem requires for itself, I place *(cantum) a song*, and thou repeatest it. I hesitate also about (trecenis) three hundred, am mistrustful, and wish that the poet who was in jest, had said what he is so earnest about in more simple language; for it was capable of being said more simply that *death is as near to kings as to clowns;* death, not to be avoided by Posthumus when he three hundred times sacrifices bulls as oft as each rising morn shines forth. Unless I am mistaken, every victim of Posthumus which is sacrificed to Pluto required but one bullock on each day, whilst the hand of Horace was in its proper vigour, who wrote, or who ought to have written, (as thou sayest in a late poem, which while the vehement muse refutes, she entirely furnishes this attempt to thee) non si, &c. which I think the poem thus to have numbered in a better manner. If the word be right, do not remove it; if it be not right, thou whose associates are men of extensive genius, tell us with what word thy companions would fill up the vacancy, while I remain silent about it.

Dixisse vatem, (namque dici
Simplicius potuit) quod urguet:

Quod, nempè, mors et regibus imminet
Æquè ac colonis; Mors—neque Posthumo
Vitanda TERCENTUM immolando
Lux quoties nitet orta, tauros.

Ni fallor, omnis victima Posthumi
Duntaxat unum quoque die bovem
Mactata Plutoni poposcit,
Dum valuit manus ipsa Flacci:

Qui scripsit, aut qui scribere debuit,
(Tu sicut inquis, carmine nupero;
Quod musa, pugnax, dum refellit,
Hoc penitus tibi subdit ausum.)

"Non si *** quotquot eunt dies,
" Amice, places illachrymabilem
" Plutona tauris"—quos opinor
Sic melius numerâsse carmen.

Si sana vox sit, ne moveas loco—
Si non sit—amplis ingenio viris
Immiste, dic quanam sodales
(Me tacito) repleant Hiatum?

Thure placaris et hornâ
Fruge Lares avidâque porcâ.

HOR. LIB. 3. ODE 23.

And thou shalt have appeased the houshold Gods, by an offering of frankincense, and fruits of this year's growth, and a greedy swine.

When avidasque Parcas *(the greedy Fates) is written instead of* avidâ Porcâ, *(a greedy swine,) our author thinks the connection with Lares will be more consistently preserved than as it now stands.*

QUÆ mens sit hujus carminis, obsecro,
Spectes;—monenda est rustica Phydile,
Vel thure, vel fructu, vel herbâ
Ruricolas placuisse Divis.

Si pura mens sit, si manus innocens,
Placare possint absque cruoribus;

Primumque et extremum poetæ
Quis negat hoc voluisse versum?

Vix ergo *Porcam* velle putaveris,
Urbane, Flaccum frugibus additam;
Nam thura, nam fruges, et omnem
Sordida Sus vitiavit herbam.

Quid parva laudat, Numina, munera,
Si *Porca* tandem victima poscitur?
Quid prosit immunis manusve,
Farve pium, saliensque mica?

Aut omnis ut res hæreat, indica,
Aut vile mendum corrige protinus;
Non multa mutabis legendo,
—" Frugi Lares *avidasque Parcas.*"

The foregoing Criticism,

IN ENGLISH VERSE.

THE whole design of this Horatian strain
Is so exceeding obvious and plain,
That one would wonder how correcting eyes
Could overlook a blot of such a size,
As *avidâque Porcâ*; when the line,
So read, quite ruins *Horace's* design.

He, as the verse begins, and as it ends,
This point to rustic *Phydile* commends,
That innocence to gifts the gods prefer,
And frugal off'rings would suffice from her;
That want of victims was in her no fault;
She might present fruit, incense, cake, and salt.

With what connexion could he add to these
A *greedy swine*, in order to appease
Those very deities, whom ode is meant
To paint with cheap and bloodless gifts content,
From pious hands receiv'd, tho' e'er so small?—
But *avidâque Porcâ* spoils it all.

What moral meant, if they requir'd, in fine,
From rustic *Phydile*, a great fat swine?

Why little gods and little matters nam'd,
If such a sacrifice as this was claim'd?
Porcâ is wrong, Sirs, whether we regard
The gods, the countrywoman, or the bard.

What must be done in such a case as this?
One must amend, tho' one should do't amiss.
I'll tell you the correction, frank and free,
That upon reading first occurr'd to me;
And seem'd to suit the bard's intention better,
With small mutation of the printed letter.

Tho' *avidaque Porca* runs along
With verb, and case, and measure of the song,
Yet, if the poet is to be renown'd
For something more, than mere Italian sound,
For life and sense, as well as shell and carcass;
Read—*Fruge Lares, avidasque Parcas.*§

Vile potabis modicis Sabinum
Cantharis—

HOR. Lib. 1. Ode 20.

Thou shalt drink weak Sabine wine *in little cups.*

Our author wishes potabis *(thou shalt drink) to be changed into* potabo *(I will drink) for reasons assigned in his verses.*

HAVE ye no scruple, sirs, when ye rehearse
This hissing kind of an Horatian verse?
To me, I own, at sight of triple—*is*,
Suspicion said that something was amiss;
And, when one reads the triple Sapphic thro',
'Tis plain that what suspicion said was true.

Critics, as custom goes, if one shall bring
The plainest reason, for the plainest thing,
Will stick to Horace, as he sticks to print,
And say, sometimes, that there is nothing in't.
Or here mistake, perhaps, may be my lot;
Now tell me, neighbours, is it so or not?

This ode, or (since apparently mishap
Has lost the true beginning of it) scrap,

---

§ And thou shalt have appeased *the houshold Gods*, and *the greedy Fates* with frankincense and *fruits* of this year's growth.

Informs *Mæcenas* that poor Sabine wine
Shall be his drink, in Horace's design;
Wine which the poet had incask'd, the day
That people shouted for the knight away.

This is the first thing that it says—the next,
Without one word of intervening text,
Says, he shall drink (and in poetic shape
Wine is describ'd) the very richest grape;
" My cups *Falernian* vintage, *Formian* hill"
(Is all that follows after) " never fill."

These, and these only, in the printed code,
Are the two periods of this pigmy ode:
And how they stand, in contradiction flat,
Whoe'er can construe Latin must see that.
The critics saw it, but forsook their sight,
And set their wits at work, to make it right.

How they have done it—such as have a mind
To know their fetches, if they look, may find;
And smile thereat; one ounce, that but coheres,
Of mother wit, is worth a pound of theirs;
Who having, by their dint of learning, seen
That moon is cheese, soon prove it to be green.

'Twill be enough to give ye just a taste,
From Delphin here, of criticising haste;
" *Mæcenas*, setting on some journey out,
" Sent Horace word, before he took his rout,
" As *Cruquius*, *Lubin*, *Codex* too pretend,
" That he would sup with his assured friend.

" Horace writes back—and this, it seems, the ode,—
" 'Tis mighty kind to take me in your road;
" But you must be content with slender fare,
" Such as my poor tenuity can spare:
" *Vile potabis*—Sabine wine the best—
" As learnedly *Theod. Marcil.* has guess'd."

So far, so good—but why should Horace, slap,
Say " You shall drink the wines of richest tap?"

"That is," quoth margin of the Delphin tome,
"*Domi potabis*—you shall drink at home;"
Hæc vina quidem bibes apud te,
Says note, *non ita vero apud me.**

"*Certè*," it adds, "as Pliny understood,
"The knight's own wine was exquisitely good—"
Good, to be sure, tho' Pliny had been dumb;
But how does all that has been said o'ercome
The contradiction?—Why, with this assistance,
'Tis plain they supp'd together—at a distance.

One easy hint, without such awkward stirs,
Dissolves at once the difficulty, sirs,
Let Horace drink himself of his own *Vinum*—
Vile POTABO *modicis Sabinum*†
Canth'ris—and *Mæcenas* do so too—
Tu bibes Cæcubum §—and all is true.

No verbal hissing spoils poetic grace,
Nor contradiction stares ye in the face;
But verse intention, without farther tours—
"I'll drink my wine, *Mæcenas*—and you yours."
Should not all judges of Horatian letter
Or take this reading, or propose a better?

A LETTER TO R. L. ESQ.

If SENESINO *do but rift*
"O Caro, caro! that flat fifth!"
I'd hang if e'er an Opera witling
Could tell CUZZONI *from a kitling.*

DEAR *Peter*, if thou canst descend
From RODELIND to hear a friend,
And if those ravish'd ears of thine
Can quit the shrill celestial whine

* These wines thou shalt drink at thy own house, but such thou canst not have at mine.
† I will drink weak Sabine wine in little cups.
§ Thou shalt drink Cæcuban wine.

Of gentle eunuchs, and sustain
Thy native Enlish without pain,
I would, if 't en't too great a burden,
Thy ravish'd ears intrude a word in.

To *Richard's* and to *Tom's* full oft
Have I stept forth, O 'squire of *Toft*,
In hopes that I might win, perchance,
A sight of thy sweet countenance;
Forth have I stept, but still alas!
Richard's or *Tom's*,—'twas all a case;
Still met I with the same reply—
"Saw you *sir Peter*?"—"No, not I."

Being at length no longer able
To bear the dismal trissyllable,
Home I retir'd in saunt'ring wise,
And inward turning all my eyes,
To seek thee in the friendly breast,
Where thou hast made a kind of nest,
The gentle muse I 'gan invoke,
And thus the neck of silence broke:

"Muse!" quoth I, treading on her toes,
"Thou sweet companion of my woes,
That whilom wont to ease my care,
And get me now and then—a hare—
Why am I thus depriv'd the sight
Both of the alderman and knight?
Tell me, O tell me, gentle muse,
Where is *Sir Peter*, where is *Clowes*?"

"Where your friend *Joseph* is or goes,"
Reply'd *Melpomene*, "Lord knows;
And what place is the fairest bidder
For the knight's presence—let's consider—
Your wandering steps you must refer to
Rehearsal, op'ra, or concerto;
At one or other of the three
You'll find him most undoubtedly."

Now, *Peter*, if the muse says true,
To all my hopes I bid adieu;
Adieu my hopes, if op'ramany
Has seiz'd on *Peter's* pericranie.

Drunk with Italian Syren's cup!
Nay then, in troth, I give him up:
The man's a quack, whoe'er pretends he
Can cure him of that fiddling phrenzy.

THE POETASTER.

WHEN a poet, as poetry goes now-a-days,
Takes it into his head to put in for the bays,
With an old book of rhymes, and a half pint of claret,
To cherish his brain, mounted up to his garret,
Down he sits, with his pen, ink, and paper before him,
And labours as hard—as his mother that bore him.

Thus plac'd, on the candle he fixes his eyes,
And upon its bright flame he looks wonderful wise;
Then snuffing it close, he takes hold of his pen,
And, the subject not starting, he snuffs it again;
Till perceiving at last that not one single thought,
For all his wise looks, will come forth as it ought,
With a bumper of wine he emboldens his blood,
And prepares to receive it, whenever it should.

Videlicet, first, he invokes the nine muses,
Or some one of their tribe for his patroness chooses;
The girl, to be sure, that, of all the long *Nomina*,
Best suits with his rhyme—as for instance, *Melpomene*.
"And what signifies then this old bard-beaten whim?
"What's he to the muses, or th' muses to him?"
Why, the bus'ness is this—the poor man, lack-a-day!
At first setting out, don't know well what to say.

Then he thinks of Parnassus, and Helicon streams,
And of old musty bards mumbles over the names;
Talks much to himself of one *Phœbus Apollo*,
And a parcel of folks that in's retinue follow;
Of a horse nam'd *Pegasus*, that had two wings,
Of mountains, and nymphs, and a hundred fine things;
Tho' with mountains, and streams, and his nymphs of Parna
The man, after all, is but just where he was.

TO

HENRY WRIGHT, of MOBBERLEY, Esq:

ON

Buying the Picture of F. Malebranche, at a Sale.

(Inserted in Nichols' Select Poems.)

WELL, dear Mr. Wright, I must send you a line;—
The purchase is made, Father Malebranche is mine;
The adventure is past, which I long'd to achieve,
And I'm so overjoy'd, you will hardly believe.
If you will but have patience, I'll tell you, dear friend,
The whole history out, from begining to end.
Excuse the long tale;—I could talk, Mr. Wright,
About this same picture from morning to night.

The morning it lower'd—like the morning in Cato,
And brought on, methought, as important a day too;
But about ten o'clock it began to be clear;
And the fate of our capital piece drawing near,
Having supp'd off to breakfast some common decoction,
Away trudged I in all haste to the Auction.
Should have call'd upon you, but the weaver committee
Forbad me that pleasure;—the more was the pity!

The clock struck eleven as I enter'd the room,
Where Rembrandt and Guido stood waiting their doom,
With Holbein and Rubens, Van Dyck, Tintoret,
Jordano, Poussin, Carlo Dolci, *et cet.*
When at length in the corner perceiving the *Pere*,*
"Ha!" quoth I to his face, "my old friend, are you there?"
And methought the face smil'd, just as tho' it would say,
"What, you're come, Mr. Byrom, to fetch me away!"

Now, before I had time to return it an answer,
Comes a short-hander by,—Jemmy Ord was the man, sir,—
"So, Doctor, good morrow!"—*So, Jemmy, bon jour!*†
"Some rare pictures here;"—*So there are, to be sure.*
"Shall we look at some of 'em?—*With all my heart, Jemmy;*
So I walk'd up and down, and my old pupil wi' me;

* Father. † Good morning.

Making still such remarks as our wisdom thought proper,
Where things were hit off in wood, canvas, or copper.

When at length about noon, Mr. Auctioneer Cox,
With his book and his hammer, mounts into his box;
"Lot the first—number one;"—then advanced his upholder
With Malebranche:—So Atlas bore Heaven on his shoulder.
Then my heart, sir,—it went pit-apat, in good sooth,
To see the sweet face of *the searcher of truth*:†
"Ha!" thought I to myself, "if it cost me a million,
"This right honest head, then, shall grace my pavilion."

Thus stood LOT THE FIRST both in number and worth,
If pictures were priz'd for the men they set forth.
I'm sure, to my thinking, compar'd to this number
Most lots in the room seem'd to be but mere lumber.
The head then appearing, Cox left us to see 't,
And fell to discoursing concerning the feet;
"So long, and so broad.—'Tis a very fine head!
"Please to enter it, gentlemen"—was all that he said.

Had I been in his place, not a stroke of a hammer
Till the force had been tried both of rhet'rick and grammar.
"A very fine head!"—had thy head been as fine,
All the heads in the house had veil'd bonnets to thine:
Not a word whose it was—but, in short, 'twas a head—
"Put it up what you please." So somebody said,
"Half a piece"—and so on. For three pounds and a crown,
To sum up my good fortune, I fetch'd him me down.

There were three or four bidders,—I cannot tell whether,—
But they never could come two upon me together;
For as soon as one spoke, then immediately pop
I advanc'd something more, fear the hammer should drop.
I consider'd, should Cox take a whim of a sudden
What a hurry it would put a man's Lancashire blood in!
"Once—twice—three pounds, five"—So, *nemine con.*
Came an absolute rap, and thrice happy was John.

"Who bought it?" quoth Cox. "Here's the money," quoth I,
Still willing to make the securest reply:
And the safest receipt that a body can trust,
For preventing disputes, is "Down with your dust!"

† He wrote a treatise called "A Search after Truth."

So I bought it, and paid for 't; and boldly I say,
'Twas the best purchase made at Cadogan's that day;
The works the man wrote are the finest in nature,
And a most clever piece is his genuine portraiture.

For the rest of the pictures, and how they were sold,
To others, there present, I leave to be told.
They seem'd to go off, as at most other sales,
Just as folks' money, judgment, or fancy prevails;
Some cheap, and some dear. Such an image as this
Comes a trifle to me: and an odd wooden Swiss
Wench's head—(God knows who)—forty-eight guineas, if her
Grace of Marlborough likes it;—so fancy will differ.

When the bus'ness was o'er, and the crowd somewhat gone,
Whip into a coach I convey number one.
"Drive along, honest friend, fast as e'er you can pin."
So he did, and 'tis now safe and sound at Gray's Inn;
Done at Paris, it says, *from the life* by one GERY;
Who that was I can't tell, but I wish his heart merry;
In the year ninety-eight—sixty just from the birth
Of the greatest divine that e'er liv'd upon earth.

And now, if some evening when you are at leisure,
You'll come and rejoice with me over my treasure,
With a friend or two with you, that will in free sort
Let us mix metaphysicks and short-hand and port,
We'll talk of his book, or what else you've a mind,
Take a glass, read, or write, as we see we're inclin'd.
Such friends and such freedom!—What can be more clever?
Huzza! FATHER MALEBRANCHE AND SHORT-HAND FOR EVER!

Miscellaneous Pieces,

CONSISTING OF

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS, FRAGMENTS, EPIGRAMS, &c.

TIME that is past thou never canst recal;
Of time to come thou art not sure at all;
Time present only is within thy pow'r;
Now, now improve, then, whilst thou canst, the hour.

SET not the faults of other folks in view,
But rather mind what thou thyself shouldst do;
For, twenty errors of thy neighbour known
Will tend but little to reform thy own.

SAFER to reconcile a foe, than make
A conquest of him for the conquest's sake;
This tames his *pow'r* of doing present ill,
But that disarms him of the very *will*.

TO give reproof in anger, to be sure,
Whate'er the fault, is not the way to cure:
Would a wise doctor offer, dost thou think,
The sick his potion scalding hot to drink?

A GRACEFUL manner, and a friendly ease
Will give a "No," and not at all displease;
And an ill-natur'd or ungraceful "YES,"
When it is giv'n, is taken much amiss.

BUT small the diff'rence, if Tertullian's right,
To do an injury, or to requite;
"He is," said he, "who does it to the other,
"But somewhat sooner wicked than his brother."

MY reason is I, and your reason is YOU,
And, if we shall differ, both cannot be true:
If reason must judge, and we two must agree,
Another third reason must give the decree,
Superior to ours; and to which, it is fit,
That both, being weaker, should freely submit:
Now in reason submitting, is plainly implied
That it does not pretend, of itself, to decide.

IN truths that nobody can miss,
It is the *Quid* that makes the *Quis;*
In such as lie more deeply hid,
It is the *Quis* that makes the *Quid*.

A QUERY.

SHOULD a *good* angel and a *bad* between
Th' infirmary and theatre be seen;
One going to be present at the play,
The other, where the sick and wounded lay;
Quere—Were your conjecture to be had,
Which would the *good* one go to, which the *bad?*

VERSES

DESIGNED FOR A WATCH CASE.

COULD but our tempers move like this machine,
Not urg'd by passion, nor delay'd by spleen;
But, true to nature's regulating pow'r,
By virtuous acts distinguish ev'ry hour;
Then health and joy would follow, as they ought,
The laws of motion, and the laws of thought;
Sweet health, to pass the present moments o'er;
And everlasting joy, when time shall be no more.

AN

ADMONITION AGAINST SWEARING,

Addressed to an Officer in the Army.

O THAT the muse might call, without offence,
The gallant soldier back to his good sense!
His temp'ral field so cautious not to lose;
So careless quite of his eternal foes.
Soldier! so tender of thy prince's fame,
Why so profuse of a Superior Name?
For the king's sake the brunt of battles bear;
But, for the King of King's sake, DO NOT SWEAR.

TO THE SAME, EXTEMPORE,

Intended to allay the Violence of Party-Spirit.

GOD bless the king, I mean the faith's defender;
God bless—(no harm in blessing)—the pretender;

But who pretender is, or who is king,
God bless us all—that's quite another thing.

ON THE

NATURALIZATION BILL.

COME all ye foreign strolling gentry,
Into Great Britain make your entry;
Abjure the Pope, and take the oaths,
And you shall have meat, drink, and clothes.

ON THE SAME.

WITH languages dispers'd, men were not able
To top the skies, and build the tow'r of Babel;
But if to Britain they shall cross the main,
And meet by *act of parliament* again,
Who knows, when all together shall repair,
How high a castle may be built in air!

ON THE SAME.

THIS act reminds me, ge'men, under favour,
Of old John Bull, the hair-merchant and shaver:
John had a sign put up, whereof the writing
Was strictly copied from his own inditing:
Under the painted wigs both *bob* and *full*—
—*Moast munny pade for living* HERE—

John Bull.

ADVERTISEMENT UPON THE SAME.

NOW upon sale, a bankrupt island,
To any stranger that will buy land—
The *birthright*, note, for further satis-
Faction, is to be thrown in *gratis*.

ON PRIOR's SOLOMON.

AN EPIGRAM.

WISE Solomon, with all his rambling doubts,
Might talk two hours, I guess, or thereabouts;
" And yet," quoth he, " my elders, to their shame,
" Kept silence all, nor answer did they frame."
Dear me! what else but silence should they keep?
He, to be sure, had talk'd them all asleep.

EPIGRAM

ON THE

Feuds between Handel and Bononcini.

SOME say, compar'd to Bononcini,
That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
Others aver, that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle:
Strange all this difference should be,
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee!

AN ANECDOTE.

THE French Ambassador had been to wait
On James the First, in equipage of state:
Bacon was by; to whom the king began—
" Well now, my lord, what think you of the man?"
He's a tall proper person, sir, said he—
" Aye," said the king, " that any one may see;
" But what d'ye think of head-piece in the case?
" Is he a proper person for his place?"
My lord, who thought he was not, I suppose,
Gave him this answer, as the story goes—
Tall men are oft like houses that are tall;
The upper rooms are furnish'd worst of all.

BONE and Skin, two millers thin,
Would starve us all, or near it:
But be it known to Skin and Bone,
That Flesh and Blood can't bear it.*

EPIGRAM.

[a] CÆSAR Pompeium vicit—quæ Nomina! Quin tu
Accipe quam fuerit Fama, Jacobe, nihil.
Cæsar, id est Victor; Victor quoque Cæsar; eundem
Fama hominem binis Vocibus ergo notat:
Sic etiam ceu Pompeium tu dicere mavis,
Ceu victum, Res est unica, Verba duo:
Sensus idem nobis, id enim Nos novimus unum
Quod quivis quendam vicerit—hic HONOR est!

IN CALVUM.—Epigram.

[b] "PRIMUS in Orbe Deos fecit Timor"—Hæc mihi, Cal
Est ubi de Sacris Quæstio, vociferas:
Cum fueris tute ipse hominum timidissimus, unde est,
Improbe, quod dubites an sit ubique Deus?

* The wit of this epigram was pointed at the father of Judge Y——, and a Mr. D--w--n; two tall meagre men, who were trustees of the charity-school, at Manchester: for the support of which school three mills were left. As all the town had a right in this school, all the town were to grind their corn at these mills. The town, however, grew too populous for the mills; and yet the concientious trustees wanted to prevent the inhabitants from grinding their corn any where else. See page 32.

TRANSLATIONS.

[a] Cæsar vanquished Pompey---What great names! But do thou, James, hear how fame shall be nothing: Cæsar, that is the Conqueror; the Conqueror also Cæsar; fame therefore denotes the same man by two words. So likewise, whether thou wouldst rather say Pompey or the vanquished, the thing is one, the words two. The sense is the same to us, for we know this circumstance only that a certain person conquered another---here is the HONOUR.

[b] "Fear first made gods in the world"---This question about religion, thou, Calvus, dost sometimes bawl out before me. But since thou hast thyself been one of the most fearful of men, whence is it, villain, that thou doubtest whether God be in every place?

IN EUNDEM.

[a]DUM Calvum objurgo quod nunquam Templa frequentet—
"Illud plebs," inquit, "carpet anilis Iter;
"Templa petat qui vult; at Ego, quæcunque Sacerdos
"Ex cathedrâ possit dicere jam teneo."
Quis neget Ætatem nobis esse ingeniosam
Ingenium cum sit posse manere Domi?

IN EUNDEM.

[b]DUM bibitur Calvus Rationem laudat Amicis,
Et quantum satis est omnibus ore trahit;
Rectam, sinceram, cœlestem, et cœtera clamans,
Tu Ratio nobis Numen es—atque bibit;
Donec vix tandem potis est incedere rectus,
Aut verbum rectâ de Ratione loqui:
Dum Socium intueor—"quænam hæc Dementia Calvi
"Tam cito quæ laudet perdere?"—sic monuit—
Desine mirari; nihil est nisi quod Rationem
Nuncupet hic aliis quod solet esse Merum.

TRANSLATIONS.

[a] When I reprimand Calvus for not repairing to church—"The doating multitude," says he, "will take that road; let him go to church that wishes, but for my part I already know whatever the priest can deliver from the pulpit." Who can now assert that our age is not ingenious, when it is a mark of genius to be able to remain at home?

[b] While Calvus is drinking, he extols reason among his friends, and drawls out as much as is sufficient for all, calling her "right, sincere, heavenly," and by other epithets; "Thou art a Goddess to us, O Reason"—and drinks; till at length he is scarcely able to walk erect, or to speak a word of right reason. I look at his companion and ask "What madness is this of Calvus in destroying so soon what he praises?" Who answered, "Cease thy wondering; it is nothing but his calling that by the name of REASON which is known to others by the name of WINE."

In Madidam Memoriam Johannis Barrington,*
Equitis ARGENTEI, *hujusce Collegii olim* COMMENSALIS.

To the bedewed memory of John Barrington, a Silver Knight, formerly a commoner of this college.

AN EPITAPH.

STAY, Traveller, the Barrington lies here, who left us poor mortals to bewail his loss, June 24, 1713.

He was a philosopher of the *Plat-onic* sect; so true a friend, that there never was any but would let him into their *secrets* at the first acquaintance. He was a man of *metal*, and feared no colours but *Browne.*†

He kept company with learned men, and was a good critic himself, especially at the filling up of an *Hiatus*. He could enter into the *heart* of an author immediately. He dealt much in *fragments*. He was an excellent physician, and could give a man a stool or a vomit, a cordial or a sleepy dose, just as a man's body required it. He understood anatomy so well, that he could dissect a man alive, and trace through every part and yet never hurt him. As well as he was skilled in optics, he never made use of any glasses. He was a jeweller, and has adorned many a man with *carbuncles* of his own making.

In short, he was every thing; a man of an excellent *taste*, though something *frothy*. He was of an aspiring temper, and would get to the *head* in all company he came into; though he had this check on his ambition, that always the higher he mounted, the lower he sunk.

He was generally very *mild*, and never in a passion; and yet, traveller, would not stick to *run through* the best friend he had, and *so sharp* sometimes, that if a man meddled with him, he would *cut his throat*. He had a confounded large mouth and ears, but scarce any of his other members perfect---not above four feet high, and yet many a one has died for love of him.

He had such an ingenious way of reprimanding a man, that if he hit you in the teeth with a thing, you would not take it ill. He was a comical blade enough; had no eyes himself, but would have made thee stare. He had never a hand, yet would have knocked thee down. Sometimes he had a head, and sometimes none; and when he had, what is falsely reported of a certain saint is true of him, that he carried it in his mouth. When he was drunk he had not a drop of liquor in him, quite contrary to other men. He would often change his inside, but never his outside. I could tell thee more wonders, traveller, but thou art puzzled already. In short, he had that in him, which thou wouldst wish to have in thee, and so fare thee well.

* A silver two-handed cup, belonging to the Bachelors of Trinity College, Cambridge, and called the Barrington, from the name of the donor.—It was usually served up to table full of ale—but this custom being forbidden, for some particular reasons, by the Fellows of the College, gave occasion to this epitaph.

† One of the Bachelors at that time in College, of a remarkably strong arm and head—who is said to have lifted it full to his mouth with one hand, and to have drunk it off at a draught.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

James Nichols, Printer, 36, Briggate, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS,

BY JOHN BYROM, M. A. F. R. S.

LATE FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, AND INVENTOR OF THE UNIVERSAL ENGLISH SHORT-HAND.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED HIS LIFE AND NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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AN

Epistle to a Gentleman of the Temple,

OCCASIONED BY

Two Treatises, wherein the Fall of Man is differently represented, viz.

I. MR. LAW'S SPIRIT OF PRAYER.
II. THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S APPENDIX.

Shewing that, according to the plainest sense of Scripture, the Nature of the Fall is greatly mistaken in the latter.

In this poetical letter our author very ingeniously shews the absurdity of saying that "the execution of the sentence denounced against "the breach of the command given to Adam *in innocence*, did not "immediately follow his transgression of that law; but that it was "graciously respited, and not executed till the day of his *natural* "*death!*" He tells us that Adam lost all *spiritual and heavenly life* in the very moment of his sinning. When he goes beyond this, and begins philosophically to describe what that vast space, "far as the orb of our created day," was before its being converted, by Divine Power, into a habitation for human beings, he falls into one of the wonderful depths of Behmenism, and his account becomes irrational and unscriptural.

SIR, upon casting an attentive look
Over your friend, the learned Sherlock's, book,
One thing occurs about the FALL OF MAN,
That does not suit with the Mosaic plan;
Nor gives us fairly, in its full extent,
The scripture doctrine of that dire event.

When tempted Adam, yielding to deceit,
Presum'd of the forbidden tree to eat,
The Bishop tells us, *That he did not die:*
Pray will you ask him, Sir, the Reason why?

Why he would contradict the sacred text,
Where death to sin so *surely* is annex'd?
" The day thou eatest "—are the words, you know;
And yet, by his account, *it was not so;*
Death did not follow, tho' it surely would:
How will he make this hardy comment good?

Sentence, says he, *was respited*—But, pray,
Where does the Scripture such a saying say?
What word, that means to *respite* or revoke,
Appears in all that God or Moses spoke?

It will be said, perhaps, " now it appears
" That Adam liv'd above nine Hundred years
" After his fall"—True;—But what *life* was that?
The very *death*, Sir, which his fall begat.
The Life, which Adam was created in,
Was lost the *day*, the *instant* of his sin.
Just as the rebel angels, when they fell,
Were *dead* to Heav'n, altho' *alive* to Hell;
So Man, no longer breathing heav'nly breath,
Fell to this life, and died the *Scripture Death*.

While in the state of innocence he stood,
He was all living, beautiful, and good:
But when he fed on the forbidden fruit,
Whereof corruption was the latent Root,
He died to Paradise, and, by a birth
That should not have been rais'd, he liv'd to earth;
Fell into bestial flesh, and blood, and bones,
Amongst the thorns and briars, rocks and stones.
That which had cloth'd him, when a child of light,
With all its lustre, was extinguish'd quite;
Naked, asham'd, confounded, and amaz'd,
With *other* eyes, on *other* scenes he gaz'd.
All sensibility of heav'nly bliss
Departing from him—what a *Death* was this!

His soul, indeed, as an immortal fire,
Could never die, could never not desire:
But, Sir, he had, what glorious angels claim,
A *heav'nly* spirit, and a *heav'nly* frame;
Form'd in the likeness of the Sacred THREE,
He stood immortal, powerful, and free;

Image of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The destin'd sire of a new heav'nly host;
Partner of their communicated breath,
A *living* soul, unsubjected to death.
Since, then, he fell from this sublime estate,
Could less than death have been his real fate?
No; as in life he chose not to abide,
It must be said, that *Adam surely died.*

Say, that "he died not, as it was foretold,
"But when nine Hundred years and thirty old;"
And then, if death be sentence for a *fall*,
How proves the Bishop that he died at all?
For if the death he talks of be this last,
How does *that* answer to the *sentence* pass'd?
Was his departure from *this world* the time
That our first father suffer'd for his crime?
One rather should believe, or hope at least,
That (so be it!) his sufferings then ceas'd;
And that the life, which had been lost at first,
Was then regain'd, and he no longer curst.

If on the Bishop's 'scutcheon, when he dies,
(Long be the time deferr'd!) the mourning eyes
Should read MORS VITÆ JANUA,* in paint,
What must they think him,—sinner, *then*, or saint?
Must not these words direct them to suppose
An end of all a Christian Bishop's woes;
Who like to Adam, father of mankind,
Had pass'd his time of penitence enjoin'd;
Who, like to CHRIST, the second Adam too,
Had always had *redemption* in his view;
Had taught himself and others to revive
From "dead in Adam" to "in Christ alive;"
Had been as true a shepherd to his flock,
As the poor hind that really wears a frock;
So trod this earthly passage, that, in sum,
Death was to him *the gate of life* become?

"Gate of *what* life?"—Undoubtedly the same
Which Adam fell from, when he first became

* Death is the gate of life.

A creature of this world; when first he fell,—
Thanks to Divine Foregoodness!—not to hell,
But to this earth—this state of time and place,
Where, dead by Nature, man revives by Grace;
Where, tho' his *outward* system must decay,
His *inward* ripens to eternal day;
Puts off th' Old Adam, and puts on the New;
And having found the *first* sad sentence true,
Now finds the truth of what the *second* said,
"The woman's Seed shall bruise the serpent's head."

Again—to urge the instance that I gave,—
Attend we this good Bishop to his grave:
The priest comes forth to meet the sable hearse,
And then repeats the well-appointed verse;
Verse, one would think, that might decide the Strife:
I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE—

What life is that, which JESUS is and gives,
In and by which the true believer lives?
That of *this world?* Then were it must absurd
To a dead Bishop to apply the word.
'Tis that which human nature had before;
Which, being Christ's, Christ *only* can restore.
What *meaning* is there, touching the deceas'd,
Now from the *burden of the flesh* releas'd,
But that his soul is going to be clad
With *heavenly* flesh and blood, which Adam had,
Before he enter'd into that which Paul
"Body of death" might very justly call?
A flesh and blood, that, as he hints elsewhere,
Not born from Heav'n, can never enter there:
Mass of this world, whose kingdom Christ disclaim'd,
The life whereof is but a life so nam'd;
A life of *animal* and *insect* breath,
Which, in a *man*, is rightly styl'd a *death*.

Thus, Sir, throughout the Burial Office run,
You'll find that it proceeds as it begun.
Read any office—Baptism, if you will—
From first to last, you'll find the reason still,
Why any, or why all of them are read;
Reason of all that's either sung or said,

Is by this one great solemn truth explain'd,
Of *life* in Adam *lost*, *in* CHRIST *regain'd*:
Lost at the *fall*—not at the end of years
That Adam labour'd in this vale of tears,
When death thro' Christ was *happy*, 'tis presum'd,
And vanquish'd *that* to which he first was doom'd.

Doom'd—not by any *act of wrath* in God;—
A point wherein the Bishop seems to nod.
No death of *pure*, of *tainted life* no pain,
Did His severe inflicting will ordain.
He is all glory, goodness, light, and love,
LIFE that from *Him* no creature can remove;
But from *itself* it may, as Adam did,
If it will choose what light and love forbid.
Truly forewarn'd of what would *truly* be,
His life was poison'd by the *mortal* tree:
He *ate*—he *fell*—he *died*—'tis all the same;
One loss of life under a triple name.

No test was made, by *positive command*,
Merely to try if he would fall or stand,
Like that—the serpentine Satanic snare—
Of which the man was bidden to beware.
"Eat not thereof, or thou wilt surely die,"
Was spoken to *prevent*, and not to *try*;
To guard the man against his subtle foe,
Who sought to teach him " what 'twas death to know."

Death to his pristine, *spirit-life* divine,
And *separation* from its sacred *shrine;*
The pure, unmix'd, incorruptible throne,
Wherein God's image first embodied shone.
Tho' form'd to rule the new created scene,
Built from the Chaos of a former reign;
To bring the wonders of this world to view,
And ancient glories to an orb renew;
He also had,—as being to command
See and be seen, in this new-formed land,
This intermediate temporary life,
Where, only, good and evil are at strife,—
Outward corporeal form, whereby he saw,
And heard, and spoke, and gave to all things law;

They none to him.—His far superior mind
Was, as he pleas'd, united or disjoin'd:
So far united, that all *good* was gain'd;
So far disjoin'd, that *evil* was restrain'd:
It could not reach him—for, before his fall,
Nothing could *hurt* this human lord of all;
No more than Satan or the serpent could,
If in his first creation he had stood.

Such was his blest estate—wherein is found
Of Adam's happy ignorance the ground.
His *outward* body and each *outward* thing,
From whence alone both good and ill could spring,
Could not affect, while he was free from sin,
The life of the celestial man *within*.
Glorious condition! Which, howe'er, imply'd
That man, at first plac'd in it, must be try'd:
Not from God's will or arbitrary voice;
His trial follow'd from his *pow'r of choice:*
God will'd him that, *himself was to re-will*,
And the Divine Intentions to fulfil;
To use his outward body as a means,
Whereby to raise in time and place the scenes
That should restore the *once* angelic orb,
And all its evil, introduc'd, absorb.

Evil, that, prior to the fall of man,
From him, whose *name in Heav'n* is lost, began.
Moses has plainly *hinted* at the fiend,
Whose malice in a borrow'd shape was screen'd,
Who, under reason's plausible disguise,
Taught our first parents to be worldly wise:
Succeeding lights have risen up to shew
Of God and man, *more openly*, the foe.

He, *once* a thron'd Archangel, had the sway
Far as this orb of our created day;*
Where then no sun was wanted to give light,
No moon to cheer yet undiscover'd night;

* Is not this account of Lucifer, his fall, and the consequences of it, a species of wisdom above that which is revealed in the Bible?

Immensely luminous his total sphere,
All glory, beauty, brightness, ev'ry where:
Ocean of bliss, a limpid *chrystal sea*,
Whose height and depth its angels might survey;
Call forth its wonders, and enjoy the trance
Of joys perpetual thro' its whole expanse:
Ravishing forms arising without end
Would, in obedience to their wills, ascend;
Change, and unfold fresh glories to their view,
And tune the Hallelujah song anew.

If, when we cast a thoughtful, thankful eye
Towards the beauties of an ev'ning sky,
Calm we admire, thro' the ethereal field,
The various scenes that even *clouds* can yield;
What vast delight must *nature's fund afford*,
Where all the rich *realities* are stor'd,
Which God produces from its vast abyss,
To His own glory and His creatures' bliss?

His glory, first, *all nature* must display,
Else how to bliss could creatures know the way?
Order, thro' all eternity, requires,
That to His will they subject their desires;
That, with all meekness, the created mind
Be to the Fountain of its life resign'd;
Think, speak, and act in all things for his sake;
This is the *true perfection* of its make.

Both men and Angels must have *wills* their *own*,
Or God and nature were to them unknown:
'Tis their *capacity* of life and joy,
Which none but *they* can ruin or destroy.
God, in himself, was, is, and will be good,
And all around pour forth th' enriching flood.
From Him — tis *nature's* and *religion's* creed—
Nothing but Good can possibly proceed.
That *creature* only, whose recipient will
Shuts itself up within *itself*, is ill:
Good cannot dwell in such a harden'd clay,
But stagnates, and evaporates away.

Thus when the regent of th' angelic host,
That *fell*, began within himself to boast;

Began, endow'd with his Creator's pow'rs
That nothing could resist, to call them "Ours;"
To spread thro' his wide ranks the *impious term*,
And they their leader's doctrine to confirm;
Then *self*, then *evil*, then apostate war
Rag'd thro' their hierarchy wide and far;
Kindled to burn, what they esteem'd a rod,
The meekness and subjection to a God.
Resolv'd to pay no hymning homage more,
Nor, in an orbit of *their own*, adore;
All right of Heav'n's Eternal King abjur'd,
They thought *one region* to themselves secur'd;
One out of *three*, where Majesty Divine
Shone in its glorious *Outbirth Unitrine*;
Shone and will shine eternally, altho'
Angels or men the shining bliss forego.

Straight, with this proud imagination fir'd,
To *self-dominion* strongly they aspir'd;
Bent all their wills, *irrevocably* bent,
To bring about their devilish intent.
How ought *we mortals* to beware of *pride*,
That such great angels could so far misguide!
No sooner was this horrible attempt,
From all obedience to remain exempt,
Put forth to act, but instantly thereon
Heav'n, in the swiftness of a thought, was gone;
From *love's beatifying* pow'r estrang'd,
They found their life, their bliss, their glory chang'd.
That state, wherein they were *resolv'd* to dwell,
Sprung from *their lusting*, and became their Hell.

Thinking to rise above the God of All
The wretches fell, with an eternal fall,
In depths of slavery, without a shelf;—
There is no stop in self-tormenting *self*.
Just as a wheel, that's running down a hill
Which has no bottom, must keep running still,
So down their own proclivity to wrong,
Urg'd by impetuous pride, they whirl along;
Their own dark, fiery, working spirits tend
Farther from God, and farther to descend.

He made no Hell to place his angels in;*
They stirr'd the fire that burnt them, by their sin;
The bounds of nature and of order broke,
And all the wrath that follow'd them awoke.
Their own disorder'd raging was their pain;
Their own unbending harden'd *strength* their chain;
Renouncing God, with their eternal might,
They sunk their legions into endless night.

Meanwhile the glorious kingdom, where they dwelt,
Th' effect of their rebellious workings felt;
Its clear *materiality*, and pure,
Could not the force of raging fiends endure;
Its elements, all heav'nly in their kind
In one harmonious system when combin'd,
Were now disclos'd, divided, and opaque;
Their glassy sea became a stormy lake;
The height and depth of their angelic world
Was nought but ruins upon ruins hurl'd.
Chaos arose, and, with its gloomy sweep
Of dark'ning horrors, overspread the deep;
All was confusion, order all defac'd,
Tohu, and *Bohu*, the *deformed waste.*†
Till the Almighty's gracious fiat came,
And stopp'd the spreading of the hellish flame;
Put to each fighting principle the bar,
And calm'd, by just degrees, th' intestine war.
Light, at His word, th' abating tempest cheer'd;
Earth, sea, and land, sun, moon, and stars appear'd;
Creatures of ev'ry kind, and food for each;
And various beauties clos'd the various breach:
Nature's *six properties* had each their day,
Lost Heav'n, as far as might be, to display;
And in the *sev'nth*, or *body* of them all,
To rest from—what they yet must prove—a fall.

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* How does this agree with the following portion of Scripture? 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, *prepared for the Devil* and his angels." MAT. xxv. 41.

† תֹּהוּ וָבֹהוּ, *tohu vabohu*, "without form, and void." GEN. i. 2.

For had not this disorder'd chaos been ;
Had not these angels caus'd it by their sin ;
Nor had compacted earth, nor rock, nor stone,
Nor *gross materiality* been known.
All that in fire or water, earth or air,
May now their *noxious* qualities declare,
Is as unknown in Heav'n as sin or crime,
And only lasts for purifying time :
Till the *great end*, for which we all came here,
Till God's *restoring goodness* shall appear.
Then, as the rebel creatures' false desire
Awak'd in nature the *chaotic fire ;*
So when *Redeeming Love* has found a race
Of creatures worthy of the heav'nly place,
Then shall *another fire* enkindled rise,
And purge from ill these *temporary* skies ;
Purge from the world its deadness and its dross,
And of *lost* Heav'n recover *all the loss.*

Why look we then with such a longing eye
On what this world can *give us* or *deny ;*
Of man and angel laps'd the sad remains ?
It has its *pleasures*—but it has its *pains.*
It has, (what speaks it, would we but attend,
Not our design'd felicity) an *end.*
Sons of eternity, tho' born on earth,
There is within us a *celestial birth ;*
A life that waits the *efforts of our mind,*
To raise itself within this *outward rind.*
This *husk of ours*, this stately *stalking clod,*
Is not the body that we have from God ;
Of good and evil 'tis the *mortal crust,*
Fruit of Adamical and Eval lust ;
By which the man, when heav'nly life was ceas'd,
Became a helpless, naked, biped beast :
Forc'd, on a *cursed earth*, to sweat and toil,
To *brutes* a native, *Him* a foreign, soil ;
And, after all his years employ'd to know
The satisfactions of a life so low,
Nine hundred, or nine hundred thousand, past,
Another death to come, and *hell* at last—
—But for that new mysterious *birth of life ;*
That *Promis'd Seed* to Adam and his wife ;

That *quick'ning Spirit* to a poor *dead soul;*
Not *part* of scripture doctrine, but *the whole;*
Which writers, *figuring* away, have left
A mere dead letter, of all sense bereft;
But for that *only* help of man forlorn,
The *incarnation* of the VIRGIN-BORN.

This *Serpent-Bruiser*, Son of God and man,
Who, from the first, His saving work began,
Revers'd, in full maturity of time,
In his own SACRED PERSON, Adam's crime;
Brought human nature from its deadly fall,
And made salvation possible for *all.*

Without acknowledging that *Adam died*,
Scripture throughout is, in effect, denied;
All the whole process of *Redeeming love*,
Of *life*, of *light*, and *Spirit from above*,
Loses, by learning's *piteous* pretence
Of *Modes* and *Metaphors*, its real sense;
All the glad tidings, in the gospel found,
Are sunk in empty and unmeaning sound,
If, by the first man's sin, we understand
Only some breach of absolute command
Half-punish'd, half-remitted, by a grace
Like that which takes in human acts a place;
The more we write, the more we still expose
The christian doctrine to its reas'ning foes.
But, once convinc'd that Adam, by his crime,
Fell from *eternal life* to that of *time;*
Stood on the brink of *death eternal* too,
Unless created unto life *anew*,
Then ev'ry reason teaches us to see
How all the truths of sacred writ agree;
How *life restor'd* arises from the *grave;*
How man *could perish*, and how CHRIST *could save.*

Man perish'd by the deadly food he took,
And needs must *lose* the life that he *forsook*,
Not unadvis'd.—The moment he inclin'd
To this inferior life his nobler mind,
God kindly warn'd him to continue fed
With *food* of *Paradise*, with angels' bread;

To shun the *tree*, the *knowledge*, whose sad leav'n
Would quench in him the light and life of Heav'n;
Strip him of that angelical array,
Which thro' his *outward body* spread the day;
Kept it from ev'ry curse of sin and shame,
From all those evils that had yet no name;
That prov'd, alas! when he would not refrain,
The loss of Adam's *proper life* too plain.
Who can suppose that God would e'er forbid
To eat what would not *hurt him if he did;*
Fright his lov'd creature by a false alarm;
Or make what, in itself, was harmless *harm?*

O how much better he from whom I draw,—
Tho' deep, yet clear his system,—Master LAW!
"Master" I call him; not that I incline
To pin my faith on any one divine;
But, man or woman, whosoe'er it be,
That speaks true doctrine, is a *Pope* to me.
Where truth alone is *interest* and *aim*,
Who would regard a *person* or a *name?*
Or, in the search of it *impartial*, scoff
Or scorn the meanest instrument thereof?

Pardon me, Sir, for having dar'd to dwell
Upon a truth already told so well;
Since diff'rent ways of telling may excite,
In diff'rent minds, attention to what's right;
And men—I measure by myself—sometimes,
Averse to reas'ning, may be taught by rhimes;
If where one fails, they will not take offence
Nor quarrel with the *words*, but seek the *sense.*

Life, *death*, and such-like words, in scripture found,
Have certainly a higher, deeper ground,
Than that of this poor perishable ball,
Whereon men doat, as if it were their all;
As if they were like *Warburtonian Jews*,
Or, *Christians* nam'd, had still no *higher* views;
As if their years had never taught them sense
Beyond—"It is all one a hundred hence."

'Twas of such worldlings that our Saviour said
To one of his disciples, *Let the dead*

Bury their dead: But do thou follow me.
He makes no more distinction, Sir, you see,
But that, with ref'rence to a life *so brute*,
The *speaking carcases* interr'd the *mute*.

Life, to conclude, was lost in Adam's *fall*,
Which CHRIST, our *Resurrection*, will recall:
And, as *death* came into the world by *sin*,
Where *one* began, the *other* must begin.
Why will the learned sages use their art,
From *scripture truth*, so widely, to depart?
But, above all, a Bishop, grave and wise,—
Why will he shut, against *plain text*, his eyes;
Not see that Heav'n's prediction never lied;
That Adam fell by eating, sinn'd, and died
A *real* death, as much as *loss of sight*
Is death to ev'ry circumstance of *light?*
Tho' a blind man may feel his way and grope,
Or for *recover'd eyes* be made to *hope;*
We might as well set glasses on his nose,
And sight, from common helps of sight, suppose,
As say, when Adam's heav'nly life was kill'd,
That sentence was not *instantly* fulfill'd.

Persuade your mitred friend, then, if you can,
To *re-consider*, Sir, the *fall of man;*
To see and own the *depth* of it; because,
'Till *that* is done, we may as well pick straws,
As talk of *what*, and *who* the serpent was
That brought the fall, *not understood*, to pass.

One thing he *was*, Sir,—be what else he will—
A *critic*, that employ'd his fatal skill
To cavil upon *words*, and take away
The sense of *that* which was as *plain as day.*
And thus the world, at present, by his wiles,
Tho' not in *outward shape*, he still beguiles;
Seeking to turn, by comments low and lax,
The word of God into a nose of wax;
To take away the *marrow* and the *pith*,
Of all that Scripture can present us with.
May Heav'n deliver, from his winding tours,
The *Bishop*, and *us all!* I am, Sir,—*Yours.*

ENTHUSIASM,

A

Poetical Essay,

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE here sent you the verses of which you desired a copy. The book,* that gave occasion to them, has treated the subject whereon they are made, in such a brief, sensible, and lively manner, as might well excite one to an attempt of this nature. Just and improving sentiments deserve to be placed in any light that may either engage the attention of the reader, or assist his memory; and verse, as I have found by experience, does both. For which reason, when I first met with an account of *Enthusiasm* so quite satisfactory, I chose to give it the dress wherein it now appears before you.

Enthusiasm is grown into a fashionable term of reproach, that usually comes uppermost, when any thing of a deep and serious nature is mentioned. We apply it, through an indolent custom, to sober and considerate assertors of important truths, as readily as to wild and extravagant contenders about them. This indiscriminate use of the word has evidently a bad effect; it pushes the general indifferency to matters of the highest concern into downright aversion. The best writers upon the best subjects are unattended to; and the benefit accruing from their love and their labours, is not perceived by us; because we are hurried on, by the idlest of all prejudices, to condemn them without a reading, or to pronounce them to be unintelligible upon such a slight one, as can hardly be called an endeavour to understand them. We have heard it said, and have seen it printed, that they are Enthusiasts; and to avoid the imputation of that character, we run into it at second-hand, and adopt the rashness and injustice of impetuous originals. We take the stalest exclamations for

* Mr. LAW's "Appeal to all that doubt, &c." Page 305.

ıe freshest proofs; and the affected retailing of *Madness*, *Mysticism*, *Behmenism*, and of the like decisive outcries, contents us a if there were something of sense, wit, or demonstration in it.

When this low kind of *Enthusiasm* is alert enough to gain its oint, the writer of a good book may possibly lose the applause, or which, it is highly probable, he never sought. But what does readér get the while, by his tame resignation, of the right of idging for himself, to such incompetent authority? Men of uperior fluency in expressing their own conceptions are not lways sedate enough to examine, or judicious enough to discoer, the principles which might undeceive them. The first obtruction to their hypothesis may pass, with them, for an immeiate confutation of any book whatsoever. They may shew their earning, their zeal, or their contempt, and speak of an *Enthuiasm* different from their own, as quickly as they please; but here the question is momentous, and the celebration of their ame quite foreign to it, what should induce any one, who is eally desirous of information, to remit the freedom of inquiry fter it for their dicacity?

How many pathetic accounts of living piety, how many excelent treatises, composed for the advancement of it, are neglected r unknown, because we are so easily prepossessed by popular earsay and wretched compilers! How many has the sourness f controversy, the bitterness of party, or the rotation of amuseent, in a manner, suppressed! The *Enthusiasm* which is hence nkindled reigns and rages unsuspected, while that of a juster ind, the genuine effect of a true life and spirit, arising from hat is lovely, harmonious, and substantial, is in danger of beng extinguished by it; and whenever it is so, the variety of deusion with which a different spirit may then possess its votaries, will centre, properly speaking, in *Endemoniasm*.

In short, there is a right *Enthusiasm*, as well as a wrong ne; and a man is free to admit which he pleases. But one he nust have, as sure as he has a head; as sure as he has a heart hat fondly pursues the object of its desire, whatever it be. If hat be pointed right; if it reach after that godlike state and conition, to which all mankind were originally created; if it long o be freed from the disorders of its present state, to be restored gain to that enduring rest, light, and liberty, which alone can ccomplish and beautify it;—how can it be too constant, or too igorous?

If the desire be otherwise inclined, how little does it signify to the main purpose of what ingenuity, parts, or learning, of what natural or acquired talents, men may be possessed? So long as they have only light enough to hate light, they may, upon the first glimpse of it, retire into their earthliness, and push out their works as thick as mole-hills. But, in reality, a single page, proceeding from a right spirit, whose *Enthusiasm* they all despise, is worth a library of such produce.

In such a spirit I take the *Appeal*, to which the following lines are owing, to be written; and am persuaded, that if any sober-minded Deist, who is prejudiced against Christianity, because he does not really know what it is; that if any Christian, so called, who has been led into mistakes about it, because he does not really know what it is not; in fine, that if any one, whose heart is so far converted as to desire conversion, should be disposed to read it through, he would find his account in it; he would be struck with it, he would be edified by it.

There is, apparently, something so solid and so animated, through the whole of it; such an impartial regard to truth, wherever it may be found, and such happy illustration of it, where it really has been found, that I had some thoughts of translating it for the use of Foreigners, believing that such a service would be acceptable to the more searching and unbiassed dispositions amongst them, and also help to fix many awakening and comfortable truths upon my own mind; which is the interest that I would propose to obtain by it. If I shall find myself capable of executing this design with justice to the original, you shall hear further from me. In the mean time I have transcribed for you these verses upon the incidental subject of *Enthusiasm*, as they were first composed for private recollection; and, as I can rely upon your judgment concerning them better than I can upon my own, they are wholly submitted to your correction and disposal. I am,

Yours, &c.

J. B.

Manchester, September 3, 1751.

ENTHUSIASM.

A

Poetical Essay.

"FLY from Enthusiasm—It is the pest,
"Bane, poison, frensy, fury, and the rest."
This is the cry that oft, when truth appears,
Forbids attention to our list'ning ears;
Checks our first entrance on the main concern,
When, stunn'd with clamour, we forbear to learn;
Mechanically catch the common cant,
And fly from—what we almost know we want—
A deeper sense of *something*, that should set
The heart at rest, that never has done yet;
Some *simpler secret*, that, yet unreveal'd,
Amidst contending systems lies conceal'd.

A book, perhaps, beyond the vulgar page,
Removes at once the lumber of an age;
Truth is presented; strikes upon our eyes;
We feel conviction, and we fear surprise;
We gaze, admire, dispute, and then the bawl—
"Fly from enthusiasm"—That answers all.
Now, if my friend has patience to enquire,
Let us a while from noisy scenes retire;
Let us examine sense, as well as sound,
And search the truth, the nature, and the ground.

'Tis *will*, *imagination*, and *desire*
Of thinking life, that constitute the fire,
The force, by which the strong volitions drive,
And form the scenes to which we are alive.
What? tho', unsprouted into outward shape,
The points of thought our grosser sight escape?

Nor bulky forms in prominent array
Their secret cogitative cause betray?
Once fix the *will*, and nature must begin
T' unfold its active rudiments within;
Mind governs matter, and it must obey;
To all its op'ning forms *desire* is key;
Nor mind nor matter's properties are lost,—
As that shall mold this must appear emboss'd.
Imagination, trifling as it seems,
Big with effects, its own creation, teems.
We think our wishes and desires a play,
And sport important faculties away.
Edg'd are the tools with which we trifle thus;
They carve out deep realities for us.
Intention, roving into nature's field,
Dwells in that system which it means to build,
Itself the centre of its wish'd-for plan;
For where the heart of man is, there is man.

Ev'ry created, understanding mind
Moves as its own self-bias is inclin'd:
From God's free Spirit breathed forth to be,
It must of all necessity be free;
Must have the pow'r to kindle and inflame
The subject-matter of its mental aim;
Whether it bend the voluntary view
Realities or fictions to pursue.
Whether it raise its nature, or degrade,
To truth substantial, or to phantom shade,
Falshood or truth accordingly obtains;
That only, which it wills to gain, it gains—
Good, if the good be vigorously sought,
And *ill*, if that be first resolv'd in thought.
All is one good, that nothing can remove,
While held in union, harmony, and love.
But when a selfish, separating pride
Will break all bounds, and good from good divide,
'Tis then extinguish'd, like a distant spark,
And pride self-doom'd into its joyless dark.
The miscreant *desire* turns good to ill,
In its own origin, the *evil will*;—
A fact, that fills all Histories of old,
That glares in proof, while conscious we behold

The bliss, bespoken by our Maker's voice,
Fix'd or perverted, by a man's own choice.

Now when the mind determines thus its force,
The man becomes enthusiast, of course.
" What is Enthusiasm?"—What can it be,
But thought enkindled to a high degree?
That may, whatever be its ruling turn,
Right, or not right, with equal ardour burn?
It must be therefore various in its kind,
As objects vary, that engage the mind.
When to Religion we confine the word,
What use of language can be more absurd?
'Tis just as true that many words beside,
As *love*, or *zeal*, are only thus apply'd.
To ev'ry kind of life they all belong;
Men may be eager tho' their views be wrong:
And hence the reason, why the greatest foes
To true religious earnestness are those
Who fire their wits upon a different theme,
Deep in some *false* enthusiastic scheme.

One man, politely seiz'd with classic rage,
Dotes on old Rome, and its Augustan age;
On those great souls who, then or then-abouts,
Made in their state such riots and such routs.
He fancies all magnificent and grand,
Under this mistress of the world's command,
Scarce can his breast the sad reverse abide,—
The dame despoil'd of all her glorious pride;
Time, an old Goth, advancing to consume
Immortal Gods and once-eternal Rome;
When the plain gospel spread its artless ray,
And rude unsculptur'd fishermen had sway;
Who spar'd no idol, tho' divinely carv'd,
Tho' art, and muse, and shrine-engraver starv'd;
Who sav'd *poor wretches*, and destroy'd—*alas!*—
The vital marble, and the breathing brass.
Where does to him all sense and reason shine?
Behold in Tully's rhetoric divine!
" Tully!" Enough—high o'er the Alps he's gone,
To tread the ground that Tully trod upon;
Haply, to find his statue or his bust,
Or medal green'd with Ciceronian rust;

Perchance, the *rostrum*—yea, the very wood
Whereon this elevated genius stood,
When forth on Catiline, as erst he spoke,
The thunder of *Quousque tandem** broke.

Well may this grand *Enthusiast* deride
The dulness of a *pilgrim's* humbler pride,
Who paces to behold that part of earth,
Which to the Saviour of the world gave birth;
To see the sepulchre from whence He rose;
Or view the rocks that rended at His woes;
Whom Pagan relics have no force to charm,
Yet ev'n a modern crucifix can warm;
The sacred signal, who, intent upon,
Thinks on the Sacrifice that hung thereon.

Another's *heated brain* is painted o'er
With ancient Hieroglyphic marks of yore:
He old Egyptian Mummies can explain,
And raise them up almost to life again;
Can into deep antique recesses pry,
And tell, of all, the *wherefore* and the *why;*
How this Philosopher and that has thought,
Believ'd one thing, and quite another taught;
Can rules of Grecian sages long forgot,
Clear up, as if they liv'd upon the spot.

What bounds to *Nostrum*?—Moses and the Jews,
Observ'd this learned legislator's† views,
While Israel's leader purposely conceal'd
Truths, which his whole economy reveal'd;
No Heav'n disclos'd, but Canaan's fertile stage,
And no *for-ever*, but a good *old age;*
Whilst the well untaught people, kept in awe
By meanless types and unexplained law,

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* Cicero begins his oration against Catiline, in this animated mann "Quousque tandem abutêre, Catilina, patientiâ nostrâ?" *How far, length, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience?*"

† In this description, of what was avowedly intended by *The Div Legation of Moses*, the enthusiastic Dr. Warburton will be easily rec nised as "this learned legislator." See in Vol. I. page 62, the casti tion which he received from our author in "The Centaur Fabulous."

Pray'd to their *local God* to grant awhile
The *future state*, of corn, and wine, and oil;
Till, by a late captivity set free,
Their destin'd error they began to see;
Dropp'd the Mosaic scheme, to teach their youth
Dramatic Job, and Babylonish truth.

To soar aloft on obeliskal clouds;
To dig down deep into the dark—for shrouds;
To vex old matters, chronicled in *Greek*,
While those of his own parish are to seek;—
What can come forth from such an *antic* taste,
But a *Clarissimus*† Enthusiast?
Fraught with discoveries so quaint, so new,
So deep, so smart, so *Ipse dixit*‡ true,
See arts and empires, ages, books, and men,
Rising, and falling, as he points the pen!
See frauds and forgeries,—if aught surpass,
Of nobler stretch, the limits of his class,
Not found within that summary of laws,—
Conjecture, tinsel'd with its own applause.

Where Erudition so *unblest* prevails,
Saints and their lives are *legendary tales*;
Christians, a brain-sick, visionary crew,
That read the *Bible* with a *Bible-view*,
And thro' the *letter* humbly hope to trace
The *living* Word, the *Spirit*, and the *Grace*.

It matters not, whatever be the state
That full-bent will and strong desires create;
Where'er they fall, where'er they love to dwell,
They kindle there their *Heaven*, or their *Hell;*
The chosen Scene surrounds them as their own,
All else is dead, insipid, or unknown.
However poor and empty be the sphere,
'Tis All, if inclination centre there:
Its own Enthusiasts each system knows,
Down to lac'd *fops*, and powder-sprinkled *beaux*.

† Most famous. ‡ He hath said.

Great *wits*, affecting, what they call, *to think*,
That, deep-immers'd in speculation, sink,
Are great Enthusiasts, howe'er refin'd,
Whose brain-bred notions so inflame the Mind,
That, during the continuance of its heat,
The *summum bonum*‡ is—its own conceit.
Critics, with all their learning recondite,
Poets, that, sev'rally be-mused, write;
The *Virtuosos*, whether great or small;
The *Connoisseurs*, that know the worth of all;
Philosophers, that dictate Sentiments,
And *politicians*, wiser than events;—
Such, and such like, come under the *same law*,
Altho' their heat be from a flame of *straw*;
Altho' in one absurdity they chime,
To make religious entheasm a crime.

Endless to say how many of their trade
Ambition, pride, and self-conceit have made.
If one, the chief of such a num'rous name,
Let the great scholar justify his claim.
Self-love, in short, wherever it is found,
Tends to its own enthusiastic ground;
With the same force that goodness mounts above,
Sinks, by its own enormous weight, self love.
By this the wav'ring *libertine* is press'd,
And the rank *Atheist* totally possess'd.
Atheists are dark Enthusiasts indeed,
Whose fire enkindles like the smoking weed:
Lightless and dull the clouded fancy burns,
Wild hopes and fears still flashing out by turns.
Averse to Heav'n amid the horrid gleam,
They quest *Annihilation's* monst'rous theme,
On gloomy depths of *Nothingness* to pore,
Till *All* be none, and *Being* be no more.

The sprightlier *Infidel*, as yet more gay,
Fires off the next ideas in his way,
The dry fag ends of ev'ry obvious doubt;
And puffs and blows for fear they should go out.
Boldly resolv'd, against conviction steel'd,
Nor inward truth, nor outward fact to yield;

‡ The chief good.

Urg'd with a thousand proofs, he stands unmov'd
Fast by himself, and scorns to be out-prov'd;
To his own reason loudly he appeals,—
No saint more zealous for what God reveals.

Think not that you are no enthusiast, then:
All Men are such, as sure as they are men.
The thing itself is not at all to blame:
'Tis, in each state of human life, the same;
The fiery bent, the driving of the will,
That gives the prevalence to good, or ill.
You need not go to *cloisters*, or to *cells*,
Monks, or *field-preachers*, to see where it dwells:
It dwells alike in *balls* and *masquerades;*
Courts, *camps*, and '*changes*, it alike pervades.
There be Enthusiasts, who love to sit
In coffee-houses, and cant out their wit.
The first in most assemblies would you see,
Mark out the first haranguer, and that's he:
Nay 'tis what silent meetings cannot hide,
It may be notic'd by its mere outside.
Beaux and *coquets* would quit the magic dress,
Did not this mutual instinct both possess.
The *mercer*, *taylor*, *bookseller* grows rich,
Because fine clothes, fine writings can bewitch.
A *Cicero*, a *Shaftesbury*, a *Bayle*,—
How quick would they diminish in their sale!
Four fifths of all their beauties who would heed,
Had they not keen Enthusiasts to read?

That which concerns us therefore is to see
What species of enthusiasts we be;
On what materials the fiery source
Of thinking life shall execute its force:
Whether a man shall stir up love or hate,
From the mix'd medium of this present state;
Shall choose, with upright heart and mind, to rise,
And reconnoitre Heav'n's primeval skies;
Or down to lust and rapine to descend,
Brute for a time, and *demon* at its end.
" Neither, perhaps,"—the wary sceptics cry,
And wait till nature's river shall run dry;

With sage reserve not passing o'er to good,
Of time, lost time, are borne along the flood;
Content to think such thoughtless thinking right,
And common sense enthusiastic flight.

"Fly from Enthusiasm?" Yes, fly from air,
And breathe it more intensely for your care.
Learn, that, whatever phantoms you embrace,
Your own essential property takes place:
Bend all your wits against it,—'tis in vain;
It must exist, or sacred, or profane.
For flesh or spirit, Wisdom from above
Or from this world, an anger or a love,
Must have its fire within the human soul:
'Tis ours to spread the circle, or control;
—In clouds of sensual appetites to smoke,
While smoth'ring Lusts the rising conscience choke;
—Or, from ideal glimmerings to raise,
Showy and faint, a superficial blaze;
Where subtle reasons with their lambent flames,—
Untouch'd the *things*,—creep round and round the *names;*
—Or with a true celestial ardour fir'd,
Such as at first created man inspir'd,
To will, and to persist to will the light,
The love, the joy, that makes an angel bright,
That makes a man, in sight of God, to shine
With all the lustre of a life divine.

When true Religion kindles up the fire,
Who can condemn the vigorous desire?
That burns to reach the end for which 'twas giv'n,
To shine, and sparkle in its native Heav'n?
What else was our Creating Father's view?
His image lost why sought He to renew?
Why all the scenes of love that christians know,
But to attract us from this poor Below?
To save us from the fatal choice of ill,
And bless the free co-operating will?

Blame not Enthusiasm, if rightly bent;
Or blame of Saints the holiest intent,

The strong persuasion, the confirm'd belief,
Of all the comforts of a soul the chief,
That God's continual will and work—to save,
Teach, and inspire,—attend us to the grave;
That they, who in his faith and love abide,
Find in his Spirit an immediate guide.
This is no more a *fancy*, or a *whim*,
Than that "we live, and move, and are in Him."
Let Nature, or let Scripture be the *Ground*,
Here is the *seat* of true Religion found.
An earthly life, as life itself explains,
The *Air* and *Spirit* of this world maintains:
As plainly does a heav'nly life declare
A Heav'nly *Spirit*, and a holy *air*.

What truth more plainly does the Gospel teach,
What doctrine all its missionaries preach,
Than this, "that ev'ry good desire and thought
"Is in us by the Holy Spirit wrought?"
For this the working *faith* prepares the Mind;
Hope is expectant, *Charity* resign'd.
From this blest guide the moment we depart,
What is there left to sanctify the heart?
"Reason and Morals?"—and where live *they* most?
In Christian Comfort, or in Stoic boast?
Reason may paint unpractis'd truth exact,
And morals rigidly maintain no fact:
This is the *pow'r* that raises them to worth,
That calls their rip'ning excellences forth.
"Not ask for this?"—May Heav'n forbid the vain,
The sad repose!—What virtue can remain?
What virtue wanting, if, within the breast,
This faith, productive of all virtue, rest,—
That God is always present to impart
His light and Spirit to the willing heart?

He, who can say "my willing heart began
"To learn this lesson," may be christen'd *man:*
Before, a son of *elements* and *earth*;
But now, a creature of another birth;
Whose true regenerated soul revives,
And life from Him, that ever lives, derives;

Freed by compendious faith from all the pangs
Of long-fetch'd motives, and perplex'd harangues;
One word of promise stedfastly embrac'd,
His heart is fix'd, its whole dependence plac'd:
The hope is rais'd, that cannot but succeed;
Infallibility is found indeed.
Then flows the *love* that no distinction knows
Of *system*, *sect*, *or party*, *friends*, *or foes*;
Nor loves by halves; but, faithful to its call,
Stretches its whole benevolence to all;
Its universal wish, th' angelic scene,
That God within the heart of man may reign;
The true Beginning to the final whole,
Of Heav'n and heav'nly life within the soul.

This faith and this dependence once destroy'd,
Man is made helpless, and the Gospel void.
He that is taught to seek elsewhere for aid,—
Be who he will the teacher—is betray'd:
Be what it will the system, he's enslav'd;
Man by man's Maker only can be sav'd.
In this One Fountain of all help to trust,—
What is more easy, natural, and just?
Talk what we will of morals, and of bliss,
Our safety has no other source but this.
Led by this faith, when man forsakes his sin,
The gate stands open to his God within:
There, in the temple of his soul, is found,
Of inward central life the holy ground;
The sacred scene of piety and peace,
Where new-born Christians feel the life's increase;
Blessing and blest, revive to pristine youth,
And worship God in Spirit and in truth.

Had not the soul this origin, this root,
What else were man but a two-handed brute?
What but a devil, had he not possess'd
The seed of Heav'n, *replanted* in his breast?
The spark of potency, the ray of light,
His call, his help, his fitness to excite
The strength and vigour of celestial air,
Faith, and,—the breath of living Christians,—pray'r?

Not the lip-service, nor the mouthing waste
Of heartless words without an inward taste;
But the true kindling of desirous love,
That draws the willing Graces from above;
The thirst of good that naturally pants
After that light and Spirit which it wants;
In whose blest union quickly coincide
To ask and have, to want and be supply'd.
Then does the faithful suppliant discern
More of true good, more of true nature learn,
In one meek intercourse with Truth Itself,
Than from a thousand volumes on the shelf.

All that the Gospel ever could ordain,
All that the church's daily rites maintain,
Is to keep up, to strengthen, and employ
This lively faith, this principle of joy;
This hope and this possession of the end,
Which all her pious institutes intend;
Fram'd to convey, when freed from wordy strife,
The truth and Spirit of an inward life;
Wherein th' Eternal Parent of all good
By his own influence is understood,
That man may learn infallibly aright,—
Blest in His presence, seeing in His light,—
To gain the habit of a godlike mind,
To seek his Holy Spirit, and to find.

In this Enthusiasm, advanc'd *thus high*,
'Tis a true Christian wish, to live and die.

A

PARAPHRASE

ON THE

LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father which art in Heaven—

"FATHER"—to think of His paternal care
Is a most sweet encouragement to pray'r.
"Our Father"—all men's Father; to remind
That we should love, as brethren, all mankind.

" Which art in Heaven"—assures a heav'nly birth
To all his loving children upon earth.

Hallowed be thy name.

" Name" is expressive of a real thing,
With all the pow'rs of which it is the spring.
" Thy name" is therefore to be understood
Thy Blessed Self, thou Fountain of all good!
" Be hallowed"—be lov'd, obey'd, ador'd,
By inward pray'r habitually implor'd.

Thy kingdom come.

" Kingdom"—of grace at present, seed and root
Of future glory's everlasting fruit.
" Thy kingdom"—not the world's war-shifted scene
Of pomp and shew, but love's all peaceful reign.
" Come"—rule within our hearts by grace divine,
Till all the kingdoms of the world be thine.

Thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven.

" Thy will" to ev'ry good that boundless pow'rs
Can raise, if we conform to it with ours.
" Be done in earth," where doing of His will
Promotes all good and overcomes all ill.
" As 'tis in Heav'n"—where all the blest above
Serve, with one will, the Living Source of love.

Give us this day our daily bread.

" Give us"—implies dependence, whilst we live,
Not on ourselves, but what He wills to give.
" This day" cuts off all covetous desire
Of more and more, than real wants require.
" Our daily bread"—whatever we shall need
And rightly use, to make it *ours* indeed.

And forgive us our trespasses—

" Forgive"—betokens penitential sense,
And hope for pardon, of confess'd offence.
" Us" takes in all; but hints the special part
Of ev'ry one to look to his own heart.
" Our trespasses"—which the forgiving grace,
By our sincere conversion, must efface.

As we forgive them that trespass against us.

" As we forgive"—because the fairest claim
To mercy, pray'd for, is to shew the same.
And we, who pray, should all be minded thus,
To pardon " them that trespass against us."
Without forgiving, Christ was pleas'd to add,
Our own forgiveness never can be had.

And lead us not into temptation.

" Temptation" rises in this world, the field
Of good and evil, and incites to yield.
" Lead us not into it"—becomes the voice
Of all who would not go to it by choice;
Whose resignation, mix'd with meek distrust
Of their own strength, is more securely just.

But deliver us from evil.

" But" when temptation will, of course, arise,
The Hand that leads can minister supplies.
" Deliver us"—instructs the soul to place
Its firm reliance on protecting grace.
" From evil"—from the greatest evil, sin,
The only one not to be safely in.

For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory.

" Thine is the kingdom"—the essential right
To sov'reign rule, and majesty, and might.
" Thine is the pow'r" to bless and to redeem;
All else is weak, whatever it may seem.
" Thine is the glory"—manifestly found
In all thy works, the whole creation round.

For ever and ever.

" For ever"—from an unbeginning source,
Almighty Love pursues its endless course.
Through all its scenes, Eternity displays
New wonders to our Heav'nly Father's praise.
King, Father, Leader, Judge;—His hallow'd name
Was, is, and ever will be still the same.

Amen.

" Amen" is " truth," in Hebrew and " consent;
" To truth receiv'd," by its long use, is meant.

Jesus,—Himself the Truth, the living way,
The Faithful Witness,—teaches thus to pray.
Again should we be learning, and again,
Till life becomes a practical "Amen."

A

DIVINE PASTORAL.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, my Guardian, and Guide;
Whatsoever I want he will kindly provide:
Ever since I was born, it is he that hath crown'd
The life that he gave me, with blessings all round.
While yet on the breast a poor infant I hung,
Ere time had unloosen'd the strings of my tongue,
He gave me the help which I could not then ask;
Now therefore to thank him shall be my tongue's task,

Thro' my tenderest years, with as tender a care,
My soul, like a lamb, in his bosom he bare;
To the brook he would lead me, whene'er I had need,
And point out the pasture where best I might feed.
No harm could approach me; for he was my shield
From the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field;
The wolf, to devour me, would oftentimes prowl,
But the Lord was my Shepherd, and guarded my soul.

How oft in my youth have I wander'd astray!
And still he hath brought me back to the right way!
When, lost in dark error, no path I could meet,
His word, like a lantern, hath guided my feet.
What wondrous escapes to his kindness I owe,
When, rash and unthinking, I sought my own woe!
My soul had, long since, been gone down to the deep,
If the Lord had not watched when I was asleep.

Whensoe'er, at a distance, he sees me afraid,
He skips o'er the mountain, and comes to my aid;
Then leads me back gently, and bids me abide
In the midst of his flock, and feed close by his side.

How safe in his keeping, how happy and free,
Could I always remain where he bids me to be!
Yea, blest are the people, and happy, thrice told,
That obey the Lord's Voice, and abide in his fold.

The fold is capacious, the pasture is green;
All is friendship and love, and no enemy seen:
There the Lord dwells, amongst us, upon his own hill;
With the flocks all around him awaiting his will;
Himself, in the midst, with a provident eye
Regarding our wants and procuring supply,
An abundance springs up of each nourishing bud,
And we gather his gifts, and are filled with good.

At his voice or example, we move or we stay;
For the Lord is himself both our Leader and Way:
The hills smoke with incense where'er he hath trod,
And a sacred perfume shews the footsteps of God.
While blest with his presence, the valleys beneath
A sweet smelling savour incessantly breathe;
The delight is renew'd of each sensible thing;
And beheld in their bloom is the beauty of spring.

Or, if a quite different scene he prepare,
And we march thro' the wilderness, barren and bare;
By his wonderful works we see plainly enough,
That the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof.
If we hunger, and thirst, and are ready to faint,
A relief in due season prevents our complaint;
The rain, at his word, brings us food from the sky,
And rocks become rivers when we are adry.

From the fruitfullest hill to the barrenest rock,
The Lord hath made all for the sake of his flock;
And the flock, in return, the Lord always confess
In plenty their Joy, and their Hope in distress.
He beholds in our welfare his glory display'd,
And we find ourselves blest in obedience repay'd;
With a cheerful regard we attend to his ways;
Our attention is pray'r and our cheerfulness praise.

The Lord is my shepherd;—what then shall I fear?
What danger can frighten me whilst he is near?
Not, when the time calls me to walk thro' the vale
Of the shadow of death, shall my heart ever fail;

Tho' afraid, of myself, to pursue the dark way,
Thy rod and thy staff be my comfort and stay;
For I know, by thy guidance, when once it is pass'd,
To a fountain of life it will bring me at last.

The Lord is become my salvation and song,
His blessing shall follow me all my life long:
Whatsoever condition he places me in,
I am sure 'tis the best it could ever have been:
For, the LORD,—he is good, and his mercies are sure;
He only afflicts us in order to cure,
The Lord will I praise while I have any breath;
Be content all my life, and resign'd at my death.

A

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

O COME let us sing to the Lord a new song,
And praise him to whom all our praises belong;
While we enter his temple, with gladness and joy,
Let a psalm of thanksgiving our voices employ:
O come, to his name let us joyfully sing!
For the Lord is a great and omnipotent King;
By his word were the heav'ns and the host of them made,
And of all the round world the foundation he laid.

He plac'd, in the centre, yon beautiful Sun;
And the orbs that, about him, due distances run;
To receive, as they haste their vast rounds to complete,
Of a lustre, so dazzling, the light and the heat.
What language of men can the brightness unfold
Of His presence, whose *creature* they cannot behold?
What a light is His light! Of its infinite day
The sun by his splendour can paint but a ray.

The Sun, in the evening, is out of our sight,
And the Moon is enlighten'd to govern the night.
His power we behold, in yon high arched roof,
When the Stars, in their order, shine forth in its proof:

While the works, so immense, of thy fingers we see,
And reflect on our littleness, Lord, what are we?
Yet, while 'tis our glory thy name to adore,
Even angels of Heav'n cannot boast any more.

Praise the Lord, upon earth, all ye nations and lands,
Ye seasons and times, that fulfil his commands;
Let his works, in all places, his goodness proclaim,
And the people, who see them, give thanks to his name.
For the good, which He wills to communicate, brings
Into visible form his invisible things:
Their appearance may change, as his law shall ordain,
But the goodness that forms will for ever remain.

What a world of good things does all nature produce,
Which the Lord, in his mercy, hath made for our use!
The earth, by his blessing bestow'd on its soil,
By his rain and his sunshine, gives corn, wine, and oil.
Let men to adore Him, then, thankfully join,
When fill'd with his bread, or made glad by his wine;
As in wealth, so in gratitude, let them abound;
And the voice of His praise be heard all the world round.

They, that o'er the wide ocean their bus'ness pursue,
Can tell to his wonders what praises are due:
When tost, to and fro, by the huge swelling wave,
They rise up to Heav'n, or sink down to the grave;
Dismay'd with the tempest, that mocks at their skill,
They cry to the Lord, and he maketh it still.
His works in remembrance, ye mariners, keep,
And praise Him whose judgments are like the great deep.

He stilleth the waves of the boisterous sea,
And the tumults of men, more outrageous than they.
Thy goodness, O Lord, let the people confess,
Whom wars do not waste, nor proud tyrants oppress;
And devoutly contemplate thy wonderful ways,
Thou that turnest the fierceness of men to thy praise:
Then lands, in due season, shall yield their increase,
And the Lord give his people the blessings of peace.

The Lord is on high, far above all our thought—
How then shall we worship him so as we ought?
What tongue can express, or what words can shew forth
The praise which is due to his excellent worth?

Ye righteous, and ye that in virtue excel,
Begin the glad task which becomes you so well;
The Lord shall be pleas'd when he heareth your voice,
And in his own works shall th' Almighty rejoice.

The Lord hath his dwelling far out of our view,
And yet humbleth Himself to behold what we do;
To his works, all around Him, his mercies extend,
His works have no number, his mercies no end;
He accepteth our thanks, if the heart do but pay;
Tho' we never can reach Him, by all we can say.
How just is the duty! How pure the delight!
Since whilst we give praises we honour him right.

Praise the Lord, O my soul! All the pow'rs of my min
Praise the Lord, who hath been so exceedingly kind!
Who spareth my life and forgiveth my sin,
Still directeth the way that I ought to walk in:
When I speak, let me thank Him; whenever I write,
The remembrance of Him let the subject excite;
Guide, Lord, to thy glory, my tongue and my pen:
Yea, let ev'ry thing praise Thee—Amen, and Amen.

A

HYMN

ON THE

DIVINE OMNIPRESENCE;

Being a Paraphrase on Psalm cxxxix. Verse 1---12.

OH Lord! thou hast known me, and searched me out,
Thou seest, at all times, what I'm thinking about;
When I rise up to labour, or lie down to rest,
Thou markest each motion that works in my breast;
My heart has no secrets, but what thou canst tell,
Not a word in my tongue but thou knowest it well;
Thou seest my intention before it is wrought,
Long before I conceive it, thou knowest my thought.

Thou art always about me, go whither I will,
All the paths that I take to, I meet with thee still;
I go forth abroad, and am under thine eye,
I retire to myself, and behold! thou art by:
How is it that thou hast encompass'd me so
That I cannot escape thee, wherever I go?
Such knowledge as this is too high to attain,
'Tis a truth which I feel, tho' I cannot explain.

Whither then shall I flee from thy Spirit, O Lord?
What shelter can space from thy presence afford;
If I climb up to Heav'n, lo! there is thy throne;
If I go down to Hell, even there thou art known;
If for wings I should mount on the morning's swift ray,
And remain in the uttermost parts of the sea,
Even there, let the distance be ever so wide,
Thy hand would support me, thy right hand would guide.

If I say, "peradventure, the dark may conceal
"What distance, tho' boundless, is forc'd to reveal;"
Yet the dark, at thy presence, would vanish away,
And my covering, the night, would be turn'd into day.
It is I myself only who could not then see,
Yea, the darkness, O Lord, is no darkness to thee:
The night and the day are alike in thy sight,
And the darkness, to thee, is clear as the light.

A

PARAPHRASE

ON THE

Collect for Advent Sunday.

ALMIGHTY God, thy heav'nly grace impart,
And cast the works of darkness from our heart;
Send us thy light, and arm us for the strife
Against all evils of this mortal life,
O'er which our Saviour, Jesus Christ, thy Son,
With great humility the conquest won:

That when, in glory, our Victorious Head
Shall come, to judge the living and the dead,
We may, thro' Him, to life immortal spring,
Wherein He reigns, the Everlasting King;
The Father, Son, and Spirit may adore,
One glorious God Triune, for evermore.

A

HYMN

FOR

CHRISTMAS DAY.

ON this auspicious, memorable morn,
God and the virgin's holy child was born;
Offspring of Heav'n, whose undefiled birth
Began the process of redeeming earth;
Of re-producing paradise again,
And God's lost image in the souls of men.

Adam, who kept not his first state of bliss,
Rend'red himself incapable of this;
Nor could he, with his outward helpmate Eve,
This pure, angelic, virgin birth retrieve:
This, in our nature, never could be done,
Until a virgin should conceive a Son.

Mary, prepar'd for such a chaste embrace,
Was destin'd to this miracle of grace;
In her unfolded the mysterious plan
Of man's salvation, God's becoming man;
His power, with her humility combin'd,
Produc'd the sinless Saviour of mankind.

The height and depth of such amazing love
Nor can *we* measure, nor *the blest* above;
Its truth whoever reasons right will own;
Man never could be sav'd by man alone:

Salvation is, if rightly we define,
Union of human nature with divine.

What way to this, unless it had been trod
By the new birth of an Incarnate God?
Birth of a life that triumphs over death,
A life inspir'd by God's immortal breath;
For which Himself, to save us from the tomb,
Did not abhor the virgin mother's womb.

O may this Infant Saviour's birth inspire
Of real life a humble, chaste desire!
Raise it up in us! Form it in our mind,
Like the blest Virgin's, totally resign'd!
A mortal life from Adam we derive;
We are, in Christ, eternally alive.

A

HYMN

FOR

CHRISTMAS DAY.

CHRISTIANS awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;
Rise, to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate, and the virgin's Son:
Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice—" Behold!
" I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
" To you and all the nations upon earth;
" This day hath God fulfill'd his promis'd word;
" This day is born a Saviour, Christ, the Lord;
" In David's city, shepherds, ye shall find
" The long-foretold Redeemer of mankind.

" Wrapt up in swaddling clothes, the Babe Divine
" Lies in a manger;—this shall be your sign."
He spake, and straightway the celestial choir,
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sung,
And Heav'n's whole orb with Hallelujahs rung.
" God's highest glory" was their anthem still;
" Peace upon earth, and mutual good will."
To Bethlehem straight th' enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man;
And found, with Joseph and the blessed Maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid.
Amaz'd, the wondrous story they proclaim;
The first Apostles of his infant fame:
While Mary keeps, and ponders in her heart,
The heav'nly vision, which the swains impart.
They to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn.

Let us, like these good shepherds, then, employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;
Like Mary, let us ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Artless, and watchful, as these favour'd swains,
While virgin meekness in the heart remains,
Trace we the Babe, who has retriev'd our loss,
From his poor manger to his bitter cross;
Treading his steps, assisted by his grace,
Till man's first Heav'nly state again takes place.
Then may we hope, th' Angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeem'd, a glad triumphal song:
He that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all, his glory shall display;
Sav'd by his love, incessant we shall sing
Of angels, and of angel-men, the King.

ON

THE EPIPHANY.

LED by the guidance of a living star,
The eastern sages travell'd from afar
To seek the Saviour, by prophetic fame
Describ'd to them as "King of Jews" by name;
Whose birth, to Gentiles worthy of his sight,
Was now declar'd by this angelic light.

To its full height th' expectancy had grown
Of what the learned foreigners made known;
When at Jerusalem the sacred news
Was spread by them to Herod and the Jews;
"Where is he born? For, by his star," they said,
"Thus far, to worship him, have we been led."

Herod, who had in his tyrannic mind
No thought of empire, but of earthly kind,
Jealous of this new King of Jewish tribes,
In haste assembled all the Priests and Scribes;
Where Christ was to be born was his demand—
"In Bethlehem," they said, "in Juda's land."

He call'd the Magi, privately again,
To learn from them the time, precisely, when
The star, which had conducted them, appear'd:
And, having all his wily questions clear'd,
Bade them to seek the Child, and from the view
Come, and tell him, that he might worship too.

They journey'd on to the appointed place,
Which Jewish Priests from prophecy could trace:
Cheer'd by the star's appearance on the way,
That pointed where the Infant Saviour lay;
Meekly they stepp'd into his humble shrine,
And fell to worshipping the Babe Divine.

The virgin mother saw them all prefer
Their off'rings, gold, and frankincense, and myrrh;

But warn'd of God, his Father, in a dream,
They disappointed Herod's murd'rous scheme;
And, having seen the object of their faith,
Sought their own country by another path.

Does not reflection justly hence arise,
That in the East, so famous for the wise,
The truest learning, sapience, and skill,
Was theirs, who sought, amidst the various ill
Which they beheld, for that predicted scene,
That should on earth commence a heav'nly reign?

These true inquirers into nature saw
That nature must have some superior law;
Some Righteous Monarch, for the good of all,
To rule with justice this disorder'd ball;
Their humble sense of wants, o'erlook'd by pride,
Made them so worthy of the star-like guide.

We read how, then, the very Pagan school
Was fill'd with rumours of a Jewish rule:
Tho' Jews themselves, as at this present day,
Dreamt of a worldly domineering sway;
The truly wise, or Jew or Gentile, sought
A Christ, the object of a happier thought.

They best could understand prophetic page,
Simple or learn'd, the shepherd or the sage:
Their eyes could see, and follow a true light,
That led them on from prophecy to sight;
Could own the Son, who by the Father's will,
Should reign a King on Sion's holy hill.

Of treasures which the wise were mov'd to bring,
If *gold* presented might confess the King,
Incense to his Divinity relate,
And *Myrrh* denote his bitter, suff'ring state,
They offer'd types of the Theandric* plan
Of our salvation, God's becoming man.

In this redeeming process all concurr'd
To give sure proof of the prophetic word;

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* Having the divine and human nature in conjunction.

Jesus, Immanuel, the Inward Light
Of all mankind, who seek the truth aright,
Forms, in the heart of all the wise on earth,
The true day-star, the token of his birth.

MEDITATIONS

FOR

EVERY DAY IN PASSION WEEK.

MONDAY.

GOD IN CHRIST IS ALL LOVE.

BEHOLD the tender love of God!—Behold
The Shepherd dying to redeem his fold!
Who can declare it?—Worthy to be known—
What tongue can speak it worthily?—His own:
From his own sacred lips the theme began,
The glorious Gospel of God's love to man.

So great, so boundless was it, that he gave
His only Son—"And for what end?"—To save;
Not to condemn; if men reject the light,
They, of themselves, condemn themselves to night;
God, in his Son, seeks only to display,
In ev'ry heart, an everlasting day.

"God hath so shewn his love to us," says Paul,
"Even yet sinners, that Christ died for all:"
Peter, that "God's all gracious aim is this,
"By Christ to call us to eternal bliss:"
Of all th' inspir'd to understand the view
LOVE is the text, and LOVE the Comment too;

The ground to build all faith and works upon;
For *God is Love*, says the beloved John:
Short word, but meaning infinitely wide,
Including all that can be said beside;

Including all the joyful truths above
The pow'r of eloquence, for "God is Love."

Think on the proof that John from Jesus learn'd,
"In this was God's amazing love discern'd,
"Because He sent his Son to us; that we
"Might live thro' Him." How plain it is to see
That, if in this, in ev'ry other fact
Where God is agent, love is in the act!

Essential character, (whatever word
Of diff'rent sound in scripture has occurr'd)
Of all that is ascrib'd to God; of all
That can by his immediate will befall:
The Sun's bright orb may lose its shining flame,
But love remains unchangeably the same.

TUESDAY.

HOW CHRIST QUENCHETH THE WRATH OF GOD IN US.

THE Saviour died, according to our faith,
To quench, atone, or pacify a wrath.
But "God is love;" He has no wrath his own;
Nothing in him to quench or to atone:
Of all the wrath that scripture hath reveal'd,
The poor fall'n creature wanted to be heal'd.

God, of his own pure love, was pleas'd to give
The Lord of life, that thro' Him it might live;
Thro' Christ; because none other could be found
To heal the human nature of its wound:
This great Physician of the soul had, sure,
In Him, who gave him, no defect to cure.

He did, he suffer'd ev'ry thing, that we
From wrath, by sin enkindled, might be free;
The wrath of God, in us, that is, the fire
Of burning life, without the love-desire;
Without the light, which Jesus came to raise,
And change the wrath into a joyful blaze.

The wrath is God's; but in Himself unfelt;
As ice and frost are his, and pow'r to melt:
Not even man could any wrath, as such,
Till he had lost his first perfection, touch:
God has but one immutable good-will,—
To bless his creatures and to save from ill.

Cordial or bitter a physician's draught,
The patient's health is in his ord'ring thought:
"God's mercies," or "God's judgments" be the name,
Eternal health is his all-saving aim.
"Vengeance belongs to God"—and so it should—
For, love alone can turn it all to good.

All that in nature by his act is done
Is to give life; and life is in his Son:
When his humility, his meekness finds
Healing admission into willing minds,
All wrath disperses, like a gath'ring sore;
Pain is its cure, and it exists no more.

WEDNESDAY.

CHRIST SATISFIETH THE JUSTICE OF GOD BY FULFILLING ALL RIGHTEOUSNESS.

"JUSTICE demandeth satisfaction"—Yes;
And ought to have it where injustice is:
But—there is none in God—it cannot mean
Demand of justice where it has full reign:
To dwell in man it rightfully demands,
Such as he came from his Creator's hands.

Man had departed from a righteous state,
Which he at first must have, if God create:
'Tis therefore call'd God's righteousness, and must
Be satisfied by man's becoming just;
Must exercise good vengeance upon men,
Till it regain its rights in them again.

This was the justice, for which Christ became
A man, to satisfy its righteous claim;
Became Redeemer of the human race,
That sin, in them, to justice might give place.
To satisfy a just and righteous will
Is neither more, nor less, than to fulfil:

It was, in God, the loving will that sought
The joy of having man's salvation wrought:
Hence, in his Son, so infinitely pleas'd
With righteousness fulfill'd and wrath appeas'd:
Not with mere suff'ring, which he never wills,
But with mere love that triumph'd over ills.

'Twas tender mercy—by the church confess'd,
Before she feeds the sacramental guest;
Rememb'ring Him, who offer'd up his soul
"A sacrifice for sin, full, perfect, whole,
"Sufficient, satisfactory"—and all
That words—how short of merit!—can recal.

And when receiv'd his body and his blood,
The life enabling to be just and good,
Off'ring, available thro' Him alone,
Body and soul, a sacrifice her own:
From Him, from his, so justice has its due;
Itself restor'd,—not any thing in lieu.

THURSDAY.

CHRIST THE BEGINNER AND FINISHER OF THE NEW LIFE IN MAN.

DEAD as men are, in trespasses and sins,
Whence is it in them that new life begins?
'Tis that, by God's great mercy, love, and grace,
The seed of Christ is in the human race;
That inward, hidden Man, that can revive,
And, "dead in Adam," rise "in Christ alive."

Life natural and life divine possess'd
Must needs unite, to make a creature bless'd.
The first, a feeling hunger and desire
Of what it cannot of itself acquire;
Wherein the second, entering to dwell,
Makes all a heav'n, that would be else a hell.

As only light all darkness can expel,
So was his conquest, over death and hell,
The only possible, effectual way
To raise to life what Adam's sin could slay:
Death, by the *falling;* by the *rising man*,
The resurrection of the dead began.

This heav'nly Parent of the human race
The steps, that Adam fell by, could retrace;
Could bear the suff'rings requisite to save;
Could die, a man, and triumph o'er the grave:
This, for our sakes, Incarnate Love could do;
Great is the mystery, and greatly true.

Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs, and the choir
Of holy virgin witnesses, conspire
To animate a Christian to endure
Whatever cross God gives him, for his cure:
Looking to Jesus, who has led the way
From death to life, from darkness into day.

Unmov'd by earthly good or earthly ill,
The man Christ Jesus wrought God's blessed will:
Death, in the nature of the thing, that hour
Wherein he died, lost all its deadly pow'r:
Then, then was open'd, by what he sustain'd,
The gate of life, and Paradise regain'd.

FRIDAY.

HOW THE SUFFERINGS AND DEATH OF CHRIST ARE AVAILABLE TO MAN'S SALVATION.

WITH hearts deep rooted in love's holy ground
Should be ador'd this mystery profound

Of God's Messiah suff'ring in our frame;
The Lamb Christ Jesus—blessed be his name!—
Dying, in this humanity of ours,
To introduce his own life-giving pow'rs.

Herein is Love! descending from his throne,
The Father's bosom, for our sakes alone,
What earth, what hell could wrathfully unite
Of ills, he vanquish'd with enduring might:
Legions of angels ready at command,
Singly he chose to bear and to withstand;

To bear,—intent upon mankind's relief,—
Ev'ry excess of ev'ry shame and grief;
Of inward anguish, past all thought severe;
Such as pure innocence alone could bear.
Dev'lish temptation, treachery, and rage,
Naked, for us, did innocence engage.

Nail'd to a cross it suffer'd and forgave;
And shew'd the penitent its pow'r to save:
Its majesty confess'd by nature's shock,
Darkness, and earthquake, and the rented rock,
And opening graves—the prelude to that pow'r,
Which rose in suff'ring love's momentous hour.

No other pow'r could save, but Jesus can;
The living God was in the dying man;
Who, perfected by suff'rings, from the grave
Rose in the fulness of all pow'r to save:
With that one blessed life of God to fill
The vacant soul, that yieldeth up its will.

To learn is ev'ry pious Christian's part,
From his Great Master, this most holy art;
This our high calling, privilege, and prize,
With Him to suffer, and with Him to rise:
To live—to die—meek, patient, and resign'd
To God's good pleasure, with a Christ-like mind.

SATURDAY.

HOW CHRIST BY HIS DEATH OVERCAME DEATH.

JESUS is crucified—the previous scene
Of our salvation and his glorious reign:
Mysterious process! Tho', by nature's laws,
Such an effect demanded such a cause:
For none but He could form the grand design,
And raise, anew, the human life divine.

No less a mystery can claim belief,
Than what belongs to our Redeeming Chief:
Divine and supernatural, indeed,
The love that mov'd the Son of God to bleed;
But what he was and did, in each respect,
Was real cause producing its effect.

Children of Adam needs must share his fall;
Children of Christ can re-inherit all:
This was the one, and therefore chosen way,
For love to manifest its full display.
Absurd the thought of arbitrary plans!
Nature's one true religion this—and man's.

All that we know of God and nature too,
Proves the salvation of the gospel true;
Where all unites in one consistent whole,
The life of God renew'd within the soul:
Renew'd by Christ—He only could restore
The Heav'n in man to what it was before:

Could raise God's image, clos'd in death by sin,
And raise Himself, the Light of life, therein:
The one same Light that makes angelic bliss;
That spreads a Heav'n thro' nature's whole abyss:
The Light of nature, and the Light of men,
That gives the dead his pow'r to live again.

The way, the truth, the life—whatever terms
Preferr'd, 'tis He that every good affirms;

The one true Saviour; all is dung and dross,
In saving sense, but Jesus and his cross:
All nature speaks; all scripture answers thus—
Salvation is the life of CHRIST *in us.*

EASTER COLLECT.

ALMIGHTY God! whose blessed will was done
By Jesus Christ, our Lord, thine only Son;
Death overcome, and open'd unto men
The gate of everlasting life again;
Grant us, baptiz'd into his death, to die
To all affections, but to things on high;
That when, by thy preventing grace, we find
The good desires to rise within our mind,
Our wills may tend as thine shall still direct,
And bring the good desires to good effect;
Thro' Him, the one Redeemer from the fall,
Who liv'd and died, and rose again for all.

EASTER DAY.

THE morning dawns; the third approaching day
Can only shew the place where Jesus lay:
Angels descend—remember what he said—
" He is not here, but risen from the dead;
" Betray'd into the hands of sinful men,
" The Son of man must die, and rise again."

So sang the prophets, ever since the fall;
Of rites ordain'd the meaning this, thro' all.
This, by the various sacrifice of old,
Memorial type, and shadow, was foretold:
Even false worship, careless what it meant,
Gave to this truth an ignorant consent.

Christ is the sum and substance of the whole
That God has done or said, to save a soul,
To raise himself a Church; when that is done,
The world becomes the kingdom of his Son;
A Heav'n restor'd to the redeem'd, the born
Of Him who rose on this auspicious morn.

He that was dead, in order to restore,—
Behold! He is alive for evermore:
A heav'nly Adam, full empow'r'd to give
The life that men were first design'd to live:
Fountain of life! come, whosoever will,
To quench his thirst, and freely take his fill.

Mankind, in Him, are life's predestin'd heirs;
His rising glories the first-fruits of theirs.
Hearts that renounce the slavery to sin,
Feel of his pow'r the living warmth within;
Of strengthening faith, of joyous hope possess'd,
And Heav'n-producing love within the breast:

The breast—the temple of the Holy Ghost,
When once enliven'd by this heav'nly host:
His resurrection, the sure proof of ours,
Will there exert his death-destroying pow'rs;
Till all his sons shall meet before his throne
In glorious bodies, fashion'd like his own.

A

Hymn for Easter Day.

THE Lord *is risen!* He, who came
To suffer death and conquer too,
Is risen; let our song proclaim
The praise to man's REDEEMER due:
To Him, whom God, in tender LOVE,
Always alike to bless inclin'd,
Sent to redeem us, from above;
To *save*, to *sanctify* mankind.

CHORUS.

Worthy of all pow'r and praise,
He who died and rose again;
Lamb of God,—and slain to raise
Man, to life redeem'd—AMEN.

That life, which Adam ceas'd to live,
When to this world he turn'd his heart,
And to his children *could* not give,
The SECOND ADAM *can* impart.
We, on our earthly parent's side,
Could but receive a life of earth;
The Lord from Heaven,—He liv'd, and died,
And rose, to give us heav'nly birth.

CHO. *Worthy of all pow'r and praise, &c.*

This mortal life, this living death,
Shews that in Adam we all die;
In CHRIST we have immortal breath,
And life's *unperishing* supply:
HE took our nature, and sustain'd
The *mis'ries* of its sinful state;
Sinless HIMSELF, for us regain'd
To Paradise an open gate.

CHO. *Worthy of all pow'r and praise, &c.*

As Adam rais'd a life of sin,
So Christ, the serpent-bruising Seed,
By God's appointment could begin
The birth, in US, of LIFE indeed.
He did begin; parental head,
As *Adam* fell, so JESUS stood;
Fulfill'd all righteousness, and said
"'TIS FINISH'D!"—on the sacred wood.

CHO. *Worthy of all pow'r and praise, &c.*

Finish'd his work, to quench the wrath
That sin had brought on Adam's race;
To pave the *sole* and certain path
From *nature's* life, to that of *grace.*

For joy of *this*, GOD's only SON
Endur'd the cross, despis'd the shame,
And gave the victory, so won,
For imitating LOVE to claim.
CHO. *Worthy of all pow'r and praise, &c.*

To tread the path that Jesus trod,
Aided by Him, be our employ;
To *die* to sin, and *live* to God,
And yield him the fair purchas'd joy:
To all the laws that love has made
Steadfast, unshaken, to attend;
He died, He rose, Himself our aid,—
Lo! I am with you to the end.
CHO. *Worthy of all pow'r and praise, &c.*

ON

WHITSUNDAY.

JESUS, ascended into Heav'n again,
Bestow'd this wondrous gift upon good men,
That various nations, by his Spirit led,
All understood what Galileans said:
He gave the word, who form'd the list'ning ear,
And truth became in ev'ry language clear.

One country's tongue, to his Apostles known,
To ev'ry pious soul became its own:
The well-dispos'd, from all the world around,
With holy wonder, heard the gospel sound;
Their hearts prepar'd to hear it—God's command
No obstacle in nature could withstand.

Nature itself, if ev'ry heart was right,
All jarring languages would soon unite:
Hers is but one intelligible guide;
But tongues are numberless where hearts divide:

The Babel projects bring them to their birth,
And scatter discord o'er the face of earth.

The Prince of Peace now sending, from above,
His Holy Spirit of uniting love,
By its miraculous effusion shew'd
How great a pow'r he promis'd and bestow'd;
Pow'r to reverse confusion, and impart
One Living Word to ev'ry honest heart.

Deaf to its influence the wicked stood,
And mock'd the just amazement of the good;
For want of sense, ascribing to new wine
Their joint acknowledgments of grace divine:
The world's devout epitome was taught,
And hid from pride the miracle, when wrought.

Known to the meek, but from the worldly wise,
From scoffers, hid the wonderful supplies
Of God's good Spirit, now as near to men
Whose hearts are open to the truth, as then:
Blest, in all climates, all conditions they
Who hear this inward teacher and obey.

ON

TRINITY SUNDAY.

CO-EQUAL TRINITY was always taught
By the divines most fam'd for pious thought.
The men of learning fill'd, indeed, the page
With dissonant disputes, from age to age:
But with themselves, so far as one can read,
About their schemes are not at all agreed,
When they oppos'd, by reason or by wrath,
This grand foundation of the Christian Faith.

For what more fundamental point, or grand,
Than our ascending Saviour's own command?
" Go, and baptize all nations in the name"—
Of whom, or what? (For thence the surest aim

Of Christian doctrine must appear the most.)
" The name of FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST"?—
Our Lord's interpretation here we see
Of " Thou shalt have no other Gods but Me."

For can the phrase, so highly sacred, shew
The name of God to be omitted? No;
By its essential Trinity express'd,
It shew'd what faith Christ will'd to be profess'd:
One God the Jews had own'd; and One Supreme,
With others lower, was the Pagan theme;
How One was true, and how Supreme profan'd,
Our Lord's *baptismal* ordinance explain'd.

The one Divinity of Father, Son,
And Spirit, teaches christian thought to shun
Both Pagan and Rabbinical mistake,
And understand what holy prophets spake,
Or in the ancient writings or the new,
To which this doctrine is the sacred clue,
That so conducts us to the saving plan
Of true religion, as no other can.

For were the Son's Divinity denied,
The Father's must of course be set aside,
Or be a dark one—How can it be bright,
But by its own eternal, inborn light?
The glory of the Father is the Son,
Of all his pow'rs begotten, or begun,
From all eternity—Take Son away,
And what the Father can delight in, say.

The love, paternally divine, implies
Its proper object, whence it must arise,
That is, the Son; and so the filial, too,
Implies paternal origin in view;
And hence the third distinctly glorious tie
Of love, which both are animated by:
All is One God, but He contains divine,
Living relations, evidently *Trine.*

So far from hurting *unity*, that hence
The fulness rises of its perfect sense;

And ev'ry barren, spiritless dispute,
Against its truth, is pluck'd up by the roots
The faith is solid to repose upon,
Father, Word, Spirit, undivided One;
By whom mankind, of threefold life possess'd,
Can live, and move, and have its being blest.

Not by *three* Gods; or One supremely great,
With two *inferiors;* or the wild conceit,
God, Michael, Gabriel; or aught else devis'd
For christians, in no *creature's name baptiz'd:*
But of the whole inseparable THREE,
Whose fertile Oneness causes all to be,
And makes a Heav'n thro' nature's whole abyss,
By its Paternal, Filial, Spirit bliss.

ON THE SAME.

ONE God the Father—certainly this term
Does not a barren Deity affirm,
Without the Son; without the native light,
By which its fiery Majesty is bright;
Without the Spirit of the fire, and flame
Of life divine, eternally the same.

More one—than any thing beside can be,
Because of its inseparable three;
Which nothing can diminish or divide,
Tho' it should break all unity beside;
For this, as self-begetting, self-begot,
And to itself proceeding, it can not.

This total oneness of its threefold bliss,
Life, light, and Joy of nature's vast abyss,
No tongue so well can utter, but the mind,
That seeks for somewhat to object, may find.
No end of questions, if we must contest
A truth, by saints, of ev'ry age, express'd.

The church did always, always will agree
In its one worship of the Holy Three;

As taught by Christ, that unity divine
Was full and perfect, that is, unitrine:
He said,—*Baptize all nations, and proclaim*
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the name.

The Holy! Holy! Holy! of the host
Of Heav'n, is Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Not holy—holier—and holiest—
But one, triune, same holiness confess'd;
One God, one loving and beloved love;
On Earth below ador'd, in Heav'n above.

One living fulness of all perfect good;
Its own essential fountain, stream, and flood:
And, when according to the Christian creed,
Men worship God in spirit, word, and deed;
Faith, hope, and love's triunity of grace,
Will find in their true, single hearts a place.

A

Caution against Despair.

DESPAIR is a cowardly thing,
And the spirit, suggesting it, bad;
In spite of my sins I will sing,
That "Mercy is still to be had."

For He that has shewn it so far
As to give me a sensible heart,
How heinous soever they are,
Delights in the merciful part.

By affliction, so heavy to bear,
He searches the wound He would cure:
'Tis his to be kindly severe,
'Tis mine, by his grace, to endure.

O! comfort thyself in *His* love,
Poor sinful and sorrowful soul!
Who came, and still comes, from above,
To the sick that would fain be made whole:

Who said, and continues to say,
In the deep of a penitent breast,
" Come, sinner, to me come away;
" I'll meet thee, and bring thee to rest."

A refusal to come is absurd;
I'll put myself under his care;
I'll believe his infallible word,
And never,—no, never despair.

A

PENITENTIAL SOLILOQUY.

WHAT! tho' no objects strike upon the sight,
Thy sacred presence is an *inward* light!
What! tho' no sounds should penetrate the ear,
To list'ning thought the voice of truth is clear;
Sincere devotion needs no outward shrine;
The centre of a humble soul is thine!

There may I worship! And there mayst thou place
Thy seat of mercy, and thy throne of grace!
Yea, fix, if Christ my Advocate appear,
The dread tribunal of thy justice there:
Let each vain thought, let each impure desire
Meet, in thy wrath, with a *consuming fire.*

Whilst the kind rigours of a righteous doom
All deadly filth of *selfish pride* consume,
Thou, Lord! canst raise, tho' punishing for sin,
The joys of peaceful penitence within:
Thy justice and thy mercy both are sweet,
That make our *suff'rings* and *salvation* meet.

Befall me, then, whatever God shall please!
His wounds are healing, and his griefs give ease:
He, like a true Physician of the soul,
Applies the med'cine that may make it whole.
I'll do, I'll *suffer* whatsoe'er He wills;
I see his aim thro' all these transient ills.

'Tis to infuse a *salutary grief*,
To fit the mind for *absolute* relief;
That, purg'd from ev'ry false and finite love,
Dead to the world, alive to things above,
The soul may rise, as in its first-form'd youth,
And worship God *in Spirit and in Truth.*

AN

ENCOURAGEMENT

TO

Earnest and Importunate Prayer.

Luke 18. 1.—AND HE SPAKE A PARABLE UNTO THEM, TO THIS END, THAT MEN OUGHT ALWAYS TO PRAY, AND NOT TO FAINT.

A BLESSED Truth for parable to paint,
"That men should always pray, and never faint!"
Just the reverse of this would Satan say,
"That men should always faint, and never pray."
He wants to drive poor sinners to despair;
And Christ, to save them by prevailing pray'r.

The judge, who feared neither God nor man,
Despis'd the widow when she first began
Her just request; but she, continuing on
The same petition, wearied him anon;
He could not bear to hear her praying still;
And did her justice, tho' against his will.

Can perseverance force a man, unjust,
To execute, however loth, his trust?
And will not God, whose fatherly delight
Is to save souls, so precious in his sight,
Hear his own offspring's persevering call,
And give the blessing which He has for all?

Yes, to be sure, He will; the lying "No"
Is a downright temptation of the foe;
Who first emboldens sinners to presume,
As if a righteous judgment had no room;

And, having lead them into grievous faults,
With the despair of mercy then assaults.

Dear soul, if thou hast listen'd to the lies
Which, at the first, the tempter would devise,
Let him not cheat thee with a second snare,
And drag thee into darkness by despair;
Pray against all his wiles, for God will hear,
And will avenge thee of him, never fear.

He gives the grace to sorrow for thy sin,
The sign of kindling penitence within;
Let not the smoke disturb thee; for, no doubt,
The light and flame will follow, and break out;
And love arise to overcome restraint,
That thou mayst *always pray and never faint.*

A

SOLILOQUY,

On reading the 5th and 8th Verses of the 37th Psalm.

LEAVE OFF FROM WRATH, AND LET GO DISPLEASURE: FRET NOT THYSELF, ELSE SHALT THOU BE MOVED TO DO EVIL.—V. 8.

IN psalm, this evening order'd to be read,
Fret not thyself, the royal Psalmist said.
His reason why, succeeding words instil;
Or else, says he, *'twill move thee to do ill.*
Now, tho' I know that fretting does no good,
Its evil movement have I understood?

Move to do evil! Then, dear soul of mine,
Stir it not up, if that be its design:
Its being vain is cause enough to shun;
But if indulg'd, some evil must be done;
And thou, according to the holy king,
Must be the doer of this evil thing.

Men use thee ill;—that fault is theirs alone;
But if thou use thyself ill, that's thy own:

Meekness and patience are much better treasure;
Then *leave off wrath, and let go all displeasure:*
Tho' thou art ever so ill treated, yet
Remember David; and forbear to *fret.*

COMMIT THY WAY UNTO THE LORD AND PUT THY TRUST IN HIM, AND HE WILL BRING IT TO PASS.—V. 5.

Commit thy way unto the Lord;—resign
Thyself intirely to the Will Divine.
All real good, all remedy for ill,
Lies in conforming to His blessed will.
By all advice that holy books record,
Thou must *commit thy way unto the Lord.*

And put thy trust in Him;—all other trust,
Plac'd out of Him, is foolish and unjust:
His loving kindness is the only ground
Where solid peace and comfort can be found:
What other prospects either sink or swim,
Do thou stand firm, *and put thy trust in Him.*

And He will bring thy way to pass;—the whole
Of all that thou canst wish for to thy soul:
He wills to give it, and thy seeking mind,
By faith and patience, cannot fail to find;
To him, whatever good desire it has,
Commit and trust, and He will bring to pass.

AN

EPISTLE

From the Author to his Sister,

WITH THE FOREGOING SOLILOQUY INCLOSED.

DEAR SISTER,

If soliloquy conduce,
(Meant, as the name declares for private use)
To your contentment; if such kind of fruit
Pleases your taste, you're very welcome to't:
Tho' pluck'd, one day in April, from the ground,
It keeps, in pickle, all the seasons round.

'Tis Summer now, and Autumn comes anon;
Winter succeeds, and Spring, when that is gone;
But be it Winter, Summer, Autumn, Spring,
To nurture fretting is a simple thing:
A weed so useless, to the use of reason,
Can, absolutely, never be in season.

Without much nursing, that the weed will grow
I wish I had some reason less to know;
Some less to see, how folly, when it grew
In my own ground, could cultivate it too;
Could hedge it round, and cherish and suppose
That, being mine, the thistle was a rose.

You know the saying, of I know not whom,
Little Misfortunes serve till greater come;
And saying, somewhere met with, I recall,
That 'tis the greatest to have none at all:
Rare case, perhaps;—they reach, we often see,
All sorts of persons, him, her, you, or me.

" This being, then," Experience says, " the case,
" What kind of conduct must a man embrace?"
My 'pothecary, as you think, replies—
" Pray take 'em quietly, if you be wise;
" Bitter they are, 'tis true, to flesh and blood;
" But if they were not, they would do no good."

One time, when 'Pothecary Patience found
That his persuasion got but little ground,
He call'd in Doctor Gratitude, to try
If his advice could make me to comply;
" I recommended patience, Sir," said he,
" Pray will you speak, for he regards not me."

" Patience! a custard lid!" said Doctor Grat.
" His case wants, plainly, something more than that;
" 'Tis a good recipe, but cure is longer
" Than it should be; we must have something stronger:
" A creeping pulse! Bare patience will not do—
" To get him strength, he must be thankful too.

" He must consider"—and so on he went,
To shew thanksgiving's marvellous extent;

And what a true *catholicon** it was;
And what great cures it had but brought to pass;
And how best fortunes, wanting it, were curst;
And how it turn'd to good the very worst.

O what a deal he said!—And in the light,
Wherein he plac'd it, all was really right:
But, like good doctrine, of some good divine,
Which, while 'tis preach'd, is admirably fine,
When Doctor Gratitude had left the spot,
All that he said was charming—and forgot.

Your doctor's potion,—patience and the bark,—
May hit both mental and material mark;
One serves to keep the ague from the mind,
As t'other does, from its corporeal rind;
There is, methinks, in their respective growth,
A fair analogy betwixt 'em both.

For what the bark is to the growing tree,
To human mind, that, patience seems to be;
They hold the principles of growth together,
And blunt the force of accident and weather:
Bar'd of its bark, a tree, we may compute,
Will not remain much longer on its root.

And mind in mortals, that are wisely will'd,
Will hardly bear to have its patience peel'd.
Nothing, in fine, contributes more to living,
Physic, or food,—than patience and thanksgiving;
Patience defends us from all outward hap;
Of inward life thanksgiving is the sap.

VERSES WRITTEN UNDER A PRINT,

REPRESENTING

The Salutation of the Blessed Virgin.

SEE represented here, in light and shade,
The angel's visit to the blessed maid;—

* Universal remedy.

To Mary, destin'd, when the time should come,
To bear the Saviour in her virgin womb;—
Explaining to her the mysterious plan
Of man's redemption—*his becoming man.*

When ev'ry previous wonder had been done,
The virgin then was to conceive a Son;
And to prepare her for the grand event,
From God, his Father, Gabriel was sent,
To hail the chosen organ of his birth
Of *God with us*,—of JESUS upon earth.

Unable to express celestial things
Imagination adds expanded wings
To human form exact, and beauteous face;
Which angels have, but with angelic grace,
Free from all grossness and defect; nor seen,
But with a pure chaste eye, divinely keen.

Such Mary's was, whose posture here design'd
The most profound humility of mind;
Modestly asking how the thing could be;
And saying, when inform'd of God's decree,
Behold the handmaid of the Lord! His will
Let Him, according to thy word, fulfill.

What fair instruction may the scene impart
To them who look beyond the painter's art!
Who, in th' angelic message from above,
See the revealing of God's gracious love
To ev'ry soul, that yields itself to all
That pleases Him, whatever may befall!

Whatever circumstance of heav'nly grace
Might be peculiar to the virgin's case,
That holy thing, that saves a soul from sin,
Of God's good Spirit *must be born within:*
For *all salvation is*, upon the whole,
The birth of JESUS *in the human soul.*

VERSES UNDER A PRINT,

REPRESENTING

Christ in the midst of the Doctors.

ENGAG'D, amidst the Doctors here, behold,
In deep discourse, a child of twelve years old;
Who shew'd, whatever question they preferr d,
A wisdom that astonish'd all who heard;
And found, in asking or in answ'ring youth,
Of age so tender, such a force of truth.

Observe his mild, but penetrating look;
Those bearded sages poring o'er their book;
That meek old priest, with placid face of joy;
That pharisaic frowner at the boy;
That pensive Rabbi, seeming at a stand;
That serious matron, lifting up her hand.

A group of heads, as painting fancy taught,
Hints at the various attitude of thought
In diff'rent hearers, all intent upon
The wondrous graces that in Jesus shone:
Each aspect witnessing the same surprise,
From whence his understanding should arise.

We know, at present, what the learn'd Jew,
Disputing in the temple, little knew;
That thro' this child, in every answer made,
God's own eternal wisdom was display'd;
That their Messiah, then, the truths instill'd,
Which, grown to man, He perfectly fulfill'd.

We know that His corporeal presence then
On earth, as man, was requisite for men;
That, by his Spirit, He is present still,
And always was, to men of upright will:
To saving truth, whatever doctors say,
His inward guidance must assure the way.

Whether his actions, therefore, be pourtray'd
In printed letter or in figur'd shade,
The books, the pictures, that we read or see,
Should raise reflection, in some due degree;
And serve as memorandums, to recal
The teacher JESUS, in the midst of all.

PASCAL'S CHARACTER OF HIMSELF.

I LOVE and honour a poor humble state,
Because my Saviour Jesus Christ was poor;
And riches, too, that help us to abate
The miseries which other men endure.

I render back no injuries again,
Because I wish the doer's case like mine;
In which, nor good nor evil, as from men,
Is minded much, but from a Hand Divine.

I aim sincerely to be just and true;
For my good-will to all mankind extends:
A tenderness of heart, I think, is due,
Where stricter ties unite me to my friends.

Whether in conversation or alone,
Still to my mind God's presence I recal:
My actions wait the judgment of his throne,
And 'tis to Him I consecrate them all.

These are my thoughts, and briefly thus display'd;
I thank my Saviour for them ev'ry day;
Who, of a poor, weak, sinful man, has made
A man exempt from vice's evil sway.

Such is the force of His inspiring grace!
For all my good to that alone I owe;
Since, if my own corrupted self I trace,
I'm nothing else but misery and woe.

Armelle Nicholas's Account of Herself.

FROM THE FRENCH.

"TO the God of my love, in the morning," said she,
Like a child to its parent, when waking, I flee;
With a longing to serve Him and please Him, I rise
And before Him kneel down, as if seen by these eyes:
I resign up myself to his absolute will,
Which I beg that in me He would always fulfil:
That the pray'rs of the day, by whomever preferr'd,
For the good of each soul, may be also thus heard.

If, oblig'd to attend on some houshold affair,
I have scarcè so much time as to say the Lord's Pray'r,
This gives me no trouble: my dutiful part
Is obedience to Him, whom I have at my heart
As well at my work as retiring to pray;
And his love does not suffer in mine a decay:
He has taught me Himself, that a work, which I do
For his sake, is a pray'r very real and true.

I dress in his presence, and learn to confess
That his provident kindness supplies me with dress:
In the midst of all outward employment I find
A conversing with Him of an intimate kind;
How sweet is the labour! His loving regard
So supporting one's mind, that it thinks nothing hard;
While the limbs are at work, in the seeking to please
So belov'd a companion, the mind is at ease.

In his presence I eat and I drink; and reflect
How food, of his gift, is the growing effect;
How his love to my soul is so great and so good,
Just as if it were fed with his own flesh and blood:
What a virtue this Feeder, his meat, and his drink
Have to raise in one's heart, I must leave you to think.
He alone can express it; no language of mine,
Were my life spent in speaking, could ever define.

When perhaps by hard usage or weariness press'd,
I myself am too apt to be fretful at best,
Love shews me forthwith how I ought to take heed
Not to nurse the least anger, by word or by deed;
And He sets such a watch at the door of my lips,
That of hasty cross words there is nothing that slips;
Such irregular passions, as seek to surprise,
Are crush'd, and are conquer'd, as soon as they rise.

Or, if e'er I give place to a humour so bad,
My mind has no rest till forgiveness be had;
I confess all my faults, as if He had not known,
And my peace is renew'd, by a goodness his own;
In a manner so free, as if, after my sin,
More strongly confirm'd than before it had been.
By a mercy so tender my heart is reclaim'd,
And the more to love Him by its failing inflam'd.

Sometimes I perceive that He hideth his face,
And I seem like a person depriv'd of all grace;
Then I say—" Tis no matter, altho' thou conceal
" Thyself as thou pleasest, I'll keep to my zeal;
" I'll love Thee, and serve Thee, however this rod
" May be sent to chastise, for I know Thou art God;"
And with more circumspection I stand upon guard,
Till of such a great blessing no longer debarr'd.

But a suff'ring, so deep, having taught me to try
What I am in my self-hood, I learn to rely
More firmly on Him, who was pleas'd to endure
The severest extremes, to make way for our cure.
To conform to his pattern, as love shall see fit,
My faith in the Saviour resolves to submit;
For no more than my self (if the word may go free)
Can I live without Him, can He help loving me.

Well assur'd of his goodness, I pass the whole day,
And my work, hard or easy, is felt as a play;
I am thankful in feelings, but, pleasure or smart,
It is rather Himself that I love in my heart.
When they urge me to mirth, I think, " O! were it known
" How I meet the best Company when I'm alone!"
To my dear fellow-creatures what ties me each hour
Is the love of my God, to the best of my pow'r,

At the hour of the night, when I go to my rest,
I repose on his love, like a child at the breast;
And a sweet, peaceful silence invites me to keep
Contemplating Him, to my dropping asleep.
Many times a good thought, by its gentle delight,
Has with-held me from sleep, a good part of the night,
In adoring his love that continues to share
To a poor, wretched creature, so special a care.

This, after my heart was converted at last,
Is the life I have led for these twenty years past:
My love has not chang'd, and my innermost peace,
Tho' it ever seem'd full, has gone on to increase:
'Tis an infinite love that has fill'd me, and fed
My still rising hunger to eat of its bread;
So satisfied still, as if such an excess
Could have nothing more added than what I possess."

REFLECTIONS

ON THE FOREGOING ACCOUNT.

HOW full a proof of heav'n's *all-present* aid
Was good Armelle, a simple servant maid!
A poor French girl, by parentage and birth
Of low and mean condition upon earth;
By education ignorant indeed,
She, all her life, could neither write nor read.

But she had *that* which all the force of art
Could neither give nor take away—a heart;
An honest, humble, well disposed will,
The true capacity for higher skill
Than what the world, with all its learned din,
Could teach—she learn'd her lesson from *within;*
Plain, single lesson of essential kind,
The love of God's pure presence in her mind.
Her artless, innocent, attentive thought
Was at the Source of all true knowledge taught:

There she could read the characters impress'd
Upon the mind of ev'ry human breast;
The native laws prescrib'd to ev'ry soul;
And *love*, the one fulfiller of the whole.

This *holy* love to know and practise well,
Became the sole endeavour of Armelle;
Of outward things the management and rule
She wisely took from this *internal* school:
In ev'ry work well done by *such* a hand,
The work was *servile*, but the thing was *grand.*
There was a dignity in all she did,
Tho' from the world by meaner labours hid;
If mean *below*, not so esteem'd *above*,
Where all the *grand* of labour is the *love:*
In vain to boast magnificence of scene;
It is all *meanness*, if the *love* be *mean.*

St. Cecilia's Hymn.

O! BORN of a virgin, most lowly and meek,
Thou sent of thy Father lost creatures to seek,
Vouchsafe, in the manner that pleaseth thee best,
To kindle thy love, in my virginal breast;
Let the words of my mouth, and the thoughts of my heart,
Obey the sweet force, which thy grace shall impart;
Whilst angels assist me to offer my vows
To the God of my Life, my Redeemer, and Spouse.

My life, I esteem, O Creator Divine,
As a loving impression out-flowing from thine;
As an act of thy bounty, that gives us a part
Of the light, love, and glory, which thou thyself art;
May I always as little thy pleasure oppose,
As the pure simple nature from whence I arose;
And, by thee and for thee created, fulfil
In thought, word, and deed, thy adorable will.

By this blessed will, howsoever made known,
With a dutiful joy will I govern my own;

And, deaf to all tempting enchantments of sin,
I will hearken to Thee, my Redeemer, within;
Thy words will I ponder, by night and by day,
And the light of thy gospel shall mark out my way:
Till at length I arrive at the honour I claim,
To live, like a virgin baptiz'd in thy name.

A

LETTER TO A LADY,

OCCASIONED

By her desiring the Author to revise and polish the Poems of Bishop Ken.

YOUR book again with thanks.—Of worthy men
One of the worthiest was Bishop Ken.
Without offence to authors,—far above
Ten men of learning is one man of love:
How many Bishops and Divines renown'd,
Time after time, the Catechism expound!
And which, of all, so help it to impart
Th' essential doctrine, purity of heart?

His choice of poetry, when civil rage
O'erturn'd a throne, the last revolving age,
When Churches felt, as well as States, the shock
That drove the pious Pastor from his flock;
His choice of subjects, not of party kind,
But simply fit for ev'ry christian mind,—
Are proofs of gen'rous virtue and sublime,
And high encomiums on the force of rhyme;

His rhymes.—If those of Dryden or of Pope,
Excel on subjects of a diff'rent scope,
It is because they only chose the mold
Where ore shone brightest, whether lead or gold:
He, less concern'd for superficial glare,
Made weight and worth his more especial care;

They took the tinsel of the fabled Nine,
He, the substantial metal from the mine.

His phrase (sometimes same sentence may be past
On theirs) might have more artificial cast;
But, in the main, his pieces, as they stand,
Could scarce be alter'd by a second hand.
Patchwork improvements, in the modern stile,
Bestow'd upon some venerable pile,
Do but deface it: Poems to revise
That Ken has writ, another Ken must arise.

The dedication,—where the case is shewn
Of a Greek saint of old, so like his own;—
The preface, introduction, and the view
To Jesus—point which all his works pursue—
Arise to mind, and tempt to try the case
Of representing the imperfect trace;
To make, (as memory can best recal
Its leading thoughts,) one preface out of all.

Imagine then the good old man reclin'd
On couch or chair, and musing in his mind
How to adjust the prefatory hint,
To all the lines that he gave leave to print;
Thinking on Gregory, whose former fate
Bore such resemblance to his own of late;
Thinking on Jesus, and oppress'd with pain,
Inditing thus th' apologizing strain:

" In all my pains I court the sacred muse,
" Verse is the only laudanum I use;
" Verse, and the name of Jesus in the line,
" The Christian's universal anodyne;
" To hymn his saving love to all mankind
" Softens my grief, and recreates my mind;
" Thy glory, Jesu, while my songs intend,
" May thy good Spirit bless them to that end!

" Like destin'd Jonah, cast into the deep,
" To save the vessel from the stormy sweep,
" And, wafted providentially to shore,
" I risk the boist'rous element no more;
" But whilst alone I tread the distant strand,
" Safe o'er the waves that all may come to land

" Whom once I call'd companions on the sea,
" I pray to Jesus whom the winds obey.

" Thus Nazianzen Gregory of old,
" Whom faction drove from his beloved fold,
" Could will a Jonah's lot, to be cast o'er,
" If his dismission might the calm restore.
" However short of this illustrious Saint,
" Yet I can find, from virtues that I want,
" A cause to pray that reigning feuds may cease,
" To hope in Jesus for a calming peace.

" The Saint, expell'd by a tumultuous rage,
" Cheer'd with diviner songs his drooping age;
" With will resign'd, in his retir'd abode,
" On christian themes compos'd the various ode:
" Thus, to my closet prompted to retire,
" Nothing on this side Heav'n do I require;
" Employ'd in hymns, tho' with unequal skill,
" To consecrate to Jesus all my will.

" With pain and sickness when the Saint was griev'd,
" His anxious mind a sacred song reliev'd;
" Oft, when oppress'd, the subject which he sang,
" Mix'd with devotion, sweeten'd ev'ry pang;
" So, being banish'd by unruly heat,
" With hymns I seek to solace my retreat;
" Be my confinement ever so extreme,
" The love of Jesus is a special theme.

" When the apostate Julian decreed
" That Pagan poets Christians should not read,
" The Saint, who knew the subtle edict's cause,
" Made verse to triumph o'er the tyrant's laws:
" May I, while poetry is unrestrain'd,
" Tho' more in these, than pagan times profan'd,
" Shew, that what real charms it has belong
" To Jesus, Founder of the Christian song.

" When Gregory was forc'd to leave his flock,
" He chose in verse the Gospel to unlock;
" That flowing numbers might th' attention gain,
" So long forbidden to his preaching strain:

" My care for them whom I was forc'd to leave,
" Taught and untaught what doctrine to receive,
" Would hint in rhymes, to all whom they shall reach,
" What Jesus only, in themselves, can teach.

" For sake of peace did Gregory withdraw,
" And wish'd more leaders to observe that law;
" By which resigners of dominion, here,
" Purchase much greater in the heav'nly sphere:
" In hopes of peace, more joyfully I shook
" Preferment off, than e'er I undertook;
" For all the flock, and banish'd head beside,
" My comfort is that Jesus can provide.

" When worldly politics and lust of rule
" Prevail'd against him in a christian school,
" The Saint retir'd, and labour'd to disperse
" Ungrateful discord by harmonious verse:
" Sharing his fate, I share in his desire
" Of discord drown'd, and of a hymning lyre,
" To tune the hopes of peace; and in the name
" Of Jesus, rightly hop'd for, to proclaim.

" This Prince of peace, this Origin Divine,
" Vouchsafe to aid the well intended line,
" To teach the reader's heart; and, by his grace,
" Make these poor labours useful in their place!
" O might they raise, in any single soul,
" One spark of love, one glimpse of the Great Whole,
" That will possess it, when by thee possess'd,
" Jesus! th' eternal song of all the blest!"

A

Hint to Christian Poets.

WHERE now the Jove, the Phœbus, and the Nine,
Invok'd in aid of Greek and Roman line;
The verse-inspiring oracle and stream,
Delphos, and Helicon, and every theme

Of charming fictions, which the poets sung
To shew the beauties of a reigning tongue?

The wars of gods, and goddesses, and men,
Employ'd a Homer's and a Virgil's pen:
An Epicurus taught, that, with this ball,
The gods, at ease, had no concern at all:
And a Lucretius follow'd, to rehearse
His Greek impieties in Latin verse.

Such were the Bibles of the Pagan age,
Sung at the feast, and acted on the stage;
Transform'd to pompous or to luscious ode,
As Bacchus, Mars, or Venus was the mode;
Dumb deities, at wit's profuse expence,
Worshipp'd with sounds that echoed to no sense.

The Christian bard has, from a real spring
Of inspiration, other themes to sing;
No vain philosophy, no fabled rhyme,
But sacred story, simple and sublime,
By holy prophets told; to whom belong
The subjects worthy of the pow'rs of song.

Shun then,—ye born with talents that may grace
The most important truths,—their hapless case
From ranting, high, theatrical bombast,
To low sing-song of meretricious cast;
Shun ev'ry step, by which a Pagan muse
Could lead her clients to the stage or stews.

Let no examples tempt you to profane
The gift—abhorrent of all hurtful strain:
Contemn the vicious, tho' prevailing fame,
That gains, by prostituting verse, a name:
Take the forbearing hint; and all the rest
Will rise spontaneous in your purer breast.

ON THE

DISPOSITION OF MIND,

REQUISITE FOR

The right Use and Understanding of the Holy Scriptures.

TO hear the words of scripture, or to read,
With good effect, requires a *threefold* heed;
If incomplete, it only can produce
Hearings and readings of no sort of use.

The first, INTENTION; or a fix'd design
To learn the truth concerning things divine;
If previous disposition be not good,
How shall a serious point be understood?

The next, ATTENTION; not the outward part,
But the fair list'ning of an honest heart:
Sound may, and figure, strike the ear and eye,
But sense and meaning to the mind apply.

The last, RETENTION; or the keeping pure,
From hurtful mixtures, what is clear and sure:
In vain the purpose and the pains have been
To gain a good, if not secur'd within.

Without INTENTION truth no more can stay,
Than seed can grow upon a public way;
The more it is affecting, plain, and grand,
The less will heedless persons understand.

Without ATTENTION 'twill have no more fruit,
Than seed on stony ground, for want of root;
That makes a show with hasty shoots awhile,
And then betrays the barrenness of soil.

Without RETENTION all is lost at last,
Like seed among the thorns and briars cast:
So worldly cares, and worldly riches both,
May mix with truth, and choak it in its growth.

As ground produces goodly crops of corn,
If good, and free from footstep, stone, or thorn
That of good hearts has properties as plain—
To *seek* the truth, *receive* it, and *retain*.

ON

The same Subject as the preceding,

IN A

LETTER TO MR. PONTHIEU.

WE ought to read, my worthy friend Ponthieu,
All holy scriptures, with a scripture-view;
Writ for our learning, as their aim and scope
Are patience, comfort, and the blessed hope
Of everlasting life,—a reader's aim,
To understand them right, should be the same.

The prosecution of this happier quest
If doubts and difficulties shall molest;
And huge debates, on passages obscure,
Be suffer'd to eclipse the plain and sure;
The more he reads, the more this rambling art
Will fill his head, but never touch his heart;
With controversial circumstances fill,
On which the learned have employ'd their skill,
With such success, that scarce the plainest text
Can be produc'd, but what they have perplex'd
In such a manner, that, while all assign
To scripture-page authority divine,
The compliment is rather paid, for sake
Of such constructions as they please to make.

Down from the Pope to the obscurest sect,
Too many proofs are seen of this effect;
Of making one same scripture a retreat
For ev'ry party's opposite conceit.
Profaner wits, observing this, mistook,
And laid the fault upon the Bible book;

Taking the same variety of ways,
By fancied meanings for its ancient phrase,
To cry it down, as sects were wont to use
To cry it up, for their peculiar views.

As this excess, from age to age, has grown
To such a monstrous height within our own,
What a sincere, impartial, honest mind
In search of truth, does it require to find!
What calm attention, what unfeign'd desire
To hear its voice does truth itself require!
In scripture-phrase, what an *unceasing pray'r*
Should for its sacred influence prepare!
Because, whatever comments we recal,
The disposition of the mind is all.

'Tis in this point (undoubtedly the main)
That sacred books do differ from profane:
They do not ask so much for letter'd skill
To understand them, as for simple will.
For as a single, or clear-sighted eye
Admits the light, like an unclouded sky,
So is the truth, by scripture phrase design'd,
Receiv'd into a well disposed mind;
By the same Spirit, ready to admit
The written word, as they possess'd who writ;
Who writ, if Christians do not vainly boast,
By inspiration of the Holy Ghost.

In books so writ this great advantage lies,
That the first Author of them never dies;
But is still present to instruct and shew,
To them who seek Him, what they need to know;
Still, by his chosen servants, to unfold,
As He sees fit, the mysteries of old;
To re-confirm what any sacred pen
Has writ, by proof within the hearts of men.

This is the true and solid reason why
No difficulties, now objected, lie
Against the volumes writ so long ago,
And in a language that few people know;
Subject, as books, to errors and mistakes,
Which oft transcribing or translating makes;

While manners, customs, usages of phrase
Well known of old, but not so in our days,
For many obvious reasons, must elude
The utmost force of criticising feud:
Still, all editions verbally contain
The simple, necessary truths, and plain,
Of gospel doctrine; and the Spirit's aid,
Which is the chief, is not at all decay'd.

Nor can it hurt a reader to suspend
His judgment, where he does not comprehend
A *darker text;* however it appear,
He knows it cannot contradict a *clear:*
So that with all the helps, of ev'ry kind,
The shortest and the surest is to mind,
(When read or heard,) and inwardly digest
The plainest texts, as rules to all the rest;
To pray for that Good Spirit, which alone
Can make its former inspirations known;
The promis'd Comforter, th' unerring Guide,
Who, by Christ's word, was always to abide
Within His church, not only in the past,
But in all ages while the world should last;
A church distinguish'd, in the sacred code,
By his perpetual guidance and abode.

Such is the Teacher whom our Saviour chose,
And writ no books, as human learning knows;
Loth as it is, of later years, to preach,
That by this Teacher He will always teach;
Bless all the means of learning, or the want,
To them who after His instructions pant:
Of reading helps what holy men express'd,
When mov'd to write, are certainly the best;
But for the real, understanding part,
The Book of books is ev'ry man's own heart.

A STRICTURE

ON

BISHOP WARBURTON'S DOCTRINE OF GRACE.

WRITING or scripture, sacred or profane,
Can only render history more plain
Of what was done or said, by God or man,
Since the creation of the world began:
Tho' ev'ry word in sacred page be true,
To give account is all that it can do.

Now an account of things, as done or said,
Is not a *living* letter, but a *dead;*
A picture only, which may represent,
But cannot give us what is really meant:
He that has got a map into his hand
May use the *name*, but knows it is not *land.*

So in *the Bible* when we come to look,
(That is, by way of eminence, *the book,*)
We must not fancy that it can bestow
The things themselves, which we desire to know;
It can but yield, however true and plain,
Verbal directions how we may obtain.

Tho' a prescription be directly sure,
Upon the patient's taking it, to cure,
No one imagines that the worded bill,
Becomes, itself, the remedy for ill;
The med'cines taken, as the bill directs,
Procure the salutiferous effects.

Who, then, can place in any written code
The Holy Ghost's, the Comforter's, abode?
**Constant abode—supreme illumination—*
What copy can be *this*, or what translation?

* For though, according to the promise, his ordinary influence occasionally assists the faithful of all ages; yet his constant abode, and supreme illumination, is in the sacred scriptures of the New Testament. p. 39. *The Doctrine of Grace, by the Bishop of Gloucester.*

The Spirit's dwelling, by th' attesting pen
Of all th' inspir'd, is in the hearts of men.

Were *books* his constant residence indeed,
What must the millions do who cannot *read?*
When they, who can, so vary in their sense,
What must distinguish true from false pretence?
If they must follow where the learned guide,
What diff'rent spirits in one book abide?

Genius for *paradox*, however bright,
Cannot well justify this oversight:
Better to own the truth, for the truth's sake,
Than to persist in such a gross mistake.
Books are but books; th' illuminating part
Depends on God's Good Spirit in the *heart.*

The Comforter, Christ said, *will come unto,*
Abide with, dwell in, (not your *books*, but) *you:*
Just as absurd an ink and paper throne
For God's abode, as one of wood or stone:
If to adore an image be idolatry,
To deify a book is *bibliolatry**.

ON

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

IN Paul's conversion we discern the case
Of human talents, wanting heav'nly grace:
What persecutions, till he saw the light,
Against the Christian church did he excite!
By his own reason led into mistake,
Amongst the flock what havock did he make!
Within himself when, verily, he thought,
That all the while he did but what he ought.

His use of reason cannot be denied,
Nor legal zeal, nor moral life beside;
Blameless as any Jew or Greek could claim,
Who shew'd aversion to the Christian name.

* A worshipping of books.

His fund of learning some are pleas'd to add;
And yet, with all th' endowments which he had,
From place to place, with eager steps, he trod,
To persecute the real church of God.

When to Damascus, for the like intent,
With the High Priest's authority he went;
Struck to the ground, by a diviner ray,
The *reas'ning*, *legal*, *moral* zealot lay;
To the plain question put by JESUS—*Why*
Persecute me?—had only to reply,
What shall I do?—His reason and his wrath
Were both convinc'd, and he embrac'd the faith.

His *outward* lost, his *inward* sight renew'd,
Truth in its native evidence he view'd;
With three days' fast he nourish'd his concern,
And, a new conduct well prepar'd to learn,
Good Ananias, whom he came to bind,
Was sent to cure and to baptize the blind:
A destin'd martyr to his Jewish zeal
Of *Christian* faith confers the sacred seal.

Of nobler use his reason, while it stood
Without a *conference with flesh and blood*,
Still, and submissive; when, within, begun
The Father's revelation of the Son;
Whom, till the Holy Spirit rise to shew,
No pow'r of thought can ever come to know;
The saving mystery, obscur'd by sin,
Itself must manifest itself, *within*.

Thus, taught of God, Paul saw the truth appear
To his enlighten'd understanding clear:
The pow'r of Christ himself, and nothing less,
Could move his persecutor to profess:
He learn'd, and told it from the real ground,
And prov'd, to all the *christian* world around,
That *true religion had its true foundation*,
Not in man's REASON *but God's* REVELATION.

A CONTRAST

BETWEEN

Human Reason and Divine Illumination,

EXEMPLIFIED IN

THREE DIFFERENT CHARACTERS.

is and the piece which follows it, with another, beginning at page 88, contain an excellent apology for moderation in judgment among religious people, and an able defence of mystic writers, and of the most abstruse of them, our author's favourite, Jacob Behmen.

A HUMBLE Christian—to whose inward sight
God shews the truth, and then inspires to write,
Because of deeper certainties declar'd,
Than what the mind perceives, when unprepar'd,—
From them who measure all on which he treats,
By the fix'd standard of their own conceits,
Meets with contempt; and very few will own
The real truths which he has really shown.

A sharp philosopher,—who thinks to find,
By his own reason, his own strength of mind,
Sublimer things, that lie so far beyond
The scenes to which such forces correspond,—
From them who love to speculate like him,
And think all light, but that of reason, dim,
Meets with admirers; tho' he reasons wrong,
And draws the dupes, if plausible, along.

Now, tho' a searcher should no more despise
The use of reason, than he should of eyes;
Yet, if there be a still superior light,
Than faculty of Reason has, or Sight;
Which all religion seems to pre-suppose,
That God, on such, as rightly seek, bestows;
In higher matters how should he decide,
Who takes his reason, only, for his guide?

Such words as *Nature*, *Reason*, *Common Sense*,
Furnish all writers with one same pretence;

Altho', in many an acknowledg'd case,
They must fall short, without superior Grace:
So that, in things of more momentous kind,
Nature itself directs us not to mind,—
If sacred truth be heartily desir'd,—
The *greatest* reas'ners, but the *most inspir'd*.

Whence comes the value for the scripture page,
So justly due, so paid thro' ev'ry age?
Not writ by men of learning, and of parts,
But honest, humble, and enlighten'd hearts;
Who, when they reason'd, reason'd very well;
But how enabled, let their writings tell;
Not one of all, but who ascribes the force
Of truth discover'd to a higher source.

Take these three men, so diff'rent in their way,
For instance, BEHMEN, BOLINGBROKE, and HAY:
They all philosophize on sacred themes,
And *the two last* on reason build their schemes:
The first affirms, that his *principia* flow
From what God's Spirit gave him pow'r to know;
As much a promis'd as a certain Guide,
With Christ's disciples *ever* to abide.

If Bolingbrokian *reason* must prevail,
All *inspiration* is an idle tale:
Writers by that, from Moses down to Paul,—
I spare to mention how he treats them all:
"Now if he err'd, whence did that error spring?"
His *reason* told him there was no such thing;
Foundress, in her philosophizing cast,
Of all his *first* philosophy and *last*.

Hay, better taught and more ingenuous spark,
Gropes with his *reason* betwixt light and dark;
Now, gentle glimmerings of truth displays;
Now, lost in fancy's intricater maze,
A motley mixture of such things has got
As *reason* could discover and could not;
Which all the builders on its boasted plan
Prove to be just as manifold as man.

This Behmen knew; and, in his humble way,
Became enlighten'd by a steadier ray;

First taught himself by what he heard and saw,
Of *grace* and *nature* he explain'd the law;
That sacred Spirit, from which both arose,
Taught him, of both, the secrets to disclose
To them, who, using eyes and reason too,
Were fit for truth in a diviner view.

He does not write from reason; nor appeals,
Of course, to what that faculty reveals;
Yet, if the common privilege be mine,
Reason may see, that something more divine
Lies hid, in what the books of Behmen teach,
Tho' it surpass its apprehensive reach;
May see, from what it really apprehends,
That all mere reas'ners Behmen far transcends.

Fond of his reason as a man may be,
He should confess its limited degree;
And, by its fair direction, seek to find
A surer Guide to things of deeper kind;
The most sharp-sighted seek for other men,
Who may have seen what lies beyond their ken;
And, in religious matters, most appeals
Are made by men to that which God reveals.

How is it possible to judge aright
Of heav'nly things, but by a heav'nly light?
Contemn'd by Bolingbroke, by Hay confess'd,
By Behmen, possibly at least, possess'd;
Truly inspir'd, as pious minds have thought,
Jacob was known to live as he had taught;
And at his last departing moment cried,—
Now I go hence to Paradise—and died.

THE REPLY OF SOCRATES,

CONCERNING

The Writings of Heraclitus.

WHEN Socrates had read, as authors note,
A certain book that Heraclitus wrote;

Deep in its matter, and obscure beside;—
Ask'd his opinion of it,—he replied,
"All that I understand is good and true,
"And what I don't is, I believe, so too."

Thus answer'd Socrates, whom Greece confess'd
The wisest of her sages and the best;
By justice mov'd, and candour, of a piece
With that Philosopher's repute in Greece:
Worthy of imitation, to be sure,
When a good writer is sometimes obscure.

All the haranguing, therefore, on the theme
Of deep obscurity, in Jacob Behme,
Is but itself obscure; for he might see
Farther, 'tis possible, than you or me:
Meanwhile, the goodness of his plainer page
Demands the answer of the Grecian sage.

The staff and nonsense, labyrinth and maze,
Madness, enthusiasm, and such like phrase,
Its quick bestowers are oblig'd to own,
Ought not to move us, by its eager tone,
More than they ought, in reason, to be mov'd,
Should we so paint a work which they approv'd.

He, whom the fair Socratical remark
Describes, was call'd σκοτεινος,* or *the dark*;
Yet his wise reader, from the good in view,
Thought that his darker passages were true:
He would not judge of what, as yet, lay hid,
By what he did not see, but what he did.

The books of Behme, as none are tied to read,
To blame unread, they have as little need:
As they who read them most, the most commend,
Others, at least, may venture to suspend;
Or think, with ref'rence to such books as these,
Of HERACLITUS and of SOCRATES.

---

* Skoteinos.

THOUGHTS UPON HUMAN REASON,

OCCASIONED

By Reading some extravagant Declamations in its Favour.

YES, I have read them—but I cannot find
Much depth of sense in writers of this kind:
They all retail, as they proceed along,
Or superficial sentiments or wrong:
Of "Reason! Reason!" they repeat the cries,
And "Reason's use"—which nobody denies.

All sharers in it follow, I suppose,
Each one his reason, as he does his nose,
When he intends to reach a certain spot,
Whether he finds the road to it or not:
With equal sense a *postulatum* begs
The use of reason as the use of legs.

Full well these rational adepts declaim
On points, at which their reason can take aim;
But when they talk beyond them, what mistakes,
Of various kind, their various reason makes!
All are for one same rule; and in its use
All singly clear, and mutually abstruse.

What plainer demonstration can be had,
That *their* original pretence is bad;
Who say—*Their own, or human reason's light*
Must needs direct them to determine right?
What greater proof of a superior skill
Needful to reas'ners, reason how they will?

Sense to discern, and Reason to compare,
Are gifts that merit our improving care;
But want an inward light, when all is done,
As seeds and plants do that of outward sun:
Main help neglected, tasteless fruits arise;
And wisdom grows insipid in the wise.

Tho' all these reason-worshippers profess
To guard against fanatical excess;
Enthusiastic *heat*, their fav'rite theme,
Draws their attention to the *cold* extreme;
Their fears of *torrid* fervors freeze a soul;
To shun the *zone* they send it to the *pole*.

The very sound of *rational* and *plain*
Contents,—where sense is neither of the twain,—
A world of readers; whose polite concern
Is to be learned, without pains to learn.
To please their palates with a modish treat,
Cheap is the cost, and here is the *receipt*—

" Let reason, first, imagination, passions,
" Be clean dress'd up in pretty-worded fashions;
" Then let Imagination, Passions, Reason,
" Change places round, at each commodious season;
" Till Reason, Passions, and Imagination
" Have prov'd the point, by their complete rotation."

ON

FAITH, REASON, AND SIGHT,

CONSIDERED AS

The Three distinct Mediums of Human Perception.

THERE is a threefold correspondent light,
That shines to *faith*, to *reason*, and to *sight*.
The first, *eternal*,—bringing into view
Celestial objects, if the *faith* be true;
The next, *internal*,—which the reas'ning mind
Consults in truths of an *ideal* kind;
The third, *external*,—and perceiv'd thereby
All *outward* objects that affect the eye.

Each light is good within its destin'd sphere;
Nor with each other do they interfere.
Faith does not reason, *reason* does not see,
Nor *sight* extend beyond a fixt degree:

Yet faith in light of a superior kind
Cannot be call'd "irrational or blind;"
Because a higher certainty, display'd,
Includes the force of all inferior aid.

As Body, Soul, and Spirit make a man,
Each has the help of its appointed plan;
Sight, hearing, smell, and taste, and feeling sense,
What the *corporeal* nature wants, dispense:
Thinking, comparing, judging, and the whole
Of reas'ning faculties, assist the *soul:*
Faith, and whatever else may be express'd
By "grace celestial," make the *spirit* blest.

To heal defect, or to avoid excess,
The greater light should still correct the less;
And form, within the right obedient will,
A *seeing*, *reas'ning*, and *believing* skill:
While Body moves as outward Sense directs;
And Soul perceives what Reason's light reflects;
And Spirit, fill'd with lustre from above,
Obeys by Faith, and operates by Love.

A sober person, tho' his eyes are good,
Slights not the truths by Reason understood;
Nor just conclusions, under the pretence
Of contradiction to his seeing Sense;
Knowing the limits too that reason hath,
He does not seek to quench the light of Faith;
But rationally grants, that it may teach
What human stretch of reason cannot reach.

As Sight to Reason, in the things that lie
Beyond the ken of the corporeal eye,
Unhurt, uninjur'd, yields itself of course,
So well-taught Reason owns a higher force;
By Faith enlighten'd, it enjoys a rest
In clearer light to find its own suppress'd;
Suff'ring no more, for want of its display,
Than moon and stars in full meridian Day.

To make the reas'ning faculty of man
Do more or less to help him than it can,

Is equally absurd; but worse to slight,
Or want the benefit of *faith*, than *sight:*
If he who sees no outward light be blind,
How *dismal dark* must be the *faithless* mind!
The one is only *natural* defect,
The other *wilful*, *obstinate* neglect;

Pretence of Reason;—for it is pretence
Foolish and fatal, in the saddest sense;
For *Reason* cannot alter what is true,
Or any more prevent than *eyes* can do;
Both, by the limits which they feel, proclaim
The real want of a Celestial Flame:
How is it possible to see, in fine,
The things of GOD without a *Light Divine?*

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

RUSTICUS, THEOPHILUS, AND ACADEMICUS,

ON THE

Nature, Power, and Use of Human Learning,

IN MATTERS OF RELIGION.

From Mr. Law's Way to Divine Knowledge.

RUST. YES, Academicus, you love to hear
The words of Jacob Behmen made so clear;
But the truth is, the fundamental good
At which he aims, you have not understood;
Content with such good notions as befit
Your learned reason and your searching wit,
To make a talk about, you gather still
More ample matter for your hear-say skill:
You know yourself, as well as I, that this
Is all your joy in him; and hence it is
That you are so impatient, ev'ry day,
For more and more of what his pages say;

So vex'd and puzzled, if you cannot find
Their meaning open'd to your eager mind;
Nor add new notions and a stronger force,
To heighten still your talent of discourse.

With all your value for his books, as yet
This disposition makes you to forget
How oft they tell you, and how well they shew,
That this inordinate desire to know,
This heaping up of notions, one by one,
For subtle fancy to descant upon,
While Babel, as you think, is overthrown,
Is building up a new one of your own;
Your Babylonish reason is the pow'r,
That seeks materials to erect its tow'r.
The very scriptures, under such a guide,
Will only nourish your high-soaring pride;
Nor will you penetrate, with all your art,
Of Jacob's writings the substantial part.

The works of Behmen would you understand?
Then, where he stood, see also that you stand;
Begin where he began; direct your thought
To seek the blessing only, that he sought—
The heart of God; that, by a right true faith,
He might be sav'd from sin and satan's wrath.
While thus the humble seeker stood resign'd,
The light of God broke in upon his mind:
But you, devoted to the pow'r alone
Of speculative reason, all your own,
Would reach his ladder's top at once, nor try
The pains of rising, step by step, so high—
But, on this subject, by your looks, I see,
You'd rather hear Theophilus than me.

THEOPH. Why really, Academicus, the main
Of all that Rusticus, so bluntly plain,
Has here been saying, tho' it seem so hard,
Hints truth enough to put you on your guard.
Much in the same mistake your mind has been,
That many of my learned friends are in;
Who, tho' admirers to a great degree,
Of truths in Jacob Behmen, which they see,

Yet, of all people, have the least pretence
To real benefit receiv'd from thence.
Train'd up in controversy and dispute;
Accustom'd to maintain or to refute
All propositions, only by the light
Of their own reason judging what is right,
They take this guide in truths of ev'ry kind,
Both where it sees and where it must be blind;
So that in regions, where a light divine
Demonstrates truth, and reason cannot shine,
The real good is hidden from their view,
And some such system rises up in lieu,
As birth or education, mode or place,
In course of life, has led them to embrace.

Thus with the learned Papist, in his creed,
The learned Protestant is not agreed;
Not that to either truth and light have taught
To entertain so opposite a thought;
But education's contrary supplies
Have giv'n them *protestant* and *popish* eyes;
And reason being the accustom'd light
Of both the parties, and of either sight,
Decisions *protestant*, and *popish* too,
Can find it work enough, and tools enow,
To shape opinions of a diff'rent growth,
Whilst learning is an open field to both;
And, of its harvest, the inur'd to reap
With greater skill can shew the greater heap.

ACADEM. So then I must, as I perceive by you,
Renounce my learning and my reason too,
If I would gain the necessary lights
To understand what Jacob Behmen writes.
I cannot yield, as yet, to such advice;
Nor make the purchase at so dear a price:
I hope the study of the scripture-text
Will do for me; and leave me unperplex'd
With his deep matters.—Little did I know
That learning had, in you, so great a foe.

THEOPH. Be not uneasy,—learning has in me
No foe at all, not in the least degree;

No more than has the science or the skill
To build a house to dwell in, or a mill
For grinding corn—I think an useful art
Of human things the noblest, for my part:
Knowledge of books or languages, or aught
That any person has been duly taught,
I would not ask him to renounce, or say
They might not all be useful, in their way:
I would not blame, within its proper place,
The art of throwing silk, or making lace;
Or any art, confin'd to its own sphere;
But then the measure of its use is there.
Some we call *liberal*, and some we call
Mechanic; now the circle of them all
Does but shew forth, in its most perfect plan,
The natural abilities of man;
The pow'rs and faculties of human mind,
Whether the man be well or ill inclin'd.
The most unjust and wicked debauchee,
Regarding neither God nor man, may be,
In any one, or more, of all the train,
Of greater skill than others can obtain.

But now, redemption of the human race
By Christ, with all its mysteries of grace,
Is in itself, as it has always been,
Of quite another nature; nor akin
To art or science, which, for worldly views,
The natural or outward man can use.
It is an inward fitness to revive
That heav'nly nature, which was once alive
In Paradise; that blissful life within
The human creature, which was lost by sin.
It breathes a spark of life, to re-create
The poor fall'n man in his first happy state;
By which, awaken'd into new desires,
After his native country he enquires;
How he may rise above this earthly den,
And get into his Father's house again.

This is redemption; or the life divine
Off'ring itself, on one hand, with design

That inward man, who lost it, to restore
To all the bliss which he was in before;
And, on the other, 'tis the man's desire,
Will, faith, and hope, which earnestly aspire
After that life; the hunger, thirst, and call
To be deliver'd, by it, from the fall.

Now whether man, in this awaken'd strife,
Breathe forth his longings after this good life,
In Hebrew, Greek, or any English sound,
Or none at all, but silent sigh profound,
Can be of no significancy;—He,
That knows but one, or uses all the three,—
Neither to him more distant or more near,
Will this redeeming life of God appear:
Can you conceive it more to shine upon
Men of more languages than men of one?
He who can make a Grammar for High Dutch,
Or Welch, or Greek, can you suppose, as such,
In faith, and hope, and goodness, will excel
A man that scarce his mother-tongue can spell?
If this supposal, then, be too absurd,
No hurt is done, no enmity incurr'd,
To learning, science, reason, critic wit,
By giving them the places which they fit,
Amongst the ornaments of life below,
Which the most profligate as well may know,—
One of the most abandon'd vicious will,—
As one who, fearing God, escheweth ill.

Therefore no truths, concerning this divine
And heav'nly life, can come within the line
Of all this learning: as exalted far
Above the pow'r of trial at its bar;
Where both the jury, and the judges too,
Are born with eyes incapable to view;
Living and moving in this world's demesne,
They have their being in another scene;
The life divine no abler to descry,
Than into Heav'n can look an eagle's eye.

If you, well read in ancient books, my friend,
To publish Homer's Iliad should intend,

Or Cæsar's Commentaries, and make out
Some things more plain,—you have the skill, no doubt;
As well provided for the work, perhaps,
As one to make his baskets, one his traps;
But if you think that skill in ancient Greek
And Latin, helps you, of itself, to seek,
Find, and explain the spirit and the sense
Of what Christ said,—it is a vain pretence,
And quite unnatural; of equal kind
With the endeavour of a man, born blind,
Who talks about exhibiting the sight
Of diff'rent colours, beautifully bright.

Doctrines, wherein redemption is concern'd,
No more belong to men, as being learn'd,
Than colours do to him, who never saw
The light that gives to all of them the law.
From like unnatural attempt proceeds
That huge variety of sects and creeds,
Which, from the same true scripture, can deduce
What serves each diff'rent error, for its use:
Papist or Protestant, Socinian class
Or Arian, can as easily amass
The texts of scripture, and by reason's ray,
One as another, urge the endless fray;
Retort absurdities, whenever press'd
Prove its own system, and confute the rest;
Just as blind men, in their disputes, can do
Each others' notions of red, green, or blue.

The light of the celestial inward man,
That died in Paradise, when sin began,
Is Jesus Christ; and, consequently, men
By Him alone can rise to life again:
He, in the heart of man, must sow the seed,
That can awaken heav'nly Life indeed:
Nothing but this can possibly admit
Return of Life, or in the least be fit
Or capable, or sensible of pow'r
From Jesus Christ, in his redeeming hour.
The light, and life, which He intends to raise,
Have no dependence upon word and phrase;

Life, in itself, be it of Heav'n or earth,
Must have its whole procession from a birth.
Would it not sound absurdly, in your mind,
That, if a man be naturally blind,
Care must be had to teach him Grammar well,
Or in the art of Logic to excel;
That he will best obtain, when this is done,
Knowledge of light and colours from the sun?
Yet not one jot is it the less absurd
To think that skill in Greek or Hebrew word,
Of man's redemption can explain the whole,
Or let the Light of God into his soul.

This matter, Academicus, if you
Can set in a more proper light—pray do.

A

POETICAL VERSION OF A LETTER,

FROM THE

Earl of Essex, to the Earl of Southampton.

A Copy of the Original Letter may be seen in Cogan's Collection of Tracts from Lord Somer's Library, Vol. 4, P. 132, under the Title of "*A precious and most divine Letter, from that famous and ever-to-be-renowned Earl of Essex, (Father to the now Lord General his excellence) to the Earl of Southampton, in the latter End of Queen Elizabeth's Reign.*"

MY Lord, untaught by nature or by art,
To give the genuine dictates of my heart
The gloss of compliment, I never less
Than now should aim at that polite excess;
Now, that my wand'ring thoughts are fix'd upon,
Not Martha's *many* things, but Mary's *one*.

'Tis not from any ceremonious view,
But to discharge a real, needful due
From friend to friend in absence, that I write
To mine, secluded from his wonted sight;
By force oblig'd to give, and to receive
A long, perhaps, a last departing leave;

For small, by ev'ry test of human ken,
The hopes of meeting, in this world, again.

Under such circumstances, I recal
My friend, whose honour, person, fortune,—all
So dear to me, make bosom-wish to swell,
That he may always prosper and do well;
Where'er he goes, whate'er he takes in hand,
Under the favour, service, and command
Of His protecting Providence, from whom
All happiness, if truly such, must come.

My friend's abilities, and present state
Of natural endowments how I rate;
To God what glory, to himself what use,
The best exertion of them might produce,
I shall not here express;—enough to note
That, at such times as I was most remote
From all dissembling, witnesses enow
Can vouch my speaking what I thought was true.

The truths, which love now prompts me to remind
Your lordship of, are of the following kind:
First; that whatever talents you possess,
They are God's gifts whom you are bound to bless.
Next; that you have them, not as things your own,
Tho' for your use, yet not for yours alone;
But as a human stewarty or trust,
Of which account is to be giv'n and just:
So that, in fine, if talents are applied
To serve the spirit of the world, in pride
And vain delights,—as he, who rules the scenes
Of guilty joy, the prince of darkness, means,—
It is ingratitude, injustice too,
Yea, 'tis perfidious treachery in you:
For if a servant of your own should dare
To use the goods committed to his care,
To the advantage of your greatest foe,
What would you think of his behaving so?
Yet how with God would you yourself do less,
Having from Him whatever you possess,
And serving with it, in the Donor's stead,
That foe to Him by whom the world is led?

A serious thought if you can ever lend
To admonition, from your truest friend;
If the regard, due to your country, sways,
Which you may serve so many glorious ways;
If an All-ruling, Righteous Pow'r above
Can rise your dread of justice or your love;
If you yourself will to yourself be true,
And everlasting happiness pursue
Before the joys of any worldly scheme,
The short delusions of a pleasing dream;
Of which, whatever it may represent,
The soul, soon wak'd, must bitterly repent;—
If these reflections, any of them, find
Due estimation in your prudent mind;
Take an account of what is done and past,
And, what the future may demand, forecast;
The leagues, whatever they import, repeal,
To which good conscience has not set the seal:
And fix your resolution firm, to serve
Him, from whose will no loyal thought can swerve;
That gracious God, from whom, in very deed
All your abilities and gifts proceed,
Whether of bodily or mental trace,
Without, within, of nature or of grace.

Then He, who cannot possibly deny
Himself, or give his faithfulness the lie,
Will honour his true servant, and impart
That real peace of mind, that joy of heart;
Of which until you are become possess'd,
Your heart, your mind shall never be at rest;
And when you are, by having well approv'd
The one true way, it never shall be mov'd.

This;—I foresee, your lordship may object,—
Is melancholy's vaporous effect;
That I am got into a pris'ner's style:
Far enough from it, all the jocund while
That I was free like you and other men;
And, fetters gone, should be the same again.

To which I answer—" Say it tho' you should,
" Yet cannot I distrust a God so good,

" Or mercy failing me, so greatly shewn,
" Or grace forsaking, but by fault my own.
" So deeply bound to Him, my heart so burns
" To make his mercy suitable returns,
" That not to try, of all th' apostate class
" Worse should I be than any ever was:
" I have with such repeated, solemn stress,
" Avow'd the penitence which I profess;
" From time to time so call'd on not a few,
" To witness, and to watch if it was true,
" That of all hypocrites, if found to lie,
" That e'er were born, the hollowest were I.

" But should I perish in my sins, and draw
" Upon myself my own damnation's law,
" Will it not be your wisdom to embrace
" God's offer'd mercy of a saving grace?
" To profit by example, if you see
" The fearful case of miserable me?"

A longer time was I a slave to sin
And a corrupted world, than you have been;
Had many a too, too-slowly-answer'd call,
That made still harder my return from thrall.
To come to Christ was requisite, I knew,
But softer pace, I flatter'd me, would do;
The journey's end, contented, I remain'd
To see and own, tho' still 'twas unattain'd.
Therefore the same good providence that call'd,
With a kind violence has pull'd and haul'd;
As public eye may, outwardly at least,
Have seen, and dragg'd me to the marriage feast.

Kind, in this world, affliction's heaviest load,
That in another bliss might be bestow'd;
Kind the repeated stripes, that should correct
Of too great knowledge a too small effect.
God grant your lordship may, with less alloy,
Feel an unfeign'd conversion's inward joy,
As I do now; and find the happy way,
Without the torments of so long delay!

To the divines (and there were none beside
That nam'd conversion to me) I replied—

" Could my ambition enter and possess
" Your narrow hearts, your meekness would be less;
" Were my delights, to which it gives the rise,
" Tasted by you, you would be less precise."
But you, my lord, have the momentous hint,
From one that knows the very utmost stint
Of all that can amuse you whilst you live,
Of all contentments which the world can give.

Think then, dear earl, that I have stak'd and buoy'd
The ways of pleasure, fatally enjoy'd,
And set them up, as marks at sea, for you
To keep true virtue's channel in your view:
Think, tho' your eyes should long be shut and fast,
They *must*, they *must* be open'd at *the last:*
Truth will compel you to confess, like me,
That *to the wicked peace can never be.*
With my own soul, (that heav'n may deign to aid
My heart's address,) this covenant is made;
My eyes shall never yield to sleep at night,
Nor thoughts attend the bus'ness of the light,
Till I have pray'd my God, that you may take
This plain, but faithful warning for his sake,
With a believing profit;—then in you
Your friends, your country will be happy too;
And all your aims succeed.—Events so blest
Would fill with comfort, not to be express'd,
Your Lordship's cousin and true friend,—so tied
That worldly cause can never once divide—

ESSEX.

THE ITALIAN BISHOP.

AN ANECDOTE.

THERE is no kind of a fragmental note,
That pleases better than an anecdote,
Or fact unpublish'd, when it comes to rise,
And give the more agreeable surprise:

From long oblivion sav'd, an useful hint
Is doubly grateful when reviv'd in print:
A late and striking instance of this kind
Delighted many an attentive mind;
This anecdote my task is to rehearse,
As highly fit to be consign'd to verse.

There liv'd a Bishop, once upon a time,
Where is not said, but Italy the clime;
An honest, pious man, who understood
How to behave as a true Bishop should;
But thro' an opposition, form'd to blast
His good designs, by men of diff'rent cast,
He had some tedious struggles, and a train
Of rude affronts and insults to sustain;
And did sustain;—with calm unruffled mind
He bore them all, and never once repin'd:
An intimate acquaintance, one who knew
What difficulties he had waded thro'
Time after time, and very much admir'd
A patience so provok'd and so untir'd,
Made bold to ask him, *if he could impart,*
Or teach the secret of his happy art;
" Yes," said the good old prelate, " that I can,
" And 'tis a plain and practicable plan;
" For all the secret that I know of, lies
" In making a right use of my own eyes."
Begg'd to explain himself, *how that should be*—
" Why, in whatever state I am," said he,
" I first look up to Heav'n; as well aware,
" That to get thither is my main affair.
" I then look down upon the earth, and think,
" In a short space of time, how small a chink
" I shall possess of its extensive ground;
" And then I cast my seeing eyes around,
" Where more distress appears, on ev'ry side,
" Amongst mankind, that I myself abide.
" So that, reflecting on my own concern,
" First—where true happiness is plac'd, I learn:
" Next—let the world, to what it will, pretend,
" I see where all its good and ill must end:
" Last—how unjust it is, as well as vain,
" Upon a fair discernment, to complain.

" Thus looking up, and down, and round about,
" Right use of eyes may find my secret out:
" With heav'n in view—his real home—in fine,
" Nothing on earth should make a man repine."

ON

RESIGNATION.

TO A FRIEND IN TROUBLE.

DEAR child, know this, that He who gave thee breath
Almighty God, is Lord of life and death,
And all things that concern them, such as these,
Youth, health, or strength; age, weakness, or disease;
Wherefore, whatever thy affliction be,
Take it as coming from thy God to thee:
Whether to teach thee patience be its end,
Or to instruct such persons as attend,
That faith and meekness, tried by suff'rings past,
May yield increase of happiness at last;
Or whether it be sent for some defect,
Which He, who wants to bless thee, would correct;
Certain it is, that if thou dost repent,
And take thy cross up patiently, when sent,
Trusting in Him, who sends it thee, to take
For Jesus Christ, his Son, thy Saviour's sake,
Wholly submitting to His blessed will,
Whose visitation seeks thy profit still;
All that thou dost or ever canst endure,
Will make thy everlasting joy more sure.

Take therefore what befals thee, in good part,
As a prescription of love's healing art;
" Whom the Lord loveth he chastiseth too,"
Saith Paul, " and scourgeth with a saving view;
" It is the mark, by which he owns a child,
" Without it, not so honourably stil'd;
" Fathers according to the flesh,—when they
" Correct them,—children rev'rence and obey;

" How much more justly may that Father claim,
" By whom we live eternally, the same?
" They oft chastise thro' humour of their own,
" He always for our greater good alone;
" Chast'ning, below, that we may rise above
" Holy, and happy in our father's love."

These things for comfort and instruction fit,
In holy scripture, for our sakes, are writ.
That with a patient and enduring mind,
In all conditions we may be resign'd;
And reverencing our Father and our Friend,
Take what his goodness shall be pleas'd to send.
What greater good, considering the whole,
Than Christ's own likeness in a christian soul
By patient suff'ring? Think what ills, before
He enter'd into joy, our Saviour bore;
What things he suffer'd to retrieve our loss,
And make his way to glory, thro' the cross,
The way for us; he wanted none to make,
But for the poor lost human sinners' sake:
For them he suffer'd more than words can tell,
Or thought conceive; reflect upon it well,
Dear child! and whether life or death remains,
Depend on Him to sanctify thy pains;
To be Himself thy strong defence and tow'r,
To make thee know and feel his saving pow'r:
Still, taught by Him, repeat—*Thy will be done!*
And trust in God thro' his beloved Son.

A

Poetical Version of a Letter,

ON RESIGNATION,

FROM

Jacob Behmen, to a Friend in Trouble.

DEAR Brother in our Saviour Christ—His grace
And love premis'd, in your afflictive case;
I have consider'd of it, and have brought
The whole, with christian sympathetic thought,

Before the will of The Most High, to see
What it would please him to make known to me.

And thereupon, I give you, Sir, to know,
What a true insight He was pleas'd to shew,
Into the cause and cure of all your grief
And present trial; which I shall, in brief,
Set down for a memorial, and declare
For you to ponder with a serious care.

First then, the cause, to which we must assign
Your strong temptation, is the *love divine*,
The goodness supernatural, above
All utt'rance, flowing from the God of love;
Seeking the creaturely and human will,
To free it from captivity to ill:

And then the struggle with so great a grace,
In human will, refusing to embrace;
Tho' tender'd to it with a love so pure,
It seeks itself, and strives against a cure;
From its own love to transitory things
More than to God, the real evil springs.

'Tis man's own nature, which, in its own life,
Or centre, stands in enmity and strife,
And anxious, selfish, doing what it lists,
(Without God's love) that tempts him and resists:
The devil also shoots his fiery dart,
From grace and love to turn away the heart.

This is the greatest trial; 'tis the fight,
Which Christ, with his internal love and light,
Maintains within man's nature, to dispel
God's anger, satan, sin, and death, and hell;
The human self or serpent to devour,
And raise an angel from it by his pow'r.

Now if God's love in Christ did not subdue,
In some degree, this selfishness in you,
You would have no such combat to endure;
The serpent then, triumphantly secure,
Would, unoppos'd, exert his native right,
And no such conflict in your soul excite.

For all the huge temptation and distress
Rises in nature, tho' God seeks to bless;
The serpent feeling its tormenting state,
(Which, of itself, is a mere anxious hate)
When God's amazing love comes in, to fill,
And change the selfish to a god-like Will.

Here Christ, the Serpent-bruiser, stands in man,
Storming the devil's hellish, self-built plan;
And hence the strife within the human soul;
Satan's to kill, and *Christ's* to make it whole;
As by experience, in so great degree,
God, in his goodness, causes you to see.

Now, while the serpent's head is bruis'd, the heel
Of Christ is stung; and the poor soul must feel
Trembling and sadness, while the strivers cope,
And can do nothing but stand still in hope;
Hardly be able to lift up its face,
For mere concern, and pray to God for grace.

The serpent, turning it another way,
Shews it the world's alluring, fine display;
Mocking its resolution to forego,
For a *new nature*, the engaging show;
And represents the taking its delight
In present scenes, as natural and right.

Thus, in the wilderness with Christ alone,
The soul endures temptation of its own;
While all the glories of this world display'd,
Pleasures, and pomps, surround it, and persuade
Not to remain so humble and so still,
But elevate itself in own self-will.

The next temptation, which befalls of course
From satan, and from nature's selfish force,
Is when the soul has tasted of the love,
And been illuminated from above;
Still in its self-hood it would seek to shine,
And, as its own, possess the light divine.

That is, the foolish nature, take it right,
As much a serpent, if without God's light,

As Lucifer, this nature still would claim
For *own propriety* the heav'nly flame;
And elevate its fire to a degree,
Above the light's good pow'r, which cannot be.

This domineering self, this nature fire,
Must be transmuted to a love desire:
Now, when this change is to be undergone,
It looks for some own pow'r, and, finding none,
Begins to doubt of grace, unwilling quite
To yield up its self-willing nature's right.

It ever quakes for fear, and will not die
In light divine, tho' to be blest thereby:
The light of grace it thinks to be deceit,
Because it worketh gently without heat:
Mov'd too by outward reason, which is blind,
And of itself sees nothing of this kind.

"Who knows," it thinketh, "whether it be true
"That God is in thee, and enlightens too?
"Is it not fancy? for thou dost not see
"Like other people, who, as well as thee,
"Hope for salvation by the grace of God,
"Without such fear and trembling at his rod."

Thus the poor soul, accounted for a fool,
By all the reas'ners of a gayer school,
By all the graver people who embrace
Mere verbal promises of future grace,
Sighs from its deep internal ground, and pants
For such enlightn'ning comfort as it wants;

And fain would have;—but nature can, alas!
Do nothing of itself to bring to pass;
And is, thro' its own impotence, afraid
That God rejects it, and will give no aid;
Which, with regard to the self-will, is true;
For God rejects it, to implant a new.

The own self-will must die away, and shine,
Rising thro' death, in saving will divine;
And, from the opposition which it tries
Against God's will, such great temptations rise:

The devil too is loth to lose his prey,
And see his fort cast down, if it obey.

For, if the life of Christ within arise,
Self-lust, and false imagination dies;
Wholly it cannot in this present life,
But by the flesh maintains the daily strife;
Dies, and yet lives; as they alone can tell,
In whom Christ fights against the pow'rs of hell.

The third temptation is in mind and will,
And flesh and blood, if satan enter still;
Where the false centres lie in man, the springs
Of pride, and lust, and love of earthly things;
And all the curses wish'd by other men,
Which are occasion'd by this devil's den.

These in the astral spirit* make a fort,
Which all the sins concentre to support;
And human will, esteeming for its joy
What Christ, to save it, combats to destroy,
Will not resign the pride-erected tow'r,
Nor live obedient to the Saviour's pow'r.

Thus I have giv'n you, loving sir, to know
What our dear Saviour has been pleas'd to shew
To my consideration; now, on this,
Examine well what your temptation is:
We must *leave all, and follow Him*, He said,
Right Christ-like poor, like our Redeeming Head.

Now, if self-lust stick yet upon your mind,
Or love of earthly things of any kind,
Then, from those centres, in their working force,
Such a temptation will rise up of course:
If you will follow, when it does arise,
My child-like counsel, hear what I advise.

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* Several excellent observations occur in this letter; but they are so veloped in mystical expressions as to be nearly unintelligible to no- es. Unless the friend, to whom it is addressed, were among the in- ted in Behmen's philosophy he would receive little consolation from perusal. *The devil's fort, false centres, the astral spirit,* are terms pecu- r to Mysticism, and differ much from the plain expressions of scripture, ich cannot be equalled, in significancy, by the words of man's wisdom.

Fix your whole thought upon the bitter woe,
Which our dear Lord was pleas'd to undergo;
Consider the reproach, contempt, and scorn,
The worldly state so poor and so forlorn,
Which he was so content to bear; and then,
His suff'ring, dying for us sinful men.

And thereunto give up your whole desire,
And mind, and will; and earnestly aspire
To be as like Him as you can; to bear,
(And with a patience bent to persevere)
All that is laid upon you; and to make
His process yours, and purely for His sake;

For love of Him, most freely to embrace
Contempt, affliction, poverty, disgrace;
All that can happen, so you may but gain
His blessed love within you, and maintain;
No longer willing with a self-desire,
But such as Christ within you shall inspire.

Dear sir, I fear lest something still amiss,
Averse to Him, cause such a strife as this:
He wills you, in his death, with Him to die
To your own will, and to arise thereby
In his arising; and that life to live,
Which He is striving in your soul to give.

Let go all earthly will; and be resign'd
Wholly to Him, with all your heart and mind:
Be joy or sorrow, comfort or distress,
Receiv'd alike, for He alike can bless,
To gain the victory of christian faith
Over the world and all satanic wrath.

So shall you conquer death, and hell, and sin;
And find, at last, what Christ in you hath been:
By sure experience will be understood
How all hath happen'd to you for your good:
Of all his children this hath been the way;
And christian love here dictates what I say.

ON

BEARING THE CROSS.

A DIALOGUE.

TAKE up the cross which thou hast got,
For love of Christ, and bear it not
As Simon of Cyrene did,
Compell'd to do as he was bid.

"Pray, am not I, who cannot free
"Myself, compell'd as much as he?
"I cannot shun it, and, of course,
"Must bear this heavy cross by force."

What dost thou get then by disgust
At bearing that, which bear thou must?
Nothing abates the force of ill
Like a resign'd and patient will.

"'Tis true; but how shall I obtain
"Such an abatement of my pain?
"Compulsion tempts me to repine
"At Simon's case becoming mine."

Look then at JESUS gone before;
Reflect on what thy SAVIOUR bore;
Bore, tho' he could have been set free,
Death on the cross, for *love* of thee.

"He did so—Lord! what shall I say?
"Do thou enable me to pray,—
"If 'tis not possible to shun
"This bitter cross—*Thy will be done!*"

A

SOLILOQUY,

ON THE

CAUSE AND CONSEQUENCE OF A DOUBTING MIND.

I Muse, I doubt, I reason, and debate—
Therefore I am not in that perfect state,
In which, when its creation first began,
God plac'd his own beloved Image, man;
From whose high birth, at once design'd for all,
This ever poring reason proves a fall.

Whilst Adam stood in that immortal life,
Wherein pure truth excluded doubt and strife,
He knew, he saw, by a diviner light,
All that was good for knowledge or for sight;
But when the serpent-subtlety of hell
Brought him to doubt and reason—then he fell.

Fell, by declining from an upright will,
And sunk into a state of good and ill:
The very state of such a world as this
Became a death to his immortal bliss:
Bliss, which his reason gave him not, before
The loss ensu'd, nor after could restore.

From him descending, all the human race
Must needs partake the nature of his case:
Just as the trunk, the branches, or the fruit,
Derive their substance from the parent root:
What life or death into the father came,
The sons, tho' guiltless, could but have the same.

If I am one, if ever I must live
The blissful life, which God design'd to give;
As reason dictates, or as some degree
Of higher light enables one to see,
It cannot rise from being born on earth,
Without a second, new, and heav'nly birth.

The gospel doctrine, which assures to men
The joyful truth of being *born again*,
Demands the free consent of every will,
That seeks the good, and to escape the ill:
In all the sav'd, right reason must allow
Such birth effected, tho' it knows not how.

Such was the faith in Life's Redeeming Seed,
Of poor fall'n man the comfort and the creed:
Such was the hope before and since the flood,
In ev'ry time and place, of all the good:
Till the *new Birth* of JESUS, from above,
Reveal'd below the Mystery of Love.

His virgin birth, life, death, and re-ascent,
Explain what all God's dispensations meant—
God give me grace to shun the doubting crime!
Since nothing follows intermediate time,
But life, or death, eternally to rule
A *blessed* christian, or a *cursed* fool.

A

PLAIN ACCOUNT

OF THE

NATURE AND DESIGN OF TRUE RELIGION.

WHAT is Religion?—Why it is a cure,
Giv'n in the Gospel, *gratis*, to the poor,
By Jesus Christ, the healer of the soul;
Which all, who take, are sure to be made whole;
And they who will not, all the art of man
May strive to cure them, but it never can.

Cure for what malady?—For that of sin,
From whence all other maladies begin;
It had its rise in Adam, first of all;
And all his Sons, partaking of his fall
Want a *new Adam* to beget them free
From *sin* and *death;* and Jesus Christ is *He.*

How is it giv'n?—By raising a *new birth*
Of heav'nly life, surviving that of earth;
Which may, at any time, at *some* it must
Return its mortal body to the dust;
And then the born of God in Christ again
Will rise immortal, true angelic men.

Why in the Gospel?—Gospel is, indeed,
In its true living sense, the *holy seed*,
By God's great mercy, first, in Adam sown,
And first, in Christ, to full perfection grown:
Fulness, from which all holy souls derive,
And bodies too, the pow'r to be alive.

Why GRATIS *giv'n?*—Because the *love-desire*
Of God, in Christ, can never work for hire:
Its nature is to love for loving's sake,
To give itself to ev'ry will to take;
To them it brings, amidst the darkest night,
Its *life and immortality to light.*

Why to the poor?—Because *they* feel their want,
Which trust in *riches*, is so loth to grant:
The rich have *something* which they call *their own;*
The poor have *nothing*, but to *Christ* alone
They owe themselves, and pay him what they owe,
And what religion is they only know.

ON

THE TRUE MEANING

OF THE

SCRIPTURE TERMS "LIFE and DEATH,"

WHEN APPLIED TO MEN.

TRUE *life*, according to the scripture plan,
Is God's own likeness in his image, man;
This was the life that Adam ceas'd to live,
Or lost by sin; and therefore could not give:
So that his offspring, all the born on earth,
Want a *new* parent of this heav'nly birth.

This, Christ alone, God's *Image* most *express*,
The *Second* Adam, gives them to possess;
Becoming man, reversing human fall,
And raising up the *first*, true life in all;
Healing our nature's deadly wound within,
And quenching wrath, or death, or hell, or sin;

For all such words describe one evil thing,
Or want of good; that has one only spring,
The *love* of God, in Christ, which form'd at first
A *blessed* Adam, and redeem'd a *curst*
By his *own* act—good *only* was design'd
For Adam, and, in him, for all mankind.

He fell from good, misusing his free-will,
Into this world, this life of good and ill;
From whence the willing to be sav'd revive
Thro' faith and penitence, in Christ alive;
A *second* death succeeds, if they refuse;
For *choosing* creatures must have what they *choose*.

Not bare *existence*, when we go from hence,
Is *Immortality*, in scripture sense;
For thus, alike immortal, are confess'd
The good, the bad, the ruin'd, and the blest;
Whose *inbred* tempers hint the reason, why
They *live* for ever, or for ever *die*.

God's likeness, light, and Spirit in the soul,
Make, as at first, its blest immortal whole;
'Tis *death* to want them; vain is all dispute;
The gospel only reaches to the root:
All the inspir'd have understood it thus;
Immortal *life* is that of CHRIST *in us*.

ON

The Ground of True and False Religion.

EXPLAIN religion by a thousand schemes,
Still *God* and *self* will be the two extremes;
In Him the one true good of it is found;
In self, of all idolatry the ground:

False worship, paid at all its various shrines,
One same departure from his love defines.

By love to Him *blest* angels kept their state;
Which the *apostate* lost by cursed hate;
Setting up *self* in the ALMIGHTY'S room,
It sunk them down into its dreadful gloom:
On separation from his love, the source
Of all felicity was lost, of course.

By love to Him, the first-created man
Was highly blest; till *selfishness* began,
Thro' serpentine delusion, to arise,
And tempt above God's wisdom to be wise;
When he had chosen to prefer his own,
The naked, miserable *self* was known.

Hence we inherit such a life as this,
Dead, of itself, to *paradisic* bliss:
Hence all our hopes of a diviner birth
Depend on Christ, and his descent on earth;
Subduing self, as Adam should have done,
And loving God thro' his Beloved Son.

The Mediator betwixt God and men,
Who brings their nature back to Him again,
Sav'd from all sinful self, or deadly wrath,
Or hellish evil, by the pow'r of *faith*
Working by *love*, of which it is the strength;
And must attain the full true life at length.

Born of this holy, *virgin* Seed Divine,
To a *new* life within this mortal shrine,
The faithful breathe a Spirit from above,
And make of self a sacrifice to love:
By *Christ* redeem'd, they rise from *Adam's* fall,
From earth to Heav'n, where God is all in all.

PETER's DENIAL OF HIS MASTER.

"THO' all forsake thee, master, yet not I;
"I'll go to prison with thee, or to die,"
Said Peter— yet how soon did he deny!

A striking proof, that, even to good-will,
The help of grace is necessary still,
To save a soul from falling into ill.

His Master told him how the case would be,
But Peter could not see himself,—not he;
Till grace withdrew, that he might come to see.

Peter, so valiant on a selfish plan,
Quite frighted by a servant maid, began
To curse and swear, and did *not know the Man.*

'Twas thus that *satan sifted him like wheat,*
And made him think his courage was so great;
While JESUS pray'd that he might see the cheat.

High-minded in himself, he fell—how low,
The cock instructed him, foretold to crow:
His real self then Peter came to know.

He that would *die* with him, tho' all forsook,
Dissolv'd in tears, when JESUS gave a look;
And learn'd humility by love's rebuke.

Lesson for us is plain from Peter's case,
That real virtue is the work of *grace,*
And of its height *humility* the base.

ON

THE CAUSE, CONSEQUENCE, AND CURE

OF

Spiritual Pride.

SUPPOSE a heater burning in the fire
To be alive, to will, and to desire;
To reason, feel, and have, upon the whole,
What we will call "an understanding soul;"
Conscious of pow'rful heat within its mold,
And colour bright above the burnish'd gold.

Suppose that *pride* should catch this heater's heart,
And from the fire persuade it to depart;

To shew itself, and make it to be known,
That it can raise a splendour of its own;
An own rich colour, an own potent heat,
Without dependence on the fire, complete.

It leaves, in prospect of so fine a show,
The fiery bosom where it learnt to glow;
Cools by degrees, till all its golden hue
Is vanish'd, and its pow'r of heating too;
Its own, once hidden nature domineers,
And the dark, cold, self-iron lump appears.

Transfer this feign'd, imaginary pride,
To that which really does too oft betide,
When human souls, endu'd with grace divine,
Become ambitious, of themselves, to shine;
And, proud of qualities which grace bestows,
Forsake its bosom for self-shining shows.

And thence conceive the natural effects
Of pride, in either single men, or sects;
That for variety of selfish strife
Forsake the one true Cause of all true life;
The heav'nly Spirit-fire of love, within
Whose sacred bosom all their gifts begin.

From which, if reason, learning, wit, or parts,
Tempt their ambition to withdraw their hearts,
There must ensue, whatever they may mean,
The disappearance of the glowing scene;
From the most gifted vanishing, of course,
When dis-united from its real source.

As only fire can possibly restore
The heater's force, to what it was before;
So that of love alone consumes the dross
Of wrathful nature, and repairs its loss;
It will again unite with all desire,
That casts itself into the holy fire.

THE

BEGGAR AND THE DIVINE.

IN some good books one reads of a divine,
Whose memorable case deserves a line;
Who, to serve God the best and shortest way,
Pray'd for eight years together every day,
That in the midst of doctrines and of rules,
However taught and practis'd by the schools,
He would be pleas'd to bring him to a man
Prepar'd to teach him the compendious plan.

He was himself a *doctor*, and well read
In all the points to which divines were bred;
Nevertheless, he thought, that what concern'd
The most illiterate as well as learn'd,
To know and practise, must be something still
More independent on such kind of skill:
True christian worship had, within its root,
Some simpler secret, clear of all dispute;
Which, by a living proof that he might know,
He pray'd for some practitioner to shew.

One day, possess'd with an intense concern
About the lesson which he sought to learn,
He heard a voice that sounded in his ears—
"Thou hast been praying for a man eight years;
"Go to the porch of yonder church, and find
"A man prepar'd according to thy mind."

Away he went to the appointed ground;
When, at the entrance of the church, he found
A poor old beggar, with his feet full sore,
And not worth two-pence all the cloaths he wore.
Surpris'd to see an object so forlorn—
My friend, said he, *I wish thee a good morn—*
"Thank thee," replied the beggar, "but a bad
"I don't remember that I ever had."
Sure he mistakes, the doctor thought, *the phrase—*
Good fortune, friend, befall thee all thy days!—

"Me," said the beggar, "many days befall,
"But none of them unfortunate at all"—
God bless thee, answer plainly, I request,
"Why, plainly then, I never was unblest"—
Never? thou speakest in a mystic strain,
Which more at large I wish thee to explain.—

"With all my heart—Thou first didst condescend
"To wish me kindly a good morning, friend;
"And I replied, that I remember'd not
"A bad one ever to have been my lot:
"For, let the morning turn out how it will,
"I praise my God for ev'ry new one still:
"If I am pinch'd with hunger or with cold,
"It does not make me to let go my hold;
"Still I praise God—Hail, rain, or snow, I take
"This blessed Cordial, which has pow'r to make
"The foulest morning, to my thinking, fair;
"For cold and hunger yield to praise and pray'r.
"Men pity me as wretched, or despise;
"But whilst I hold this noble exercise,
"It cheers my heart to such a due degree,
"That ev'ry morning is still good to me.

"Thou didst, moreover, wish me lucky days,
"And I, by reason of continual praise,
"Said that I had none else; for come what would
"On any day, I knew it must be good
"Because God sent it; sweet or bitter, joy
"Or grief, by this angelical employ,
"Of praising Him, my heart was at its rest,
"And took whatever happen'd for the best;
"So that my own experience might say,
"It never knew of an unlucky day.

"Then didst thou pray—*God bless thee*—and I said
"I never was unblest; for being led
"By the Good Spirit of imparted grace
"To praise his name, and ever to embrace
"His righteous will, regarding that alone,
"With total resignation of my own,
"I never could, in such a state as this,
"Complain for want of happiness or bliss;

" Resolv'd, in all things, that the Will Divine,
" The Source of all true blessing, should be mine."

The doctor, learning from the beggar's case
Such wondrous instance of the pow'r of grace,
Propos'd a question, with intent to try
The happy mendicant's direct reply—
What wouldst thou say, said he, *should God think fit*
To cast thee down to the infernal pit?

" He cast me down? He send me into hell?
" No—He loves me, and I love Him too well:
" But put the case He should, I have two arms
" That will defend me from all hellish harms,—
" The one, humility, the other, love;
" These I would throw below Him and above;
" One under his *Humanity* I'd place,
" His *Deity* the other should embrace;
" With both together so to hold Him fast,
" That He should *go* wherever He would *cast*,
" And then, whatever thou shalt call the sphere,
" Hell, if thou wilt, 'tis Heav'n if He be there."

Thus was a great divine, whom some have thought
To be the justly fam'd Taulerus, taught
The holy art, for which he us'd to pray,
That to serve God the most compendious way,
Was to hold fast a loving, humble mind,
Still praising Him, and to his will resign'd.

FRAGMENT OF A HYMN,

ON

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

O Goodness of God! more exceedingly great
Than thought can conceive, or than words can repeat;
Whatsoever we fix our conceptions upon,
It has some kind of bounds, but thy goodness has none:

As it never began, so it never can end,
But to all thy creation will always extend;
All nature partakes of its proper degree,
But the self-blinded will that refuses to see.

Whensoever new forms of creation began,
Thy goodness adjusted the beautiful plan;
Adjusted the beauties of body and soul,
And plac'd in the centre the good of the whole;
That shone, like a sun the circumference round,
To produce all the fruits of beatified ground:
To display, in each possible shape and degree,
A Goodness eternal, essential to Thee.

Blest orders of angels surrounded thy throne,
Before any evil was heard of or known;
Till a self-seeking Chief's unaccountable pride
Thine immutable rectitude falsely belied;
And despising the Goodness that made him so bright,
Would become independent, and be his own light;
And induc'd all his host to so monstrous a thing,
As to act against nature's Omnipotent King.

Then did evil begin, or the absence of good,
Which from Thee could not come— from a creature it could
Who, made in thy likeness, all happy and free,
Could only be good as an image of thee:
When an angel profan'd his angelical trust,
And departed from order, most righteous and just;
Self-depriv'd of the light, that proceeds from thy throne,
He fell to the darkness, by nature, his own.

For nature itself is a darkness express,
If a splendour from thee does not fill it and bless;
An abyss of the pow'rs of all *creaturely* life,
Which are, in themselves, but an impotent strife
Of action, re-action, and whirling around,
Till the rays of thy light pierce the jarring profound;
Till thy Goodness compose the dark, natural storm,
And enkindles the bliss of light, order, and form.

Thy unchangeable Goodness, when wrath was begun,
Soon as e'er it beheld what an angel had done,

Exerted itself in restoring anew
A celestial abode, and inhabitants too;
Made a temporal world in the desolate place,
And thy likeness, a man, to produce a new race;
That the evil brought forth might in time be suppress'd,
And a new host of creatures succeed to be blest.

When the man, whom thy counsel design'd to have stood,
Fell into this mixture of evil and good;
And, against thy kind warning, consented to taste
Of the fruit that would lay his own Paradise waste;
Thy mercy then sought his redemption from sin,
And implanted the hope of a Saviour within;
Of a Man to be born, in the fulness of time,
To supply his defect, and abolish his crime.

All the hopes of good men, since the ruin began,
Were deriv'd from the grace of this wonderful man:
His life, in the promise, has secretly wrought
Its intended effect, in their penitent thought,
Who believ'd in thy word, in whatever degree
They knew, or knew not, how his coming would be:
A true faith in a Saviour was one and the same,
Both before his blest coming as after He came.

Patriarchal, Mosaic, Prophetical views,
The desire of all nations, or Gentiles or Jews,—
Who obey'd, in the midst of their natural fall,
The degree of his light, which enlighten'd them all,—
Still center'd in Him, the MESSIAH, the Man
Who should execute fully thy merciful plan;
And impart the true life, which thy Goodness design'd,
By creating a Man, to descend to mankind.

When this Son of thy love was incarnate on earth,
And the WORD was made flesh by a virginal birth,
Thy angelical host usher'd in the great morn,
With *the Tidings of Joy*, that a SAVIOUR was born;
Of joy to all people, who round the whole ball,
Should partake of the Goodness, that came to save all;
To erect, upon earth, a true kingdom of grace
And of glory to come, for whoe'er would embrace.

Universal Good,

THE OBJECT OF THE DIVINE WILL;

AND EVIL,

THE

Necessary Effect of the Creature's Opposition to it.

THE God of love, delighting to bestow,
Sends down his blessing to the world below:
A grateful mind receives it, and above
Sends up thanksgiving to the God of love:
This happy intercourse could never fail,
Did not a false, perverted will prevail.

For love divine, as rightly understood,
Is an unalterable will to good:
Good is the object of His blessed will,
Who never can concur to real ill;
Much less *decree*, *predestinate*, *ordain*—
Words oft employ'd to take His name in vain.

"But he permits it to be done," say you—
Plain, then, I answer, that He does not *do;*
That, having will'd created angels free,
He still permits or wills them so to be;
Were His permission ask'd, before they did
An evil action, He would soon forbid.

Before the doing He forbids indeed,
But disobedient creatures take no heed:
If He, according to your present plea,
Withdraws his grace, and *so* they disobey,
The fault is laid on Him, not them at all;
For who can stand whom He shall thus let fall?

Our own neglect must be the previous cause,
When it is said *the grace of God withdraws;*
In the same sense, as when the brightest dawn,
If we will shut our windows, is withdrawn;

Not that the sun is ever the less bright,
But that our choice is not to see the light.

Free to receive the grace, or to reject,
Receivers only can be God's *elect;*
Rejecters of it, *reprobate* alone,
Not by *Divine Decree*, but by their *own:*
His love to *all*, his willing none to sin,
Is a decree that never could begin.

It is the order, the eternal law,
The true free grace, that never can withdraw;
Observance of it will, of course, be blest,
And opposition to it self-distress'd;
To them, who love its gracious Author, all
Will work for good, according to St. Paul.

An easy key to each abstruser text,
That modern disputants have so perplex'd;
With arbitrary fancies on each side,
From God's pure love, or man's free-will denied;
Which, in the breast of saints, and sinners too,
May both be found self-evidently true.

ON THE

DISINTERESTED LOVE OF GOD.

THE love of God with genuine ray
Inflam'd the breast of good Cambray;*
And banish'd from the prelate's mind
All thoughts of interested kind:

* Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, wrote a mystical book, entitled, *Explication of the maxims of the Saints concerning the interior life;* in ich he seemed to favour the extravagant notions of Madame Guion, l the principles of Quietism. For this he was obliged to leave the irt of France for ever, after having been upwards of seven years or to the Dukes of Burgundy and Anjou. In him were combined, hout injury, the good Divine and the able politician—an union very irable, yet seldom found. He was a man of great genius, deep piety, l of extensive attainments.

He saw, and writers of his class,
(Of too neglected worth, alas!)
Disinterested Love to be
The Gospel's very A B C.

When our *redeeming Lord* began
To practice it Himself, as Man;
And, for the joy then set before
His loving view, such evils bore;
Endur'd the cross, despis'd the shame—
Had He an interested aim?
Surely the least examination
Shews, that the joy was our salvation.

For us He suffer'd, to make known
The love that seeketh not its own;
Suffer'd, what nothing but so pure
A love could possibly endure:
No less a sacrifice than this
Could bring poor sinners back to bliss;
Or execute the saving plan
Of reuniting God and man.

This love was Abram's shield and guard;
Was his exceeding great reward;
This love the Patriarchal eye,
And that of Moses, could descry;
In this disinterested sense,
They sought reward or recompense,
City or country, heav'n above,
The seat of purity and love.

This the high calling, this the prize,
The mark of Paul's so steady eyes;
For, with the self-forgetting Paul,
Pure love of God in Christ was all:
The text of the beloved John
Has all, that words can say, in one;
For GOD IS LOVE—compendious whole
Of all the blessings of a soul.

What helps to this a soul may want,
Pure love is ready still to grant;

But with a view to wean it still
From selfish, mercenary will:
Of all reward, all punishment,
This is the end, in God's intent,
To form, in offsprings of his own,
The bliss of loving His alone.

Sole rule of all affection due
Both to ourselves, and others too;
Meaning of ev'ry scripture text,
By interested love perplex'd,
Promise or precept, gospel call
Or legal love, fulfils them all;
From base arising up to spire,
Superior both to fear and hire.

Love of disinterested kind,
The man, who thinks it too refin'd,
May, by ambiguous language, still
Persist in metaphysic skill;
Even the justly fam'd Cambray,
In such a case, could only pray,
That love itself would only dart
Some feeling proof into his heart.

ON

THE SAME SUBJECT.

I LOVE my God, and freely too,
With the same love that He imparts;
That He, to whom all love is due,
Engraves upon pure, loving hearts.

I love, but this celestial fire—
Ye starry pow'rs!—Ye do not raise:
No wages, no reward's desire,
Is in the purely shining blaze.

Me, nor the hopes of heav'nly bliss,
Or Paradisic scenes excite;
Nor terrors of the dark abyss,
Of death's eternal den, affright.

No bought-and-paid-for love be mine,
I will have no demands to make;
Disinterested, and divine
Alone, that fear shall never shake.

Thou, my Redeemer, from above,
Suffering to such immense degree,—
Thy heart has kindled mine to love,
That burns for nothing but for Thee.

Thy scourge, thy thorns, thy cross, thy wounds,
Are, ev'ry one of them, a source,
From whence the nourishment abounds
Of endless love's unfading force.

These sacred fires, with holy breath,
Raise in my mind the gen'rous strife;
While, by the ensigns of thy death
Known, I adore the Lord of LIFE.

Extinguish all celestial light,
The fire of love will not go out;
The flames of hell extinguish quite,
Love will pursue its wonted route.

Be there no hope if it persist—
Persist it will, nor ever cease;
No punishment if 'tis dismiss'd—
What caus'd it not will not decrease.

Shouldst thou give nothing for its pains,
It claims not any thing as due;
Shouldst thou condemn me, it remains
Unchang'd by any selfish view.

Let Heav'n be darken'd, if it will,
Let hell with all its vengence roar;
My God alone remaining, still
I'll love Him, as I did before.

ON

The MEANING of the WORD "WRATH,"

AS APPLIED TO GOD IN SCRIPTURE.

THAT *God is love* is in the scripture said;
That *He is wrath*—is no where to be read;
From which, by literal expression free,
"Fury (He saith himself) is not in me;"
If scripture, therefore, must direct our faith,
Love must be He, or in Him; and not wrath.

And yet the wrath of God, in scripture phrase,
Is oft express'd, and many diff'rent ways:
His anger, fury, vengeance, are the terms,
Which the plain letter of the text affirms:
And plain, from two of the apostles' Choir,
That *God is love*—and *a consuming fire.*

If we consult the reasons that appear,
To make the seeming difficulty clear,
We must acknowledge, when we look above,
That God, as God, is overflowing love:
And wilful sinners, when we look below,
Make (what is call'd) the wrath of God to flow.

Wrath, as St. Paul saith, *is the treasur'd part*
Of an impenitently harden'd heart:
When love reveals its own eternal life,
Then wrath and anguish fall on evil strife;
Then lovely justice, in itself all bright,
Is burning fire to such as hate the light.

If wrath and justice be indeed the same,
No wrath in God—is liable to blame;
If not; if righteous judges may and must
Be free themselves from wrath, if they be just,
Such kind of blaming may, with equal sense,
Lay on a judge the criminal's offence.

God, in Himself unchangeable, in fine,
Is one, eternal Light of love divine;

In Him there is no darkness, saith St. John,
In Him no wrath—the meaning is all one;
'Tis our own darkness, wrath, sin, death, and hell,
Not to love Him, who first lov'd us so well.

The MEANING of the WORD "WRATH,"

ILLUSTRATED IN A

COMMENT ON THE FOLLOWING SCRIPTURE:

God so loved the World, that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting Life. (St. John iii. 16.)

God so loved the world!—By how tender a phrase
The design of his Father our Saviour displays!
Love, according to Him, when the world was undone,
Was the Father's sole reason for giving his Son.
No *wrath in the Giver* had Christ to atone,
But to save a poor perishing world from *its own.*
A belief in the Son carries with it a faith,
That the Motive Paternal was love, and not wrath.

Ev'ry good, perfect gift, cometh down from above,
From the Father of lights, thro' the Son of his Love.
As in Him there *is no variation or change*,
Neither shadow of turning, it well may seem strange
That, when scripture assures us so plainly, that He,
His will, grace, or gift, is so perfectly free,
Any word should be strain'd to inculcate a thought
Of a wrath in his mind, or a change to be wrought.

All wrath is the product of creaturely sin;
In immutable love it could never begin;
Nor, indeed, in a creature, till opposite will
To the love of its GOD had brought forth such an ill;
To the love that was pleas'd to communicate bliss
In such endless degrees, thro' all nature's abyss:
Nor could wrath have been known, had not man left the state,
In which nature's GOD was pleas'd man to create.

He saw, when the world in its purity stood,
Every thing He had made, and *Behold it was good;*
And the man, its one ruler, before his sad fall,
As the image of GOD, had the goodness of all:

When He fell, and awak'ned wrath, evil, and curse
In himself and the world, was GOD become worse,
Who so lov'd the world still, that, when wrath was begun,
To redeem the lost creature, he gave his own Son?

Freely gave Him; not mov'd or incited thereto
By a previous *appeasing*, or payment of due
To his *wrath*, or his *vengeance*, or any such cause
As should *satisfy* Him for the breach of his laws:
This language the Jew Nicodemus might use;
But our Saviour's to him had more excellent views;
" GOD so *loved* the world," (are his words,) " that he gave
" His Only-begotten in order to save."

Love's prior, unpurchas'd, unpaid-for intent
Was the cause, why the Only-begotten was sent,
That thro' Him we might live; and the cause why He came,
Was to manifest love, ever one and the same:
Full conquest of wrath ever striving to make,
And blotting transgressions out for *its own sake;*
Wanting no *satisfaction* itself, but to give
Itself, that the world might receive it, and live—

Might believe on the Son, and receive a new birth
From the love, that in Christ was incarnate on earth;
When a virgin brought forth, without help of a man,
The Restorer of GOD's true, original plan;
The one Quencher of wrath, the Atoner of sin,
And the *Bringer of justice and righteousness in;*
The Renewer, in man, of a pow'r and a will
To satisfy justice—that is, to fulfil.

There is nothing that justice and righteousness hath
More opposite to it than anger and wrath;
As repugnant to all that is equal and right,
As falshood to truth, or as darkness to light.
Of GOD, in Himself, what the scripture affirms
Is *truth, light, and love*—plain significant terms;
In his Deity, therefore, there cannot befal
Any falshood, or darkness, or hatred at all.

Such defect can be found in that creature alone,
Which against his good will seeks to set up its own;

Then, to GOD and his justice it giveth the lie,
And its darkness and wrath are discover'd thereby:
What before was subservient to life, in due place,
Then usurps the dominion, and death is the case;
Which the Son of GOD only could ever subdue,
By doing all that which love gave Him to do.

If the anger of GOD, fury, wrath, waxing hot,
And the like human phrases that scripture has got,
Be insisted upon, why not also the rest,
Where GOD, in the language of men, is express'd
In a manner, which, all are oblig'd to confess,
No defect in his nature can mean to express?
With a GOD, who is love, ev'ry word should agree;
With GOD, who hath said, *Fury is not in me.*

The disorders in nature, for none are in GOD,
Are intitled " his vengeance, his wrath, or his rod,"
Like " his ice, or his frost, his plague, famine, or sword"—
That the love, which directs them, may still be ador'd;
Directs them, till justice,—call'd his or call'd ours,—
Shall regain, to our comfort, its primitive pow'rs;
The true, saving justice, that bids us endure
What love shall prescribe, for effecting our cure.

By a process of love, from the crib to the cross,
Did the Only-begotten recover our loss;
And shew in us men how the Father is pleas'd,
When the wrath in our nature by love is appeas'd,
When the birth of His Christ, being formed within,
Dissolves the dark death of all self-hood and sin;
Till the love that so lov'd us, becomes once again,
From the Father and Son, a life-spirit in man.

THE TRUE GROUNDS
OF
ETERNAL and IMMUTABLE RECTITUDE.

TH' Eternal Mind, ev'n heathens understood,
Was *infinitely powerful, wise, and good:*

In their conceptions, who conceiv'd aright,
These three essential attributes unite:
They saw, that, wanting any of the three,
Such an All-perfect Being could not be.

For pow'r, from wisdom suff'ring a divorce,
Would be a foolish, mad, and frantic force:
If both were join'd, and wanted goodness still,
They would concur to more pernicious ill:
However nam'd, their action could but tend
To weakness, folly, mischief without end.

Yet some of old, and some of present hour,
Ascribe to God an arbitrary pow'r;
An absolute decree; a mere command,
Which nothing causes, nothing can withstand:
Wisdom and goodness scarce appear in sight;
But all is measur'd by resistless might.

The verbal question comes to this, in fine,
" Is good, or evil, made by *Will Divine*,
" Or such by *nature?* Does command enact
" What shall be right, and then 'tis so in fact?
" Or is it right, and therefore, we may draw,
" From thence the reason of the righteous law?"

Now, tho' tis proof, indisputably plain,
That all is right, which *God* shall once ordain;
Yet, if a thought shall intervene between
Things and commands, 'tis evidently seen
That good will be commanded: men divide
Nature and laws, which really coincide.

From the Divine, Eternal Spirit springs
Order, and rule, and rectitude of things;
Thro' outward nature, His apparent throne,
Visibly seen, intelligibly known:
Proofs of a boundless pow'r, a wisdom's aid,
By goodness us'd, eternal and unmade.

Cudworth perceiv'd, that what divines advance
For sov'reignty alone is fate or chance:
Fate, after pow'r had made its forcing laws;
And chance, before, if made without a cause:

Nothing stands firm, or certain, in a state
Of fatal chance or accidental fate.

Endless perfections, after all, conspire,
And to adore excite and to admire;
But to plain minds, the plainest pow'r above
Is native goodness, to attract our love:
Centre of all its various power and skill
Is one divine, immutable good-will.

ON

THE NATURE AND REASON

OF ALL

OUTWARD LAW.

The Sabbath was made for Man; not Man for the Sabbath.

(MARK ii. 27.)

FROM this true saying one may learn to draw
The real nature of all outward law;
In ev'ry instance, rightly understood,
Its ground and reason is the human good:
By all its changes, since the world began,
Man was not made for law; but law for man.

Thou shalt not eat (the first command of all)
Of good and ill, was to *prevent* his fall:
When he became unfit to be alone,
Woman was form'd out of his flesh and bone:
When both had sinn'd, then penitential grief,
And sweating labour, was the law relief.

When all the world had sinn'd, save one good sire,
Flood was the law that sav'd its orb from fire:
When *fire* itself upon a Sodom fell,
It was the law to stop a growing hell:
So on—the law with riches or with rods,
Come as it will, is *good*, for it is God's.

Men who observe a law, or who abuse,
For selfish pow'r, are blind as any Jews;

On sabbath, constru'd by rabbinic will,
God must not save, and men must seek to kill;
Such zeal for law has pharisaic faith,
Not as 'tis good, but as it worketh wrath.

JESUS, the perfect Law-fulfiller, gave
The victory that taught the law to save;
Pluck'd out its sting, revers'd the cruel cry,—
"We have a law by which he ought to die;"
Dying for man, this conquest he could give,—
"I have a law by which he ought to live."

Whilst in the flesh, how oft did He reveal
His saving will, and god-like pow'r to heal!
They whom defect, disease, or fiend possess'd,
And pardon'd sinners by his word had rest;
He, on the Sabbath, chose to heal and teach;
And law-proud Jews to slay him for its breach.

The Sabbath, never so well kept before,
May justify one observation more;
Our Saviour heal'd, as pious authors say,
So many sick upon the sabbath day,
To shew that rest and quietness of soul,
Is best for one who wants to be made whole;

Not to indulge an eagerness too great,
Of outward hurry, or of inward heat;
But with a humble temper, and resign'd,
To keep a sabbath in a hopeful mind;
In *peace* and *patience* meekly to endure,
Till the good Saviour's hour is come, to cure.

DIVINE LOVE,

THE

Essential Characteristic of True Religion.

RELIGION's meaning when I would recal,
Love is to me the plainest word of all;
Plainest: because that what I *love* or *hate*
Shews me directly my internal state:

By its own consciousness is best defin'd,
Which way the heart within me stands inclin'd.

On what it lets its inclination rest,
To that its real worship is address'd:
Whatever forms or ceremonies spring
From custom's force, *there* lies the real thing:
Jew, *Turk*, or *Christian*, be the lover's name,
If same the love, religion is the same.

Of all religions if we take a view,
There is but one that ever can be true;
One *God*, *one Christ*, *one Spirit*, none but He;
All else is *Idol*, whatsoe'er it be;
A good that our imaginations make,
Unless we love it purely for His sake.

Nothing but gross idolatry alone
Can ever love it, merely, for its own:
It may be good, that is, may make appear
So much of God's *one* goodness to be clear;
Thereby to raise a true, religious soul,
To love of *Him*, the One Eternal Whole;

The one Unbounded, Undivided Good,
By all his creatures partly understood:
If therefore sense of its apparent parts
Raise not his love or worship in our hearts,
Our selfish wills or notions we may feast,
And have no more religion than a beast.

For brutal instinct can a good embrace,
That leaves behind it no reflecting trace;
But thinking man, whatever be his theme,
Should worship Goodness in the Great Supreme;
By inward faith, more sure than outward sight,
Should eye the Source of all that's good and right.

Religion then is *Love's* celestial force,
That penetrates thro' all to its true source;
Loves all along, but with proportion'd bent,
As creatures further the divine ascent;
Not to the skies or stars; but to the part
That will be always uppermost—the *Heart*.

There is the seat, as holy writings tell,
Where the Most High Himself delights to dwell:
Whither attracting the desirous will
To its true rest, He saves it from all ill;
Gives it to find, in his abyssal love,
A Heav'n within, in other words, above.

ON

WORKS of MERCY and COMPASSION,

CONSIDERED

As the Proofs of True Religion.

OF true religion works of mercy seem
To be the plainest proof, in Christ's esteem:
Who has himself declar'd what He will say
To all the nations, at the judgment day:
"Come" or "Depart," is the predicted lot
Of brotherly compassion shewn, or not.

Then, they who gave poor hungry people meat,
And drink to quench the thirsty suff'rer's heat;
Who welcom'd in the stranger at the door,
And with a garment cloth'd the naked poor;
Who visited the sick to ease their grief,
And went to pris'ners, or bestow'd relief—

These will be deem'd *religious* men, to whom
Will sound—*Ye blessed of my Father, come,*
Inherit ye the kingdom, and partake
Of all the glories founded for your sake:
Your love to others I was pleas'd to see,
What you have done to them was done to me.

Then, they who gave the hungry poor no food;
Who with no drink the parch'd with thirst bedew'd;
Who drove the helpless stranger from their fold,
And let the naked perish in the cold;
Who to the sick no friendly visit paid,
Nor gave to pris'ners any needful aid—

These will be deem'd of *irreligious* mind;
And hear the—*Go, ye men of cursed kind,*
To endless woes, which ev'ry harden'd heart
For its own treasure has prepar'd—depart:
Shewn to a brother, of the least degree,
Your merciless behaviour was to me.

Here, all ye learned, full of all dispute,
Of true and false religion lies the root:
The mind of Christ, when he became a man,
With all its tempers, forms its real plan;
The *sheep* from *goats* distinguishing full well—
His love is *Heav'n;* and want of it is *hell.*

VERSES

DESIGNED FOR AN INFIRMARY.

DEAR loving sirs! Behold, as ye pass by,
The poor sick people with a pitying eye:
Let pains, and wounds, and suff'rings of each kind,
Raise up a just compassion in your mind;
Indulge a gen'rous grief at such a sight,
And then bestow your *talent*, or your *mite.*

Thus to bestow is really to obtain
The surest blessing upon honest gain:
To help th' afflicted, in so great a need,
By your supplies, is to be rich indeed:
The good, the pleasure, the reward of wealth
Is to procure your fellow-creatures health.

In other cases, men may form a doubt,
Whether their alms be properly laid out;
But in the objects, here, before your eyes,
No such distrust can possibly arise;
Too plain the miseries! which well may melt
A heart, sincerely wishing them unfelt.

The wise consider this terrestrial ball,
As Heav'n's design'd INFIRMARY for all,

Here came the GREAT PHYSICIAN of the soul,
To *heal* man's nature, and to make him *whole*:
Still, by his SPIRIT, present with all those,
Who lend an aid to lessen human woes.

A godlike work; who forwards it is sure
That ev'ry step advances his own cure;
Without benevolence, the view to self
Makes worldly riches an unrighteous pelf;
While blest thro' life, the giver, for his love,
Dies to receive its huge reward above.

To them who tread the certain path to bliss,
That leads thro' scenes of charity like this,
Think what the Saviour of the world will say—
"Ye blessed of my Father, come your way;
"'Twas done to me, if done to the distress'd:
"Come, ye true friends, and be for ever blest.

A HYMN TO JESUS.

COME, Saviour Jesus! from above,
Assist me with thy heav'nly grace;
Withdraw my heart from worldly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

Lord! let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free;
That pants to have no other will,
But night and day to think on thee.

Where'er thou leadest, I'll pursue,
Thro' all retirements or employs;
But to the world I'll bid adieu,
And all its vain delusive joys.

That way with humble speed I'll walk,
Wherein my Saviour's footsteps shine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I talk
Of any other love but thine.

To Thee my longing heart aspires;
To Thee I offer all my vows:
Keep me from false and vain desires,
My God, my Saviour, and my Spouse!

Henceforth, let no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul!
Possess it Thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

Wealth, honours, pleasures, or what else
This short-enduring world can give,
Tempt as they will, my heart repels,
To Thee alone resolv'd to live.

Thee one may love, and thee alone,
With inward peace and holy bliss;
And when thou tak'st us for thy own,
Oh! what a happiness is this!

Nor Heav'n nor earth do I desire,
Nor mysteries to be reveal'd;
'Tis love that sets my heart on fire:
Speak Thou the word, and I am heal'd.

All other graces I resign;
Pleas'd to receive, pleas'd to restore:
Grace is thy *gift*, it shall be mine
The GIVER only to adore.

A

HYMN ON SIMPLICITY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

JESU! teach this heart of mine
True *simplicity* to find;
Child-like, innocent, divine,
Free from *guile* of ev'ry kind:
And since, when amongst us vouchsafing to live,
So pure an example it pleas'd Thee to give;
O! let me keep still the bright pattern in view,
And be, after thy likeness, right simple and true.

When I read, or when I hear
Truths that kindle good desires;
How to act, and how to bear
What heav'n-instructed faith requires;
Let no subtle fancies e'er lead me astray,
Or teach me to comment thy doctrines away;
No reas'nings of selfish corruption within,
Nor sleights by which satan deludes us to sin.

Whilst I pray before thy face,
Thou! who art my highest good!
O! confirm to me the grace,
Purchas'd by thy precious blood:
That, with a true filial affection of heart,
I may feel what a real Redeemer thou art;
And, thro' thy Atonement to justice above,
Be receiv'd, as a child, by the Father of love.

Give me, with a child-like mind,
Simply to believe thy word;
And to do whate'er I find
Pleases best my dearest Lord:
Resolving to practise thy gracious commands;
To resign myself wholly up into thy hands:
That, regarding Thee simply in all my employ,
I may cry, "Abba! Father!" with dutiful joy.

Nor within me, nor without,
Let *hypocrisy* reside;
But whate'er I go about,
Mere *Simplicity* be guide:
Simplicity guide me in word and in will;
Let me live—let me die—in simplicity still:
Of an epitaph made me let this be the whole—
Here lies a true child, that was simple of soul.

Jesu! now I fix my heart,
Prince of life! and Source of bliss!
Never from Thee to depart,
Till thy love shall grant me this:
Then, then, shall my heart all its faculties raise,
Both *here*, and *hereafter*, to sing to thy praise:
O! joyful! My Saviour says "So let it be!"
AMEN *to my soul*,—HALLELUJAH *to thee!*

A

FAREWELL TO THE WORLD.

FROM THE FRENCH.

WORLD, adieu, thou real cheat!
  Oft have thy deceitful charms
Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,
  Foolish hopes, and false alarms:
Now I see, as clear as day,
How thy follies pass away.

Vain thy entertaining sights;
  False thy promises renew'd;
All the pomp of thy delights
  Does but flatter and delude:
Thee I quit for Heav'n above,
Object of the noblest love.

Farewell honour's empty pride!
  Thy own nice, uncertain gust,
If the least mischance betide,
  Lays thee lower than the dust:
Worldly honours end in gall,
Rise to-day, to-morrow fall.

Foolish vanity, farewell!
  More inconstant than the wave;
Where thy soothing fancies dwell,
  Purest tempers they deprave:
He, to whom I fly from thee,
JESUS CHRIST, shall set me free.

Never shall my wandering mind
  Follow after fleeting toys;
Since in GOD alone I find
  Solid and substantial joys:
Joys that, never overpast,
Thro' eternity shall last.

Lord, how happy is a Heart,
  After Thee while it aspires!

True and faithful as thou art,
Thou shall answer its desires:
It shalt see the glorious scene
Of thy everlasting reign.

A HYMN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

HOW charming! to be thus confin'd
Within this lovely tow'r;
Where, with a calm and quiet mind,
I pass the peaceful hour:
Stronger than chains of any kind
Is love's enduring pow'r.

These very ills are my delight:
My pleasures rise from pains;
The punishments, that most affright,
Become my wish'd-for gains:
Whatever torments they excite,
Pure-sighing love remains.

Pain is no object of my fear,
Tho' help is not in view;
Sure as I am, from evils here,
That blessings will ensue:
To sov'reign beauty it is clear,
That sov'reign love is due.

I suffer; but along with smart
Is grace and virtue sent:
Presence of GOD, who takes my part,
So sweetens all event!
He is the Patience of my heart,
The Comfort, and Content.

THE

Soul's Tendency towards its True Centre.

STONES towards the earth descend;
Rivers to the ocean roll;
Ev'ry motion has some end:
What is thine, beloved soul?

Mine is, where my Saviour is;
There with Him I hope to dwell:
Jesu is the central bliss;
Love the force that doth impel.

Truly, thou hast answer'd right:
Now may Heav'n's attractive grace,
Tow'rds the Source of thy delight,
Speed along thy quick'ning pace!

Thank thee for thy gen'rous care!
Heav'n, that did the wish inspire,
Through thy instrumental pray'r,
Plumes the wings of my desire.

Now, methinks, aloft I fly:
Now, with angels bear a part:
Glory be to God on high!
Peace to ev'ry christian heart!

THE DESPONDING SOUL'S WISH.

MY spirit longeth for thee,
Within my troubled breast;
Altho' I be unworthy
Of so divine a guest.

Of so divine a guest
Unworthy tho' I be;

Yet has my heart no rest,
Unless it come from thee.

Unless it come from thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see,
No rest is to be found.

No rest is to be found,
But in thy blessed love;
O! let my wish be crown'd,
And send it from above!

THE ANSWER.

CHEER up, desponding soul;
Thy longing, pleas'd, I see;
'Tis part of that great whole,
Wherewith I long'd for thee.

Wherewith I long'd for thee,
And left my Father's throne;
From death to set thee free,
To claim thee for my own.

To claim thee for my own,
I suffer'd on the cross:
Oh! were my love but known,
No soul could fear its loss.

No soul could fear its loss,
But, fill'd with love divine,
Would *die* on its *own* cross,
And *rise* for ever *mine*.

A

HYMN TO JESUS.

(FROM THE LATIN OF ST. BERNARD.)

JESU! the soul that thinks on thee,
How happy does it seem to be!
What honey can such sweets impart,
As does thy presence to the heart!

No sound can dwell upon the tongue,
Nor ears be ravish'd with a song,
Nor thought by pondering be won,
Like that of God's Beloved Son.

JESU! the penitent's retreat,
The wearied pilgrim's mercy-seat:
If they that *seek* thee are carest,
How are the *finders* of thee blest!

JESU! the Source of *life* and *light*,
That mak'st the mind so blest and bright;
Fulness of joy Thou dost inspire
Beyond the stretch of all desire.

This can no tongue that ever spoke,
Nor hand express by figur'd stroke:
It is *experience* that must prove
The pow'r of JESUS and His love.

A PARAPHRASE

ON THE

PRAYER, USED IN THE CHURCH LITURGY,

For all Sorts and Conditions of Men.

IT will bear the repeating again and again,—
Will the pray'r for all sorts and conditions of men;

Not to this or that place, name or nation confin'd,
But embracing, at once, the whole race of mankind;
With a love universal instructing to call
On the One Great creating Preserver of all;
That his way may be known upon earth, and be found
His true saving health, by the nations all round.

He,—who willeth all men to be sav'd, and partake
Of the bliss, which distinguish'd their primitive make;
To arise to that life, by a second new birth,
Which Adam had lost, at his fall upon earth;—
Will accept ev'ry heart, whose unfeigned intent
Is to pray for that blessing, which He himself meant,
When he gave his own Son, for whoever should will
To escape, by his means, from the regions of ill.

But tho' all the whole world, in a sense that is good,
To be God's house, or church, may be well understood;
And the men who dwell on it, his children, for whom
It has pleas'd Him that Christ the Redeemer should come;
Yet his church must consist, in all saving respect,
Of them who receive him, not them who reject;
And his true, real children, or people, are they,
Who, when call'd by the Saviour, believe and obey.

Now this excellent pray'r, in this sense of the phrase,
For the Catholic Church more especially prays;
That it may be so constantly govern'd, and led
By the Spirit of God, and of Jesus its head,
That all such as are taught to acknowledge its creed,
And profess to be *christians*, may be so indeed;
May hold the one faith, in a peace without strife,
And the proof of its truth,—a right practical life.

No partial distinction is here to be sought;
For the good of mankind still enlivens the thought;
Since God, by the Church, in its Catholic sense,
Salvation to all is so pleas'd to dispense,
That the farther her faith and her patience increase,
More hearts will be won to the Gospel of peace;
Till the world shall come under truth's absolute sway,
And the nations, converted, bring on the great day.

Meanwhile, tho' eternity be her chief care,
The suff'rers in time have a suitable share:
She prays to the fatherly goodness of God,
For all, whom affliction has under its rod;
That inward or outward the cause of their grief,
Mind, body, estate, He would grant them relief,
Due comfort, and patience; and finally bless
With the most happy ending of all their distress.

The compassion, here taught, is unlimited too,
And the whole of mankind the petitioning view:
As none can foresee, whether Christian or not,
What afflictions may fall in this world to his lot;
The Church, which considers whose providence sends,
Prays that all may obtain its beneficent ends;
And whenever the suff'rings, here needful, are past,
By repentance and faith may be sav'd at the last.

The particular mention of such, as desire
To be publickly pray'd for, as made in our quire,
Infers to all others God's merciful grace;
Tho' we hear not their names, who are in the like case;
It excites our attention to instances known,
Of relations, or neighbours, or friends of our own;
For the pray'r, in its nature, extends to all those,
Who are in the same trouble, friends to us or foes.

All which she entreats, for His sake, to be done,
Who suffer'd to save them,—Christ Jesus, his Son;
In respect to the world, the Redeemer of all;
" To the church of the faithful, most chiefly," saith Paul;
And to them, who shall suffer, whoever they be,
In the *Spirit* of Christ, in the highest degree:
How ought such a goodness all minds to prepare,
For a hearty *Amen* to this catholic pray'r!

The church is, indeed, in its real intent,
An assembly, where nothing but friendship is meant;
And the utter extinction of foeship and wrath,
By the working of love, in the strength of its faith:
This gives it its holy and catholic name,
And truly confirms its apostolic claim;
Shewing what the one Saviour's one mission had been,—
Go and teach all the world—ev'ry creature therein.

In the praise ever due to the gospel of grace,
Its universality holds the first place:
When an angel proclaim'd its glad tidings, the morn
That the Son of the virgin, the *Saviour* was born;
Which shall be to all people—was said to complete
The angelical message, so good and so great;
Full of *Glory to God*, in the regions above,
And of *Goodness to men*, is so boundless a love.

This short supplication, or litany, read,
When the longer with us is not wont to be said,
Tho' brief in expression, as fully imports
The Will to all blessings for men of all sorts;
Same brotherly love, by which christians are taught
To pray without ceasing, or limiting thought;
That religion may flourish upon its true plan,
Of *glory* to God, and *salvation* to man.

THE

PRAYER OF RUSBROCHIUS.

Rusbrochius was born in a village in Brabant, called Ruisbroech; *from which, according to the fashion of the fourteenth century, when he flourished, he derived the literary name which is prefixed to his works. He wrote "The Sum of the Spiritual Life;" and some other Theological treatises, which are in high estimation among the mystics.*

O MERCIFUL Lord! by the good which Thou art,
I beseech thee to raise a true love in my heart
For thee, above all things—thee only; and then
To extend to all sorts, and conditions of men
Religious or secular; kindred, or not;
Or near, or far off, or whatever their lot;
That be any man's state rich or poor, high or low,
As myself I may love him, Friend to me or foe.

May pay to all men a becoming respect,
Not prone to condemn them for seeming defect;
But to bear it, if true, with a patience exempt
From the proud, surly vice of a scornful contempt:

If shewn to myself, let me learn to endure,
And obtain, by its aid, my own vanity's cure:
Nor, however disdain'd, in the spitefullest shape,
By a sinful return ever think to escape.

Let my pure, simple aim, in whatever it be,
Thro' praise or dispraise, be my duty to Thee:
With a fixt resolution, still eyeing that scope
To admit of no other,—fear be it or hope,—
But the fear to offend thee, the hope to unite,
In thy honour and praise, with all hearts that are right,
Wishing all the world well; but intent to fulfil,
Be they pleas'd or displeas'd, thy adorable will.

Preserve me, Dear Lord, from presumption and pride,
That upon my own actions would tempt to confide:
Let me have no dependence on any but thine,
With a right faith and trust in thy merits divine:
Still ready prepar'd, in each requisite hour,
Both to will and to work as thou givest the pow'r;
But may only thy love flame thro' all my whole heart,
And a false selfish fire not affect the least part.

To this end, let thine arrow pierce deeply within,
Letting out all the filth and corruption of sin;
All that in the most secret recesses may lurk,
To prevent or obstruct thy intention or work:
O! give me the knowledge, the feeling, and sense,
Of thy all-blessing pow'r, wisdom, goodness immense!
Of the weakness, the folly, the malice alone,
That, resisting thy will, I should find in my own!

Never let me forget, never, while I draw breath,
What Thou hast done for me, thy passion, and death!
The wounds and the griefs of thy body and soul,
When assuming our nature thou madest it whole;
Taughtest how to engage in thy conquering strife,
And regain the access to its true divine life:
Let the sense of such love kindle all my desire,
To be thine my life thro'; thine to die and expire.

To hearts, in the bond of thy charity knit,
Ev'ry thing becomes easy to do or omit;
The labour is pleasant, the sharpest degree
Of suff'ring can find consolation in thee:

That which nature affords, or an object terrene,
When it does not divert from a perfecter scene,
Is receiv'd with all thanks, if thou pleasest to grant,
By a mind, if thou pleasest, as willing to want.

The amusements, on which it once set such a store,
Are now as insipid, as grateful before;
With a much greater comfort it gives up each toy,
Than the fondest possessor could ever enjoy:
If e'er I propos'd such unsuitable ends
To the thought of religious or secular friends,
Expel the vain images, fancies of good,
And in their heart and mine, make thyself understood.

Extinguish, O Lord, let not any one take,
A complacence in me, which is not for thy sake;
In me too root out the respect, of all kind,
Which does not arise from thy love in my mind:
No sorrow be spar'd, no affliction, no cross,
That may further this love, or recover its loss;
This is always thy meaning;—O let it be mine
To confess myself guilty, repent, and resign.

With a real contempt of all self-seeking views,
To embrace, for my choice, what thy wisdom shall choose;
Looking up still to Thee, to receive all event
Which it wills, or permits, with a thankful content:
Not regarding what men shall do to me, or why,
But the provident aim of thine all-seeing eye;
Ever watchful o'er them who persist, in each place,
To rely on its presence—O give me thy grace!

Tho' unworthy to ask it, poor sinner! I trust
In the merits and death of a Saviour so just;
Whom the Father, well pleas'd in his satisfied will,
The design to save sinners saw rightly fulfil:
In me let thy grace, O Redeemer within,
Re-establish his justice, and purge away sin;
That freed from its evils, in me may be shewn
The effect of thy all-saving merits alone.

May death, and its consequence, still in my eyes,
So remind me to live, that it may not surprise:
May the horrible torments excite a due dread,
Which impenitent sinners bring on their own head:

May I never seek peace, never find a delight,
But when I pursue what is good in thy sight:
Whatsoever I do, suffer, feel to befall,
Be Thou the sole cause, the one reason of all!

A PRAYER,

FROM

MR. LAW'S SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

OH Heav'nly Father! Gracious God above!
Thou boundless depth of never-ceasing love!
Save me from *self*, and cause me to depart
From sinful works of a long-harden'd heart;
From all my great corruptions set me free;
Give me an ear to hear, an eye to see,
A heart and spirit to believe, and find
Thy love in *Christ*, the Saviour of mankind.

Made for thyself, O God, and to display
Thy goodness in me, manifest, I pray,
By grace adapted to each wanting hour,
Thy holy nature's life-conferring pow'r:
Give me the faith, the hunger, and the thirst,
After the life breath'd forth from thee, at first;
Birth of thy Holy JESUS in my soul;
That I may turn, thro' life's succeeding whole,
From ev'ry outward work, or inward thought,
Which is not Thee, or in thy Spirit wrought.

ON ATTENTION.

SACRED attention! true effectual pray'r!
Thou dost the soul for love of truth prepare.
Blest is the man, who, from conjecture free,
To future knowledge shall aspire by thee;

Who in thy precepts seeks a sure repose,
Stays till he sees, nor judges till he knows;
Tho' firm, not rash; tho' eager, yet sedate;
Intent on truth, can its instruction wait;
Aw'd by thy powerful influence to appeal
To Heaven, which only can itself reveal;
The soul in humble silence to resign,
And human will unite to the divine;
Till fir'd at length by Heaven's enlivening beams,
Pure, unconsum'd, the faithful victim flames.

A PRAYER,

USED BY

Francis the First, when he was at War with the Emperor Charles the Fifth.

ALMIGHTY Lord of Hosts, by whose commands
The guardian angels rule their destin'd lands;
And watchful, at thy word, to save or slay,
Of peace or war administer the sway!
Thou, who against the great Goliah's rage;
Didst arm the stripling David to engage;
When, with a sling, a small unarmed youth
Smote a huge giant, in defence of truth;
Hear us, we pray thee, if our cause be true,
If sacred justice be our only view;
If right and duty, not the will to war,
Have forc'd our armies to proceed thus far,
Then turn the hearts of all our foes to peace,
That war and bloodshed in the land may cease:
Or, put to flight by providential dread,
Let them lament their errors, not their dead.
If some must die, protect the righteous all,
And let the guilty, few as may be, fall.
With pitying speed the victory decree
To them, whose cause is best approv'd by thee;
That sheath'd on all sides the devouring sword,
And peace and justice to our land restor'd,
We all together, with one heart, may sing
Triumphant hymns to thee, th' Eternal King.

A COMMENT

ON THE

Following Passage, in the general Confession of Sins,

USED IN THE CHURCH LITURGY;

According to thy Promises declared unto Mankind in Christ Jesu our Lord.

ACCORDING to thy promises—Hereby,
Since it is certain that God cannot lie,
The truly penitent may all be sure
That grace admits them to its open door;
And they, forsaking all their former sin,
However great, will freely be let in.

Declar'd—By all the ministers of peace,
God has assur'd repentance of release;
And intervening penitence, we see,
Could even change his positive decree;
As in the *Ninevites;* if any soul
Repent, the promise is the sure parole.

Unto mankind—not only to the Jews,
Christians, or Turks, in writings which they use;
Writ on the tablet of each conscious heart,
"Repent,—from all iniquity depart;"
Not for no purpose; for, the plain intent
Is restoration, if a soul repent.

In Christ—by whom true scripture has assur'd
Redeeming grace for penitents procur'd;
The fainter hopes, which reason may suggest,
Are deeply, by the gospel's aid, impress'd:
'Twas alway hop'd for—was the promis'd good,—
But, by his coming, clearly understood.

Jesu—Jehovah's manifested love,
In Christ, th' anointed Saviour from above;
The demonstration of the saving plan,
For all mankind, is God's becoming man:
No truth more firmly ascertain'd than this—
"Repent, be faithful, and restor'd to bliss."

Our Lord—our new, and true parental Head;
Our *second Adam*, in the *first* when dead;
Who took our nature on Him, that in men
His Father's image might shine forth again:
Sure of success may penitents implore
What God, thro' Him, rejoices to restore.

FOR

The Due Improvement

OF

A FUNERAL SOLEMNITY.

AROUND the grave of a departed friend,
If due concern has prompted to attend,
Deep on our minds let the affecting scenes
Imprint the lesson, which attendance means:
For who can tell how soon his own *Adieu*
The solemn service may, for him, renew?

He that believes on me (what Christ had said
The priest proclaims) *shall live tho' he were dead:*
To ev'ry heart this is the gracious call,
On which depends its everlasting all;
The ever hoping, loving, working faith,
That saves a soul from death's devouring wrath.

The patient Job, by such a faith within,
Strength'ning his heart, could say—*this mortal skin*
Destroy'd, I know that my Redeemer lives,—
In flesh and blood, which his redemption gives,
Job, from the dust, expected to arise,
And stand before his God with seeing eyes.

The royal Psalmist saw this life of man,
How vain, how short, at its most lengthen'd span;
Conscious in whom the human trust should be,
Truly my hope, he said, *is ev'n in Thee*—
And pray'd for its recover'd strength,—*before*
He went from hence, here to be seen no more.

Hence comes the sure and certain hope, to rise
In Christ; tho' man, as born of woman, dies:
True life, which Adam died to, at his fall,
And Christ, the sinless Adam, can recall,
By a new, heav'nly birth from Him revives,
And breathes again God's holy breath of lives.

A voice from Heav'n bade hearing John record,
Blest are the dead, the dying in the Lord—
In them, the pray'r, which man's Redeemer will'd
" That men should pray," is perfectly fulfill'd:
This perfect sense the words that we repeat,
Require, to make the pray'd-for good complete.

Thanks then are due for all the faithful dead,
Departed hence to be with Christ, their Head;
And pray'r, unfainting, for his—*come ye blest—*
Come, ye true children, enter into rest;
Live in my Father's kingdom, and in mine,
In grace, and love, and fellowship divine.

ON

CHURCH COMMUNION.

IN SEVEN PARTS;

FROM A LETTER OF MR. LAW'S.

This inward truth intended to be shewn,
So far as outward signs can make it known,
Is that which gives external modes a worth,
Just in proportion as they shew it forth;
Just as they help, in any outward part,
The real, true religion of the heart.

Now what this is, exclusive of all strife,
Christians will own to be an inward life,
Spirit, and pow'r,—a birth (to say the whole,)
Of Christ himself, brought forth within the soul;
By this all true salvation is begun,
And carried on, however it be done.

Christianity, that has not Christ within,
Can, by no means whatever, save from sin;
Can bear no evidence of Him, the End,
On which the value of all means depend:
Christian Religion signifies, no doubt,
Like mind within, like show of it without.

The will of God, the saving of mankind,
Was all that Christ had in his inward mind;
All that produc'd his outward action too,
In church communion while a perfect Jew;
Like most of his disciples, till they came,
At Antioch, to have a Christian name.

If Christ has put an end to rites of old,
If new recall what was but then foretold,
The one true church, the real heav'nly ground,
Wherein alone salvation can be found,
Is still the same; and, to its Saviour's praise,
His inward tempers outwardly displays;

By hearty love, and correspondent rites
Ordain'd, the members to the head unites,
And to each other: In all stated scenes,
The life of Christ is what a christian means;
Tho' change of circumstance may alter those,
In this he places and enjoys repose.

Church unity is held, and faith's increase,
By that *of spirit in the bond of peace,*

And righteousness of life; without this tie
Forms are in vain prescrib'd to worship by,
Or temples modell'd; hearts as well as hands,
A holy church and catholic demands.

PART SECOND.

IF once establish'd the essential part,
The inward church, the temple of the heart,
Or house of God, the substance and the sum
Of what is pray'd for in—*Thy kingdom come*—
To make an outwatd correspondence true,
We must recur to Christ's example too.

Now, in his outward form of life, we find
Goodness demonstrated of ev'ry kind;
What he was born for, that he shew'd throughout;
It was the bus'ness that he went about;
Love, kindness, and compassion to display
Tow'rds ev'ry object coming in his way.

But love so high, humility so low,
And all the virtues which his actions shew;
His doing good, and his enduring ill,
For man's salvation and God's holy will,
Exceed all terms:—His inward, outward plan
Was love to God, expres'd by love to man.

Mark of the church, which he establish'd, then,
Is the same love, same proof of it to men;
Without, let sects parade it how they list,
Nor church, nor unity can e'er subsist;
The name may be usurp'd, but want of pow'r
Will shew the Babel, high or low the tow'r.

And where the same behaviour shall appear
In outward form, that was in Christ so clear,
There is the very outward church, that He
Will'd all mankind to shew, and all to see;
Of which, whoever shews it from the heart,
Is both an inward and an outward part.

What excommunication can deprive
A pious soul, that is in Christ alive,
Of church communion? Or cut off a limb
That life, and action both unite to Him,
For any circumstance of place, or time,
Or mode, or custom, which infers no crime?

If He be that which his beloved John
Calls him,—*The Light enlight'ning ev'ry one*
That comes into the world—will he exclude
One from his church, whose mind he has renew'd
To such degree, as to exert, in fact,
Like inward temper, and like outward act?

Invisible, and visible effect,
Of true church membership, in each respect,
Let the One Shepherd from above behold;
The flocks, howe'er dispers'd, are his one fold;
Seen by their hearts, and their behaviour too,
They all stand present in his gracious view:

PART THIRD.

A LOCAL union, on the other hand,
Tho' crowded numbers should together stand,
Joining in one same form of pray'r and praise,
Or creed express'd in regulated phrase,
Or aught beside—tho' it assume the name
Of christian church,—may want the real claim.

For if it want the spirit, and the sign,
That constitute all worship as divine,
The love within, the test of it without,
In vain the union passes for devout;
Heartless and tokenless if it remain,
It ought to pass, in strictness, for profane.

At first, an unity of heart and soul,
A distribution of an outward dole,
And ev'ry member of the body fed,
As equally belonging to the head,
With what it wanted, was, without suspence,
True church communion, in full christian sense.

Whether averse the many or the few
To hold communion in this righteous view,
Their thought commences heresy, their deed
Schismatical, tho' they profess the creed;
Ways of distributing, if new, should still
Maintain the old communicative will;

Broken by ev'ry loveless, thankless thought,
By not behaving as a christian ought;
By want of meekness, or a show of pride
Tow'rds any soul for whom our Saviour died;
While this continues, men may pray and preach
In all their forms, but none will heal the breach.

Whatever helps an outward form may bring
To church communion, it is not the thing;
Nor a society, as such, nor place,
Nor any thing besides uniting grace:
They are but accessories, at the most,
To true communion of the Holy Ghost.

This is th' essential fellowship, the tie
Which all true christians are united by;
No other union does them any good,
But that which Christ cemented with his blood,
As God and man; that, having lost it, men
Might live in unity with God again.

What He came down to bring us from above
Was grace and peace, and law-fulfilling love;
True spirit-worship, which his Father sought,
Was the sole end of what He did and taught;
That God's own church and kingdom might begin,
Which Moses and the Prophets usher'd in.

PART FOURTH.

"THE church of Christ, as thus you represent,
"And all the world is of the same extent:
"Jews, Turks, or Pagans may be members too;
"This, some may call a dreadful mystic clue,
"A combination of the Quaker schemes
"With latitudinarian extremes."

They may; but names, so ready at the call
Of such as want them, have no force at all
To overthrow momentous truths, and plain,
The very points of scripture, and the main;
Such as distinguish, in the clearest view,
Th' enlighten'd *Christian* from the half-blind *Jew.*

What did the sheet let down to Peter mean,
Who call'd the *Gentiles* "common or unclean?"
Let Peter answer—*God was pleas'd to shew*
That I should call no man whatever so;
In ev'ry nation he that serves him right
Is clean, accepted, in his equal sight.

If Peter said so, who will question Paul?
He, in a manner, made this point his all;
The real sense of what has here been said
In mystic Paul is plainly to be read;
Nothing but obstinate dislike to terms
Obscures what all the testament affirms.

The Jews objected, to this gospel clue,
A—*What advantage therefore hath the Jew?*
Or, of what use is to be circumcis'd?
So may some Christians say—"to be baptis'd"—
May form like questions, like conclusions draw,
And urge the church, as they did, and the law.

Th' Apostle's reas'ning from the common want
Of God's free grace; its universal grant
By Jesus Christ; its reach to all mankind,
For whom the same salvation was design'd,
Shews that his church, as boundless as his grace,
Extends itself to all the human race.

With pious Jews of old, *our King* implied
The One True King of all the earth beside;
Whose regal right, tho' he was pleas'd to call
Jacob his lot, extended over all;
Tho' Israel gloried in acknowledg'd light,
Its virtue was not bounded by their sight.

So will a *Christian* piety confess
A church of Christ, with boundaries no less;

Will speak, as ev'ry conscious witness ought,
To what it knows, but scorn the partial thought
Of grace, or truth, or righteousness confin'd
To modes and customs of external kind.

PART FIFTH.

THE church consider'd only as possess'd
Of England, Rome, Geneva—and the rest—
Notion of church so popularly rife,
Such cause of endless enmity and strife,
Did but arise in a succeeding hour,
When Christians came to have a worldly pow'r.

The first apostles spread, from place to place,
The gospel news of universal grace;
Inviting all to enter, by belief,
Into the church of their Redeeming Chief;
Entrance accessible in ev'ry part,
And shut to nothing but a faithless heart.

But when the princes of the world became,
And kings, protectors of the Christian name,
Pow'r made ambitious pastors, ease remiss,
And churches dwindled into *that* and *this;*
The one, divided, came to want, of course,
Supports quite foreign to its native force.

Contentions rose, all tending to create
Still new alliances of church and state;
Form'd and reform'd, and turn'd and overturn'd,
As force prevail'd, and human passion burn'd;
Old revolutions when by new dissolv'd,
Both church and state accordingly revolv'd.

Such is the mixture of a human sway.
In all external churches at this day;
To the same changes liable, anew,
That forms of government are subject to;
While the one church in its true sense, in name
And thing remains unchangeably the same.

The private christian, bearing Christ in mind,
Whose kingdom was not of a worldly kind,
Has little, or has no concern at all,
With these external changes that befall;
Let Providence permit them or prevent,
With truth and Spirit he remains content.

Not that he thinks that evil, more or less,
Is in its nature alter'd by success;
The good is good, tho' suff'ring a defeat,
The bad but worse, if its success be great;
He measures neither by th' event that's past,
For what they were at first they are at last.

But, by the spirit of the Gospel, free,
Whatever state of government it be,
That God has plac'd him under, to submit,
So in the church he thinks the freedom fit,
Whilst, on occasion of the outward part,
He can present what God requires—a heart.

PART SIXTH.

THE heart is what the God of it demands,
Who dwelleth not in temples made with hands;
When hands have made them, if no hearts are found
Dispos'd aright to consecrate the ground,
Vainly is worship said to be divine,
While in the breast its object has no shrine.

But if it has, in that devoted breast
A right intention, surely, will be blest;
Tho' forms, prescrib'd by pastors in the chair,
Should be adjusted with less perfect care;
Tho', in some points, the services assign'd
Differ from those of apostolic kind.

What outward church, or form, shall we select,
That is not chargeable with some defect?
Each is prepar'd, in all the rest, to grant
A superfluity, or else a want,
Or both; a distance from perfection wide,
Retorted on itself by all beside.

What safer remedy than pure intent
To seek the good by any of them meant?
Which He, who mindeth only what the heart
Brings of its own, is ready to impart;
No human pow'r, should it enjoin amiss
A ceremonious rite, can hinder this.

Even in sacrament, what frequent storms
Has superstition rais'd about the forms?
In rites baptismal, which the true result—
Immersion, sprinkling, infants, or th' adult?—
In the Lord's Supper, does the celebration
Make *trans* or *con* or *non*-substantiation?

These and a world of controversies more
Serve to enlarge the bibliothecal store;
While champions make antiquity their boast,
And all pretend to imitate it most;
Prone to neglect, for critigising pique,
Essential truths eternally antique.

Thus inward worship lies in low estate,
Oppress with endless volumes of debate
About the outward; soon as old ones die,
All undecided, comes a new supply
Of needless doubts to a religious soul,
Whose upright meaning dissipates the whole.

Clear of all worldly, interested views,
The one design of worship it pursues;
Turns all to use that public form allows,
By off'ring up its ever private vows
For the success of all the good design'd
By Christ, the common Saviour of mankind.

PART SEVENTH.

A CHRISTIAN, in so catholic a sense,
Can give to none, but partial minds, offence:
Forc'd to live under some divided part,
He keeps intire the union of the heart;
The sacred tie of love; by which alone,
Christ said, that his disciples would be known.

He values no distinction, as profess'd
By way of separation from the rest;
Oblig'd in duty, and inclin'd by choice,
In all the good of any to rejoice;
From ev'ry evil, falsehood, or mistake,
To wish them free, for common comfort's sake.

Freedom, to which the most undoubted way
Lies in obedience (where it always lay)
To Christ himself; who, with an inward call,
Knocks at the door, that is, the heart of all;
At the reception of this heav'nly guest,
All good comes in, all evil quits the breast.

The free receiver then becomes content
With what God orders, or does not prevent:
To them that love Him, all things, he is sure,
Must work for good; tho' *how* may be obscure:
Even successful wickedness, when past,
Will bring to them some latent good at last.

Fall'n as divided churches are, and gone
From the perfection of the christian one,
Respect is due to any, that contains
The venerable, tho' but faint remains
Of ancient rule, which had not, in its view,
The letter only, but the Spirit too.

When the variety of new-found ways
Which people so run after in our days,
Has done its utmost; when *Lo here*, *Lo there*,
Shall yield to inward seeking, and sincere;
What was at first, may come to be again
The praise of church assemblies amongst men.

Meanwhile, in that to which we now belong,
To mind—in public lesson, pray'r, and song,
Teaching, and preaching,—what conduces best
To true devotion in the private breast,
Willing increase of good to ev'ry soul,
Seems to be our concern, upon the whole.

So God, and Christ, and holy angels stand
Dispos'd to ev'ry church, in ev'ry land;

The growth of good still helping to complete,
Whatever tares be sown amongst the wheat:
Who would not wish to have and to excite
A disposition so divinely right?

A

DYING SPEECH.

FROM MR. LAW.

It is not the least part of the glory of the Church of England that people, different from each other in their sentiments about minor points of doctrine, can remain her sincere members and can heartily unite in the services which she prescribes: this they can do without the least breach of Christian fellowship, or any compromise of individual opinion. One who has embraced the tenets of John Calvin, and another inclined to the opinions of James Arminius; a lover of revealed truth and of scriptural religion, and an admirer of Mysticism who dives into the depths of what was never written; are alike loud in their praises of her devotional offices and of her catholic spirit, and believe that her liturgy and prayers are in favour of their peculiar opinions. This is an excellence in the Book of Common Prayer, which gives it a greater resemblance to the scriptures of truth than any other human composition ever bore.

But while these orthodox members agree to differ without becoming Schismatics,—Arians, Socinians, and all who disbelieve the Godhead of Christ or the virtue of his atonement are wisely precluded from holding communion with them. See "Church Communion," in this volume, especially page 155, &c.

IN this unhappily divided state,
That christian churches have been in of late,
One must, however catholic the heart,
Join and conform to some divided part:
The Church of England is the part that I
Have always liv'd in and now choose to die;
Trusting, that if I worship God with her
In spirit and in truth, I shall not err;
But as acceptable to Him be found,
As if, in times for one pure church renown'd,
Born, I had also liv'd in heart and soul
A faithful member of th' unbroken whole.

As I am now, by God's good will, to go
From this disorder'd state of things below;
Into his hands, as I am now to fall,
Who is the great Creator of us all;
God of all churches, that implore his aid,
Lover of all the souls that he hath made;
Whose Kingdom, that of universal love,
Must have its blest inhabitants above,

From ev'ry class of men, from all the good,
Howe'er descended from one human blood;
So, in this loving spirit, I desire,
As in the midst of all their sacred Choir,
With rites prescrib'd, and with a christian view,
Of all the world to take my last *Adieu;*
Willing in heart and spirit to unite
With ev'ry church, in what is just and right,
Holy and good, and worthy, in its kind,
Of God's acceptance from an honest mind:
Praying, that ev'ry church may have its saints,
And rise to that perfection which it wants.
Father! Thy kingdom come! Thy sacred will
May all the tribes of human race fulfil!
Thy name be prais'd by ev'ry living breath,
AUTHOR of LIFE, and VANQUISHER of DEATH!

A COMMENT

ON

THE FOLLOWING SCRIPTURE:

In the beginning was the Word. John, i. 1.

IN the beginning was the word—saith JOHN—
"The life, the light, the truth,"—for all are one;
One All-creating Pow'r, All-wise, All-good,
In which, at first, the whole creation stood;
Moving, and acting in the pow'r alone;
How bright, how perfect, and no evil known!
How blest was nature's universal plan,
And, the fair image of his Maker, MAN!

The word, the pow'r, is Christ, th' Eternal Son
Of God, by whom the Father's will is done;
Each is the other's glory; and the love
From both the bliss of all the blest above:
Angels in heav'n stand ready to obey,
And as the Word directs them, so do they;

So must we men, born here upon this earth,
If ever we regain the heav'nly birth;

Lost by poor Adam, in the fatal hour
Of lusting after knowledge without pow'r;
When, yielding to temptation, tho' forbid
To eat what was not good for him, he did:
The pow'r of life consenting to forego,
For what was told him would be death to know,
He died to his celestial state, and then
Could but convey an earthly one to men.

From which to rise, and in true life to live,
What but the Word, wherein was life, could give;
Ingrafted, as a holy Seed within,
And born to save the human soul from sin?
The Word made man by virgin birth, and free
From sin's dominion,—JESUS CHRIST is he;
Whom, of pure love, the Father sent to save,
And finish man's redemption from the grave.

This *second* Adam, Healer of the breach
Made by the *first*, nor sin nor death could reach:—
He conquer'd both; and, in the glorious strife,
Became the Parent of an endless life
To all who ever did or shall aspire
To life and spirit from this heav'nly Sire;
And cultivate the seed which he hath sown
In ev'ry heart, till the *new* man be grown.

The *old*, we know, must die away to dust,
And a new image rise amongst the just;
When, at the end of temporary scene,
Christ shall appear, eternally to reign
In all his glory, human and divine,
When all the born of God in Him shall shine,
Rais'd to the life that was at first possess'd,
And bow the knee to JESUS, and be blest.

Since then the cause of our eternal life
Is CHRIST IN US, what need of any strife
In his religion? Of—"Lo here! Lo there!"
When to all hearts He is himself so near?

With pow'r to save us from the cause of ill,
A worldly, selfish, unbelieving will;
To bless whatever tends to make the mind
Meek, loving, humble, patient, and resign'd;

The mind to Christ so far as God shall draw
By nature, scripture, reason, learning, law,
Or aught beside—so far their use is right,
Proclaiming Him, and not themselves, the Light.
From first to last his Gospel is the same;
And of all worship, that deserves a name,—
The word of life by faith to apprehend
That was in the beginning—is the end.

A

MEMORIAL ABSTRACT

OF A

SERMON PREACHED BY THE REV. MR. H—,

On Proverbs, xx. 27.

THE human spirit, when it burns and shines,
"Lamp of JEHOVAH" Solomon defines—
Now, as a vessel, to contain the whole,
This *Lamp* denotes the body, *Oil* the soul;
(As *H*—— observes) which, tho' itself be dark,
Is capable of light's enkindling spark;
But, as consider'd in it's own dark root,
Still wants the unction, and the light's recruit.

Brighter than all, that now is look'd upon,
This lamp of God, at its creation shone;
The body, purer than the finest gold,
Had no defect in its material mold;
The soul's enkindled oil was heav'nly bright,
Till evil mixture darken'd its good light;
And hid the supernatural supply,
That fed the glorious lamp of the Most High.

That fatal poison quench'd, in human frame,
The spirit flowing from the vital flame:
Adam's free will consenting to such food,
Death, as its natural effect, ensu'd:
True life departing left him naked, blind,
And spiritless, in body, soul, and mind;
Dead to his *paradisic* life, a birth
From *sin* began his *mortal* life on earth.

His faith, his spiritual discernment gone,
He fell into a poring, reas'ning one;
Into a state of ignorance he fell,
Which brutal instincts very oft excel:
What his *self-seeking* will *would* know *was* known,
The light of this terrestrial orb alone;
Dark, in comparison, when this was done,
As moon, or star-light to meridian sun.

What help, when lesser light should vanish too,
And death discover a still *darker* view,
Had not the CHRIST of God, sole help for sin,
Rais'd up *salvation* as a *Seed within?*
That sprouting forth by *penitence* and *faith*,
Could pierce thro' death, and dissipate its wrath;
Till God's true image should again revive,
And rise, *thro' Him*, to its first life alive.

This Parent Saviour, God's anointed Son,
Begets the life that Adam should have done;
Reforms the lamp; renews the holy fire,
And sends to Heav'n its flaming *love-desire:*
'Tis He, *the life that was the light of men*,
Who fits them to be lamps of God again;
Restores the vessel, oil, and light, and all
The spirit-life that vanish'd at the *fall.*

Reason has nothing to proceed upon,
Without an *unction* from this *Holy One;*
Without a Spirit, to dispel the damp
Of nature's darkness, and light up the lamp:
Nothing whatever, but the *touch* divine,
Can make its highest faculties to shine;
All just as helpless in their selfish use,
As lamps their own enkindling to produce.

All true religion teaches then to trim
The lamp, that must receive its light from Him;
From Him, the Quick'ning Spirit to obtain
The life that must for ever blest remain:
The life of Christ arising in the soul,
This, this alone makes human nature whole;
Makes ev'ry gift of grace to reunite,
And shine *for ever* in JEHOVAH'S sight.

ON

The Union and Three-fold Distinction

OF

GOD, NATURE, and CREATURE.

PART FIRST.

ALL that comes under our imagination
Is either *God*, or *nature*, or *creation:*
God is the free eternal Light or Love,
Before, *beyond* all nature, and *above:*
The one unchangeable, unceasing will
To ev'ry good, and to no sort of ill.

Nature, *without* him, is th' *abyssal* dark,
Void of the light's beatifying spark;
Th' attraction of desire, by want repell'd,
Whence circling rage proceeds, and wrath unquell'd:
But, by the light's all-joyous pow'r, th' abyss
Becomes the groundwork of a *threefold* bliss.

Creation is the gift of light and life
To nature's contrariety and strife;
For without nature, or desirous want,
There would be nothing to receive the grant;
Nor could a creature, or created scene
Exist, did no such *medium* intervene.

Creature and God would be the same; the thought,
Which books inform us that Spinoza taught,

Would then be true; and we be forc'd to call
Things good or bad, "the *Parts* of the great *All;*"
In whatsoever state itself may be
Nature is *his*, but nature is not *He*.

Like as the dark, behind the shining glass,
By hind'ring rays that of themselves would pass,
Affords that glimpse of objects to the view,
Which the transparent mirror could not do;
So does the life of nature, in its place,
Reflect the glories of the life of grace.

Of ev'ry creature's happiness, the growth
Depends upon the union of them both;
And all, that God proceeded to create,
Came forth, at first, in this united state;
No evil wrath or darkness could begin
To shew itself, but by a *creature's* sin.

And were not *nature* separate, alone,
Such a dark *wrath*, it could not have been shewn:
Its hidden properties are ground as good
For life's support, as bones to flesh and blood:
The false, unnatural, ungodly will,
That lays them open, is sole cause of ill.

When it is caus'd, *renouncing*, to be sure,
All such-like wills, contributes to the cure;
That nature's *wrathful* forms may not appear,
Nor what is made subservient domineer;
But God's *good* will all evil ones subdue,
And bless all *nature*, and all *creature* too.

PART SECOND.

THIS universal blessing to inspire
Was God's eternal purpose or desire;
Desire, which never could be unfulfill'd;
Love put it forth, and Heav'n was what it will'd;
And the desire had in itself the means,
From whence the love could raise the heav'nly scenes.

Hence an *eternal nature*, to proclaim
By outward, visible, majestic frame,

The *hidden Deity*, the pow'r Divine,
By which th' innumerable beauties shine;
That by succession, without end, recal
A GOD of LOVE, a present ALL in ALL.

From Love, thus manifested in the *birth*
Of *nature* and the pow'rs of Heav'n and earth,
The various *births* of *creatures*, at the voice
Of *God*, came forth to see, and to rejoice;
To live within his kingdom, and partake
Of ev'ry bliss, adapted to their make.

For as, *before* a creature came to see,
No other *life* but that of God could be;
No other place but Heav'n, no other state;
So, when it pleas'd th' Almighty to create,
From *Him* must come the creature's life *within*;
Its *outward* state from *nature* must begin.

Oh! what angelic orders! what divine,
And heav'nly creatures answer'd the design
Of God's communicative goodness, shewn
By giving rise to *offsprings* of his own!
With *godlike* spirits how was nature fill'd,
And *beauteous* forms, as its Great Author will'd!

Thus in its full perfection then it stood,
Seeking, receiving, manifesting good,
By virtue of that *union* which it had
With Him, who made no creature to be bad;
But highly blest; and with a potent will
So to continue, and to know no ill.

Nature's *united* properties had none—
Whence then the change that it has undergone,
But from the creatures striving to aspire
Above the *light*, which their own *dark* desire
Quench'd in themselves, and rais'd up all the storms
Of nature's wrathful, separated forms?

So Lucifer and his proud legions fell,
And turn'd their *heav'nly* mansion to a *hell*:
To that dark, formless *void*, wherein the light
Ent'ring again with nature to unite,

The *new* creation of a world began,
And, God's *own image* lord of it, a man.

ON THE

ORIGIN OF EVIL.

EVIL, if rightly understood,
Is but the skeleton of good,
Divested of its flesh and blood.

While it remains, without divorce,
Within its hidden, secret source,
It is the good's own strength and force.

As bone has the supporting share,
In human form divinely fair,
Altho' an evil when laid bare;

As light and air are fed by fire,
A shining good, while all conspire,
But (separate) dark, raging ire;

As hope and love arise from faith,
Which then admits no ill, nor hath;
But, if alone, it would be wrath;

Or any instance thought upon,
In which the evil can be none,
Till unity of good is gone;

So, by abuse of thought and skill,
The greatest good, to wit, *free-will*,
Becomes the *origin* of ill.

Thus when rebellious angels fell,
The very heav'n, where good ones dwell,
Became th' apostate spirits' hell.

Seeking, against eternal right,
A force without a love and light,
They found, and felt its evil might.

Thus Adam biting at their bait,
Of good and evil when he ate,
Died to his first thrice happy state;

Fell to the evils of this ball,
Which, in harmonious union all,
Were *Paradise* before his fall.

And when the life of Christ in men
Revives its *faded* image, then
Will all be *Paradise* again.

A

FRIENDLY EXPOSTULATION

WITH A CLERGYMAN,

CONCERNING

A Passage in his Sermon, relating to the Redemption of Mankind.

'TWAS a good sermon; but a close review
Would bear one passage to be alter'd too;
Because it did not, in the least, agree
With the plain text (as it appear'd to me)
Nor with your comment, on what God had done
To save mankind, by his Redeeming Son.

You did, if I remember right, admit
That *Other means, if He had so thought fit,*
Might have obtain'd the salutary views,
As well as those which he was pleas'd to choose;
That it was too presumptuous to confine,
To those alone, th' Omnipotence Divine;
As if a Wisdom Infinite could find
No other method how to save mankind:
Tho' that, indeed, which had been fix'd upon,
Was, in effect, become the only one.

Now this, however well design'd, to raise
An awful sense, by its respectful phrase,

An adoration of the boundless pow'rs
Of the ALMIGHTY, when compar'd with ours;
To sink in humble rev'rence, and profound,
All human thoughts of fixing any bound
To an Unerring Wisdom, which extends
Beyond what finite reason comprehends;
Yet, if examin'd by severer test,
It is, at least, incautiously express'd;
And leaves the subtlest of the gospel's foes,
The *Deists*, this objection to propose,
To which they have, and will have a recourse,
And still keep urging its unanswer'd force:

"If there was no necessity," they say,
"For saving men in this mysterious way,
"What proof can the divines pretend to bring,
"(While they confess the nature of the thing
"Does not forbid,) that the celestial scenes
"Will not be open'd by some other means?
"What else but book authority, at best,
"Asserts this way, exclusive of the rest,
"Of equal force, if the Almighty's will
"Had but appointed them to save from ill?
"This way, in which the Son of the Most High
"Is, by his Father's pleasure, doom'd to die,
"For satisfaction of paternal ire;
"Which (when they make religion to require)
"Confounds all sense of justice, by a scheme
"The most unworthy of the Great Supreme:
"As other ways might have obtain'd the end,
"Nature, and reason force us to attend
"To huge absurdities which follow this,
"And, since it was not needful, to dismiss."

This is the *Bourdon** of deistic song,
Which rising volumes labour to prolong;
Take this away, the rest would all remain
As flat and trifling, as it is profane;
But this remaining, hither they retreat,
And lie secure from any full defeat.

* *Bourdon*, *Burdon*, or *Burden*, in Music, is the bass and the string plays it. Hence *the burden of a song* is *the verse or chorus repeated in a*

But when the *need most absolute* is shewn
Of man's redemption, by the means alone,
The *birth*, and *life*, and *death*, and *re-ascent*,
Thro' which the one *Theandric* Saviour went,
To quench the wrath of nature in the race
Of men, (not God, in whom it has no place,)
Then scripture, sense, and reason coincide,
And all conspire to follow the One Guide;
Of *possibilities* to wave the talk,
In which it is impossible to walk;
And raise the soul to seek and find the good,
By this one method, which no other could.

Then true religion, call it by the name
Christian or *natural*, is still the same;
From CHRIST deriv'd, as Healer of the soul,
Or *nature*, made by his *re-entrance* whole;
Who is, in ev'ry man, th' enlight'ning ray,
The faith and hope of *love's* redeeming day;
The *only* name or pow'r that can assure
Nature's religion, that is, *nature's cure*.
But if salvation might have been bestow'd
By *other* means, than what the sacred code
Declares throughout, the Deists will soon say,
"The means, that *might* be possible, still *may*:"
And, led to think that scripture is at odds
With nature, take some *other* to be God's:
Thus may a *no necessity*, allow'd,
Tend to increase the unbelieving crowd.

As Adam died, and in him all his race,
Not to the life of nature, but of grace,
There could be no new birth of it, or growth,
But from a parent union of them both;
Such as, in ev'ry possible respect,
JESUS incarnate only could effect;
From *Him* alone, who *had* the life, could men
Have it *restor'd*, *renew'd*, *reviv'd* again:
But—I am trespassing too much, I fear,
And preaching, when my province is to hear—

Millions of ways could we suppose beside,
This, we are sure, which saving love has tried,

Must be the best, must be the straightest line
Of action, when consider'd as divine;
This way *alone* then must as sure be gone,
As that a line, if straight, can be but one.

ON

THE REDEMPTION OF MANKIND.

Written upon another Occasion.

" MANKIND's redemption," you are pleas'd to say,
" By JESUS CHRIST, was not the *only* way
" That could succeed; indefinitely *more*
" Th' *Almighty's* wisdom had within its store;
" By any chosen one of which, no doubt,
" The same redemption had been brought about.

" For who shall dare," you argue, "in this case,
" To limit the Omnipotence of grace?
" As if a finite understanding knew
" What the *Almighty* could, or could not do:
" Tho' since He chose this method, we must own,
" That our dependence is on this alone."

Now, Sir, acknowledging his pow'r immense,
Beyond the reach of all created sense;
Does it not seem to follow, thereupon,
That *his* true way must be directly *One?*
To save the world he gave his *only Son*,
Therefore—by *Him alone* it could be done.

Variety of ways is the effect
Of finite view, that sees not *the direct;*
But the *Almighty*, having all in view,
Must be suppos'd to see, and take it too;
To see at once, tho' *we* are in the dark,
The one straight line to the intended mark.

Saint Paul's assertion of—*no other name*
Given under Heav'n—appears to be the same
With this—" no other name, or pow'r, could save
But that of JESUS, which JEHOVAH gave:"

More *sons*, more *saviours*, as consistent seem
As more effective *methods* to redeem.

I am the way—said CHRIST; there could not be,
By just conclusion, any, then, but *He:*
I am the truth—whence it appears anew,
That no way else could possibly be *true:*
I am the life—to which, as *Adam* died,
Nothing could bring mankind again, beside.

AN

EXPOSTULATION WITH A SECTARIST,

Who inveighed in bitter Terms against the Clergy and Church Institutions.

NO, sir; I cannot see to what good end
Such bitter words against the clergy tend;
Pour'd from a zeal so sharp, so unallay'd,
That suffers no exception to be made;
While the most mild persuasions, to repress
The bitter zeal, still heighten its excess.

Its own relentless thought while it pursues,
What unrestrain'd expressions it can use!
Places of worship, which the people call
Churches, are "synagogues of *Satan*" all;
At all *liturgic* pray'r and praise it storms,
As *man's inventions*, *Spirit-quenching forms;*
And, from *baptismal* down to *burial* rite,
Sets ev'ry service in an odious light:
All previous order, with regard to time,
Place, or behaviour, passes for a crime.

Of *Pharisaic* pride it culls the marks,
To represent the *Bishop* and his *Clerks;*
Who are, if offer'd any gentler plea,
The *Devil's Ministers*, both they and he;

Blind guides, *false prophets*, and a lengthen'd train
Of all hard words that chosen texts contain:
These are the *forms* which, when it would object
To those in use, it pleases to select;
Repeated by its devotees, at once,
As like to rote as any church response:
Nor is a treatment of this eager kind
To this or that society confin'd,
Sect, or profession—No, no matter which,
Leaders or led, all fall into the ditch;
None but its own severe adepts can claim
Of truth and Spirit-worshippers the name.
In vain it seeks, by any sacred page,
To justify this unexampled rage:
Prophets of old, who spake against th' abuse
Of outward forms were none of them so loose
As to condemn, abolish, or forbid
The things prescrib'd, but what the people did;
Who minded nothing but the mere outside,
Neglecting wholly what it signified;
At this neglect the prophets all exclaim'd;
No pious rites has any of them blam'd;
Their true intent was only to reduce
All outward practice to its inward use.

The world's Redeemer, coming to fulfil
All past predictions of prophetic quill,
Who more amidst the *Jewish* priestly pride,
Than he, with all *Mosaic* rites complied?
Say that the *Christian* priests are now as bad
As those blind leaders which the Jews then had,—
Was Zachariah's, Simeon's, Anna's mind,
Any good priest, or man, or woman blind,
To offer incense, or to bear a part
In temple service, with an upright heart?

Can then the faults of *Clergymen*, or *Lay*,
Destroy heart-worship at this present day?
Will pray'r, in vain by *Pharisees* preferr'd,
Not from repenting *Publicans* be heard?
Will the devout among the christian flock
Not be accepted, tho' the priest should mock?

If they do right in their appointed spheres,
His want of truth and spirit is not *theirs*.

Our Lord's apostles, with an inward view
To reconcile the Gentile and the Jew,
To faith in Him, made ev'ry outward care
The most subservient to that main affair:
The greatest friend to christian freedom, Paul,
Intent to save, was "ev'ry thing to all;"
To keep, whatever forms should rise or cease,
Union of spirit in the bond of peace;
Th' effects of hasty, rash, condemning zeal
He saw, and mourn'd, and labour'd to repeal.

Succeeding saints, when priest or magistrate
Became tyrannical in church or state,
Reprov'd their evil practices, but then
Rever'd the office, tho' they blam'd the men.
They gave no instance of untemper'd heat,
That roots up all before it, tares or wheat;
As if, by humanly invented care
Of cultivation, wheat itself was tare.
'Tis true all sects are grown corrupt enough,
But zeal, so indiscriminately rough,
May well give others reason to suspect
Some want of knowledge in a novel sect,
(If such there be) that seems to take a pride
In *satanizing* all the world beside;
Without the least authority, yet known,
Or species of example, but its own.

One mischief is, that its unguarded terms
Hurt many sober truths which it affirms;
Worship in Truth and Spirit suffers too,
By being plac'd in such a hostile view:
"Oh! but all self-will worshiping is wrong"—
True; but to whom does that defect belong?
Is the obedience to a rule or guide,
For order's sake, fair proof of such a pride?
If it be none at all for men to broach
Rude, harsh, and undistinguishing reproach,
With resolution to repeat it still,
Pray by what marks are we to know *self-will*?

Thoughts on Imputed Righteousness,

OCCASIONED

By reading the Rev. MR. HERVEY's DIALOGUES, between THERON and ASPASIO.

A Fragment.

IMPUTED Righteousness!—beloved friend,
To what advantage can this doctrine tend?
If, at the same time, a believer's breast
Be not by *real* righteousness possess'd;
And if it be, why volumes on it made,
With such a stress upon *imputed* laid?

Amongst the disputants of later days,
This, in its turn, became a fav'rite phrase,
When much divided in religious schemes,
Contending parties ran into extremes;
And now it claims the attention of the age,
In Hervey's elegant and lively page:
This his Aspasio labours to impress,
With ev'ry turn of language and address;
With all the flow of eloquence, that shines
Thro' all his (full enough) embellish'd lines.

Tho' now so much exerting to confirm
Its vast importance, and revive the term,
He was himself, he lets his Theron know,
Of diff'rent sentiments not long ago;
And friends of yours, it has been thought, I find,
Have brought Aspasio to his present mind.
Now having read, but unconvinc'd I own,
What various reason for it he has shewn,
Or rather rhetoric—if it be true,
In any sense that has appear'd to you,
I rest secure of giving no offence,
By asking—"How you understand the sense?"

By urging, in a manner frank and free,
What reasons, as I read, occur to me,
Why *righteousness*, for man to rest upon,
Must be a *real*, not *imputed* one.

To shun much novel sentiment, and nice,
I take the thing from its apparent rise;
It should seem, then, as if *imputed sin*
Had made *imputed righteousness* begin;
The one suppos'd, the other, to be sure,
Would follow after—like disease and cure;
Let us examine, then, imputed guilt,
And see on what foundation it is built.

As our first parents lost a heav'nly state,
All their descendants share their hapless fate;
Forewarn'd of God, when tempted not to eat
Of the forbidden tree's pernicious meat;
Because incorporating mortal leaven
Would kill, of course, in them, the life of heav'n:
They disobey'd,—did Adam and his wife,—
And died of course to their true heav'nly life:
That life thus lost, the day they disobey'd,
Could not by them be possibly convey'd;
No other life could children have from them,
But what could rise from the parental stem:
That love of God, alone, which we adore,
The life, so lost, could possibly restore:
Their children could not, being born to earth,
Be born to Heav'n, but by a *heav'nly birth:*
God found a way, explain it how we will,
To save the human race from endless ill;
To save the very disobeying pair;
And made their whole posterity his care.

Has this great goodness any thing akin
To God's *imputing* our first parents' sin
To their unborn posterity?—What sense
In such a strange and scriptureless pretence?
For the men feel—so far we are agreed—
The consequences of a sinful deed;
Yet where ascrib'd, by any sacred pen,
But to the *doers*, is the *deed* to men?

Where to be found, in all the scripture thro',
This *imputation*, thus advanc'd anew?

Adam and Eve, by satan's wiles decoy'd,
Did what the kind commandment said—*avoid*—
To them with justice, therefore, you impute
The sin of eating the forbidden fruit;
And ev'ry imputation must, in fact,
If just, be built on some preceding act;
Without the previous deed suppos'd, the word
Becomes unjust, unnatural, absurd.

If, as you seem'd to think the other day,
All Adam's race, in some mysterious way,
Sinn'd when he sinn'd, consented to his fall;
With justice then impute it to them all:
But still it follows, that they all contract
An imputation founded upon fact;
And *righteousness of Christ*, in christian heirs,
Must be as deeply and as truly theirs,
A heav'nly life in order to replace,
As was the sin that made a guilty race:
So that imputing either good or ill
Must pre-suppose a correspondent will;
Or else imputers certainly must make,
Thro' ignorance or other cause, mistake.

Old Eli thus, not knowing what to think,
Imputed Hannah's silent pray'r to drink;
Little supposing that her silent pray'r
Would a successor unto him prepare.
There may be other meanings of the phrase,
To be accounted for in human ways;
But *God's* imputing to the future child
The sin, by which his parents were beguil'd,
Seems to establish an unrighteous blame,
That brings no honour to its Maker's name.

God's honour, glory, majesty, and grace,
I grant, is your intention in the case;
But wish revolv'd in your impartial thought,
How far the doctrine tends, when it is taught,
To such an honest purpose; and how far
Justice and truth may seem to be at war,

If God impute to guiltless children crimes,
Committed only in their parents' times.

Pious Aspasio, I imagine too,
Had God's *resistless sov'reignty* in view;
The charge of *Puritan*, or other name,
He scorn'd aright, and making truth his aim,
Found it, he thought, in eminent divines;
Of whose opinion these are the outlines;—
They think, at least they seem to represent,
That God, in honour, upon sin's event,
Could not forgive the sinners that had stray'd,
Without a proper *satisfaction* made
To his *offended* justice; and because,
Upon their breach of the Almighty's laws,
None else was adequate to what was done,
The *vengeance* fell on his *Beloved Son*;
Who gave himself to suffer in *our stead*,
And thus to life again restor'd the dead;
Because, consistently with justice, then
God could bestow his mercy upon men:
Man had contracted, in that fatal day,
Debt so immense, that man could never pay;
He who was *God* as well as *Man*,—he could;
And made the satisfaction thro' his blood;
Paid all the just demand—imputed thus
Our sin to him, *his righteousness* to us—
This sets the doctrine, if I take aright
Their words and meaning, in the plainest light.

Now since accounting for the truth amiss
May give distaste in such an age as this,
And be a stumbling-block to them who might
Receive an explanation that was right;
Not as a captious foe, but hearty friend,
May one intreat such teachers to attend,
And reconcile their system, if they can,
To God's proceeding with his creature man;
To that paternal, tender love and grace,
Which at man's fall immediately took place;
That inward, holy thing, imbreathed then,
Which would rekindle Heav'n in him again:

Does *wrath*, or *vengeance*, or a *want* appear
Of *satisfaction*, or of *payment* here,
In man's Creator? For mankind had He
A *purchas'd* grace, which contradicts a *free*?
Is it not plain, that an *unalter'd love*
Sent help to poor fall'n creatures from above,
Unbargain'd, unsolicited, unmov'd,
But by itself, as its exertion prov'd;
No foreign promise; no imputed ease;
But remedy as real as disease;
That would, according to true nature's ground,
Bring on the cure, and make the patient sound.
That *Christ*, that *God's becoming man* was it,
Your friends with highest gratitude admit;
Whose utmost talents are employ'd to shew
The obligations that to him we owe;
To press the object of our faith and trust,
CHRIST, ALL in ALL, the righteous and the just;
The *true*, *redeeming life*—essential this,
To ev'ry christian who aspires to bliss;
Why not subjoin—I cite the hero Paul,
And make appeal to christians—*in you all*?
Form'd in you, *dwelling in you*, and *within*,
Regenerating life, dethroning sin;
Working, in more and more resigned wills,
The gradual conquest of all selfish ills;
Till the true christian to true life revive,
Dead to the *world*, to *God*, thro' him, *alive*.

What num'rous texts from Paul, from ev'ry saint,
Might furnish out citations, did we want;
And could not see, that righteousness, or sin,
Arise not from *without*, but from *within*?
That *imputation*, where they are not found,
Can reach no farther than an empty sound;
No farther than imputed health can reach
The cure of sickness, tho' a man should preach
With all the eloquence of zeal, and tell
How health imputed makes a sick man well:
Indeed, if sickness be imputed too,
Imputed remedy, no doubt, may do;
Words may pour forth their entertaining store,
But things are just, as things were just before.

In so important a concern as that
Which good Aspasio's care is pointed at,
A small mistake, which at the bottom lies,
May sap the building that shall thence arise.
Who would not wish that architect, so skill'd,
On great mistake might not persist to build;
But strictly search and for sufficient while,
If the foundation could support the pile?

This *imputation*, which he builds upon,
Has been the source of more mistakes than one:
Hence rose,—to pass the intermediate train
Of growing errors, and observe the main,—
That worse than Pagan principle of fate,
Predestination's partial love and hate;
By which, not tied, like fancied Jove, to look
In stronger destiny's decreeing book,
The God of christians is suppos'd to will
That *some* should come to *good*, and *some* to *ill;*
And for no reason, but to shew, in fine,
Th' extent of *goodness* and of *wrath divine.*

Whose doctrine this? I quote no less a man
Than the renowned Calvin for the plan;
Who having labour'd, with distinctions vain,
Mere imputation, only, to maintain,
Maintains, when speaking on another head,
This horrid thought, to which the former led:
" Predestination here I call," (says he
Defining) " God's eternal, fix'd decree;
" Which having settled in his will, he pass'd
" What ev'ry man should come to at the last;"
And lest the terms should be conceiv'd to bear
A meaning less, than he propos'd, severe,
" For all mankind" (he adds to definition,)
" Are not created on the same condition:"
Pari Conditione—is the phrase;
If you can turn it any other ways;
" But life to some, eternal, is restrain'd,
" To some, damnation endless pre-ordain'd."

Calvin has push'd the principle, I guess,
To what your friends would own to be excess;

And probably Aspasio less inclin'd
To run directly into Calvin's mind,
Would give *imputing* a more mod'rate sense,
That no *damnation* might arise from thence;
But how will mollifying terms confute
The fam'd reformer's notion of *impute?*
If it confer such *arbitrary* good,
The dire reverse is quickly understood;
So understood, that open eyes may see
'Tis *Calvin's* fiction, and not *God's* decree:
Not His, whose forming love, and ruling aid,
Ceaseless extend to all that He hath made;
Who gave the gift which He was pleas'd to give,
That *none* might perish, but that *all* might live,
His *only Son*, in whom the light, that guides
The born into the world to life, resides;
A real life, that by a real birth
Raises a life beyond the life of earth,
In all his children—but, no more to you,
Better than me, who know it to be true;
And if Aspasio's really humbled soul
Be by a touch of garment-hem made whole,
He might, as I should apprehend, be sure
That *imputation* could not cause the cure.
When the poor woman, in the gospel, found
Touch of the Saviour's cloaths to make her sound,
We know the virtue did from Him proceed,
That, mix'd with faith, restor'd her, as we read;
Gone out of Him obliges to infer,
That 'twas by faith *attracted into* her.

ON THE

Nature of Free Grace,

AND THE

CLAIM TO MERIT FOR THE PERFORMANCE OF GOOD WORKS.

GRACE, to be sure, is, in the last degree,
The *gift* of God, divinely pure and free;

Not bought or paid for, merited or claim'd,
By any works of ours that can be nam'd.

What claim, or merit, or withal to pay,
Could creatures have before creating day?
Gift of existence is the gracious one,
Which all the rest must needs depend upon.

All boasting then of merit, all pretence
Of claim from God, in a deserving sense,
Is, in one word, excluded by St. Paul—
"Whate'er thou hast, thou hast receiv'd it all."

But sure the *use* of any gracious pow'rs,
Freely bestow'd, may properly be ours;
Right application being ours to choose,
Or, if we will be so absurd, refuse.

In this respect what need to controvert
The sober sense of *merit* or *desert?*
Works, it is said, will *have* and is it hard
To say *deserve* or *merit?* their reward.

Grace is the real saving gift; but, then,
Good works are profitable unto men;
God wants them not; but, if our neighbours do,
Flowing from grace, they prove it to be true.

When human words ascribe to human spirit
Worthy, unworthy, merit or demerit,
Why should disputes forbid the terms a place,
Which are not meant to derogate from grace?

All comes from God, who gave us first to live,
And all succeeding grace; 'tis ours to give
To *God alone* the *glory;* and to *man*,
Impow'r'd by Him, to do what *good* we can.

A SOLILOQUY,

On reading A DISPUTE about FAITH and WORKS.

WHAT an excessive fondness for debate
Does this dividing *faith* from *works* create!

Some say "Salvation is by faith *alone*—
"Or else the gospel will be overthrown:"
Others, for that same reason, place the whole
In *works* which bring salvation to the soul.

Gospel of Christ, consistently applied,
Unites together what they both divide:
It is itself, indeed, the very faith
That works by love and saves a soul from wrath:
A new dispute should some third party pave,
Nor faith, nor works, but *love* alone would save.

The *Solifidian* takes a text from Paul,
And "works are good for nothing, faith is all;"
Doctrine, which his antagonist disclaims,
And shews how works must justify, from James;
A third, in either, soon might find a place,
Where love is plainly the exalted grace.

There is no end of jarring system found,
In thus contending not for sense, but sound;
For sound, by which th' *inseparable* three
Are so distinguish'd, as to disagree;
Altho' salvation, in its real spring,
Faith, *work*, or *love*, be one and the same thing;

One pow'r of *God*, or life of *Christ* within,
Or *Holy Spirit* washing away sin;
Not by repentance *only*; or belief
Only, that slights a penitential grief
And its meet fruits, and justifies alone
A full conceiv'd assurance of its own;

Nor by works *only*, nor, tho' Paul above
Both faith and works have lifted it, can love
Have, or desire to have, the exclusive claim,
In men's salvation, to this *only* fame;
By *all together* souls are sav'd from ill,
Whene'er they yield an unresisting will.

God has a never-ceasing will to save,
And men, by grace, may savingly behave:
This would produce less fondness for a sect,
And more concern about the main effect;

Then faith *alone* might save them from the fall,
As one good word, in use, that stood for all.

By native union, all the blessed pow'rs
Of grace, that makes salvation to be ours,
One in another, spring up in the breast,
No soul is sav'd by one without the rest:
Since, then, they *all* subsist in any *one*,
Division ceases,—and *dispute* is gone.

THOUGHTS

ON

Predestination and Reprobation.

A FRAGMENT.

FLATTER me not with your *predestination*,
Nor sink my spirits with your *reprobation!*
From all your high disputes I stand aloof,
Your *pre's* and *re's*, your *destin*, and your *proof*,
And formal, *Calvinistical* pretence,
That contradicts all gospel and good sense.

When God declares so often, that he wills
All sort of blessings and no sort of ills;
That his severest purpose never meant
A *sinner's death*, *but that he should repent:*
For the *whole* world, when his Beloved Son
Is said to do whatever he has done;
To become man, to suffer, and to die,
That all might live, as well as you and I;
Shall rigid Calvin after this, or you,
Pretend to tell me that it is not true?
But that eternal, absolute decree
Has damn'd beforehand either you or me,
Or any body else? That God design'd
When he created, not to save *mankind*,

But only *some?* "The rest," this man maintain'd,
" Were to *decreed* damnation pre-ordain'd:"
No, Sir; not all your metaphysic skill
Can prove the doctrine, twist it as you will.

I cite the man for doctrine so accurst,
In book the *third*, and chapter *twenty-first*,
Section the *fifth*—a horrid, impious lore,
That one would hope was never taught before;
How it came after to prevail away,
Let them, who mince the damning matter, say;
And others judge, if any *Christian* fruit
Be like to spring from such a *Pagan* root.

"*Pagan*", said I? I must retract the word,
For the poor Pagans were not so absurd;
Their Jupiter, " of gods and men the king,".
Whenever he ordain'd a hurtful thing,
Did it, because he was oblig'd to look
And act, as *fate* had bid him, in a book:
For gods and goddesses were subject, then,
To dire *necessity*, as well as men;
Compell'd to crush a hero or a town,
As *destiny* had set the matter down.

But, in your scheme, 'tis God that orders ill,
With sov'reign pow'r, and with resistless will;
He, in whose blessed Name is understood
The one eternal will to ev'ry good,
Is represented, tho' untied by *fate*,
With a decree of damning to create
Such as you term " the vessels of his *wrath*,"
To *shew his pow'r*, according to your faith:
Just as if God, like some tyrannic man,
Would plague the world, to shew them that he can.
While others (they, for instance, of your sect,)
Are *mercy's vessels*, precious and elect;
Who think,—God help them!—to secure their bliss
By such a partial, fond conceit as this.

Talk not to me of Popery and Rome,
Nor yet foretel its Babylonish doom;
Nor canonize *reforming* saints of old,
Because *they* held the doctrine that *you* hold;

For if they did, altho' of *saint-like* stem,
In this plain point we must *reform* from them:
While freed from Rome, we are not tied, I hope,
To what is wrong in a Geneva Pope;
Nor what is right should sirname supersede
Of Luther, Calvin, Bellarmine, or Bede.
Rome has been guilty of excess, 'tis true,
And so have some of the *reformers* too;
If in their zeal against the Roman seat,
Plucking up tares, they pluck'd up also wheat,
Must we to children, for what they have said,
Give this *predestination*-stone for bread?

Sir, it is worse,—is your predestination,—
Ten thousand times than transubstantiation:
Hard is the point, that Papists have compil'd,
With sense and reason to be reconcil'd;
But yet it leaves to our conception still
Goodness in God, and holiness of will;
A just, impartial government of all;
A saving love; a correspondent call
To ev'ry man, and, in the fittest hour
For him to hear, all offer'd grace and pow'r,
Which he may want and have, if he will crave
From Him who willeth nothing but to save.

Whereas, this *reprobation* doctrine here,
Not only sense and reason would cashier,
But take, by its pretext of sov'reign sway,
All goodness from the Deity away;
Both heav'n and hell confounding with its cant,
Virtue and vice, the sinner and the saint;
Leaving (by irresistible decree,
And purpose absolute, what man shall be,)
Nothing, in sinners, to detest so much
As God's contrivance how to make them such.

That ever Christians, blest with revelation,
Should think of His *decreeing* men's damnation!
The GOD of LOVE! the FOUNTAIN of ALL GOOD!
"Who made," says Paul, "all nations of one blood
"To dwell on earth; appointing time and place"—
And for what end this *pre-ordaining* grace?

" That they might *seek*, and *feel* after, and *find*
" The life in God, which God for man design'd.

" We are his offspring"—for, in that decree,
The Pagan poet and St. Paul agree:
" *We are his offspring*"—Now, sir, put the case
Of some great man and his descending race;
Conceive this common parent of them all,
As willing some to *stand*, and some to *fall:*
Master, suppose, of all their future lot,
Decreeing some to happiness, some not;
In some to bring his kindness into view;
To shew in others what his wrath can do;
To lead the chosen children by the hand,
And leave the rest to fall—who *cannot* stand.

I might proceed, but that the smallest sketch
Shews an absurd and arbitrary wretch,
Treating his offspring so, as to forbid
To think that ever *God Almighty* did;
To think that creatures, who are said to be
His offspring, should be hurt by his decree;
Which had they always minded, *good* alone
And not a spark of *evil* had been known.
For his decree, appointment, order, will,
Predestinating goodness, pow'r, and skill,
Is, of itself, the unbeginning good,
The pouring forth of an un-ending flood
Of ever-flowing bliss, which only rolls
To fill his vessels, his created souls.

Happy Himself, the true divine desire,
The love that flames thro' that eternal fire,
Which generates in Him th' eternal light,
Source of all blessing to created sight,
Longs with a holy earnestness to spread
The boundless glories of its fountain head;
To raise the possibilities of life,
Which rest in *Him*, into a joyful strife;
Into a feeling sense of *Him*, from whom
The various gifts of various blessings come.

To *bless* is his immutable decree,
Such as could never have begun to be:

Decree (if you will use the word *decreed*)
Did from his *love* eternally proceed,
To manifest the hidden pow'rs that reign
Through outward nature's universal scene;
To raise up creatures from its vast abyss,
Form'd to enjoy communicated bliss;
Form'd, in their several orders, to extend
Of God's great goodness wonders without end.

Who does not see that *ill*, of any kind,
Could *never* come from an *All-perfect* mind?
That its perception never could begin,
But from a creature's voluntary sin,
Made in its Maker's image, and impress'd
With a free pow'r of being ever blest;
From ev'ry evil, in itself, so free,
That none could rise but by its *own* decree?
By a volition, opposite to all
That God could will, did evil first befall,
And still befalls; for all the source of ill
Is opposition to His blessed will:
And union with it plainly understood
To be the source of ev'ry real good.

To certain truths, which you can scarce deny,
You bring St. Paul's expressions in reply;
Some few obscurer sayings prone to choose,
Where he was talking to the Roman Jews;
You never heed the num'rous texts, and plain,
That will not suit with your *decreeing* strain,
Confirming God's unalter'd will to bless,
In words as clear as language can express:
" Who willeth all men to be sav'd"—is one
Too plain for comment to be made upon:
So that, if *some* be not the same as *all*,
You must directly contradict St. Paul,
Whene'er you push, to its direct extreme,
Your wild, absurd *predestination* scheme.

Paul's open, generous, enlighten'd soul,
Preach'd to mankind a Saviour of the *whole*,
Not *part* of human race; the blinded Jew
Might boast himself in this conceited view;

Boast of his father Abraham, and vent
The carnal claims of family descent:
But the whole family of heav'n and earth,
Paul knew, if blest, must have *another* birth;
That Jew and Gentile was, in ev'ry place,
Alike the object of a saving grace:
Paul never tied salvation to a sect;
All who love God, with him, are God's *elect.*

This plain, good maxim he himself premis'd
To those fam'd chapters, which were so disguis'd
By studied comments of a later day;
When words were press'd to serve a partial fray;
And scripture turn'd into a magazine
Of arms, for sober or for frantic spleen.

" All who love God"—how certain is the key!
Whate'er disputed passages convey;
" In Paul's epistles if some things are read,
" Hard to be understood," as Peter said,
Must this be urg'd to prove in men's condition
Their *pre-election*, and their *præterition*
Or *predamnation?* For, that monstrous word,
Of all absurd decree the most absurd,
Is into formal definition wrought
By your divines—unstartled at the thought
Of Sov'reign Pow'r decreeing to become
The Author of salvation but to *some;*
To some, resembling others, they admit,
Who are rejected—" Why?" *He so thought fit:*
Hath not the potter pow'r to make his clay
Just what he pleases?—Well, and tell me, pray,
What kind of potter must we think a man,
Who does not make the best of it he can?
Who, making *some* fine vessels of his clay,
To shew his pow'r, throws all *the rest* away,
Which, in itself, was equally as fine?
What an idea this of pow'r divine!
Happy for us, if under God's commands
We were as clay is in the potter's hands;
Pliant, and yielding readily to take
The proper form, which He is pleas'd to make!

Happy for us that he has *Pow'r!* Because
An equal *Goodness* executes its laws;
Rejecting none but such as *will* behave
So as that no Omnipotence can save.

Who can conceive *The Infinitely Good*
To shew less kindness than he really could?
To pre-concert damnation, and confine,
Himself, his own Beneficence Divine?
An *impotency* this, in evil hour,
Ascrib'd to God's beatifying pow'r,
By bitter logic and the sour mistake
Which overweening zeal is apt to make;
Describing sov'reignty as incomplete,
That does not shew itself less *good* than *great.*
Tho' true in earthly monarchs it may be,
That *Majesty* and *Love* can scarce agree,
In His Almighty Will, who rules above,
The pow'r is *grace*, the majesty is *love.*
What best describes the Giver of all bliss,
Glorious in all his attributes, is this,
The sov'reign Lord all creatures bow before,
But they who *love* Him most, the most *adore.*

From this one worship if a creature's heart,
Fix'd on aught else, determines to depart,
There needs no *pre-determining* the case;
Idolatry ensues, and fall from grace;
Without and *contrary to* God's intent,
Its own self-ruin is the sure event:
The love forsaken which alone could bless,
It needs must feel wrath, anger, and distress;
The *sensibilities* that must arise,
If *nature* wants what *sacred love* supplies.

Cætera desunt.

THE POTTER AND HIS CLAY.

A HYMN ASCRIBED TO DR. WATTS.

BEHOLD the Potter and the clay,—
He forms his vessels as he please;
Such is our God, and such are we,
The subjects of his high decrees.

Does not the workman's pow'r extend
O'er all the mass—which part to choose
And mould it for a nobler end,
And which to leave for viler use?

May not the Sov'reign Lord on high
Dispense his favours as He will;
Choose some to life, while others die,
And yet be just and gracious still?

What if, to make his terror known,
He lets his patience long endure,
Suff'ring vile rebels to go on,
And seal their own destruction sure;

What if He means to shew his grace,
And his electing love employs,
To mark out some of mortal race,
And form them fit for heav'nly joys,—

Shall man reply against the Lord?
And call his Maker's ways unjust,
The thunder of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?

But, O my soul!—if truth so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
Yet still his written will obey,
And wait the great decisive day.

Then shall He make his justice known;
And the whole world before his throne,
With joy or terror, shall confess
The glory of his righteousness.

THE CONTRAST TO IT.

BEHOLD the Potter and the Clay,—
He forms his vessels to his mind;
So did Creating *Love* display
Itself, in forming human kind.

Th' Almighty Workman's pow'r and skill
Could have no *vile* but *noble* ends;
His one immutable *good-will*
To *all*, that he hath made, extends.

This Gracious Sov'reign Lord on high,
By his eternal word and voice,
Chose *all* to live and *none* to die,
Nor will he *ever* change his choice.

Not by *his* will, but by *their own*,
Vile rebels break his righteous laws;
And make the terror to be known,
Of which they are *themselves* the cause.

His *all-electing* love employs
All means the human race to bless,
That mortals may his heav'nly joys,
By *re-electing* Him, possess.

Shall man reply that " God *decreed*
" Fall'n Adam's race *not* to be blest?"
That " for a *few* his SON should bleed,
" And Satan should have *all the rest*?"

Do thou, poor sinful soul of mine,
By faith and penitence, embrace
Of doubtless, *boundless Love Divine*,
The *free*, the *universal* grace.

Let God, within thy pliant soul,
Renew the image of his Son,
The likeness *marr'd* will then be *whole*,
And shew what he, *in Christ*, has done.

An Argument,

FOR

DAVID'S BELIEF OF A FUTURE STATE,

INFERRED FROM

Bathsheba's last Words to him, upon his Death-bed.

IF David knew not of a future life,
How understood he Bathsheba, his wife?—
Who, when he lay upon his death-bed, came
To plead for Solomon's succeeding claim;
And, having prosper'd in her own endeavour,
Said—*Let my Lord, King David, Live for ever!*

What real wish was Bathsheba's intent,
If *life hereafter* was not what she meant?
Say that—*for ever*—to a king in health,
Meant "a long life, prosperity, and wealth;"
To one that lay a dying, you must own,
'Twould be a mere burlesque upon his throne.

If she had pray'd for David's mild release,
Or—"Let my Lord, the King, depart in peace!"
(Tho', even then, 'twere difficult to stint
Her utmost thought to so minute a hint,)
The short-liv'd comment might have some pretence,
But—*Live for ever!*—has no sort of sense,

Unless we grant her meaning to extend
To *future life* that never has an end:
Piety will, and reason must, confess,
That her intention could be nothing less:
King, live for ever!—and—*God save the King!*—
Old or new phrase, *salvation* is the thing.

No poor salvation to be quickly past,
And with a deadly *exit* at the last;
To which, when David was so near, what share
Could he enjoy of *Live for ever's* pray'r,
Had he not known what Bathsheba design'd,
A life to come, of everlasting kind?

Tho' num'rous proofs might, readily, be brought
That this was always holy David's thought;
Yet since by learned and long-winded ways,
Men seek to break the force of ancient phrase,
I single out this plain, familiar one—
Now give as plain an answer thereupon.

ON

THE FALL OF MAN:

OCCASIONED BY

The following Representation of that Event:

Wher can it seem strange, that God should lay stress on such outward actions, in their own nature neither good nor evil, when we consider, that in all his dispensations to mankind he has done the same. What was it he made the test of Adam's obedience in Paradise, but the eating of a fruit? An action in itself perfectly indifferent, and from which, if God had not forbidden it, it would have been superstitious to have abstained. A Persuasive to Conformity, addressed to the Quakers, by John Rogers, D. D. (Page 28.)

OF man's obedience, while in Eden blest,
What a mere trifle is here made the test!
An outward action, in itself, defin'd
To be of *perfectly indiff'rent* kind;
Which, but for God's forbidding threat severe,
It had been *superstition* to forbear.

A strange account; that neither does, nor can,
Make any part of true religion's plan;
But must expose it to the ridicule
Of scoffers, judging by this crooked rule:
Its friends, defending truth, as they suppose,
Lay themselves open to acuter foes.

To say that *action, neither good nor bad,*
From which no harm in nature could be had,
Was chang'd, (by positive, commanding will,
Or threat forbidding,) to a deadly ill,
Charges, by consequence the most direct,
On God himself that ill and its effect.

Language had surely come to a poor pass,
Before an author, of distinguish'd class

For shining talents, could endure to make,
In such a matter, such a gross mistake;
Could thus derive death's origin and root,
From Adam's eating of a harmless fruit.
" From Adam's eating?"—*Did not God forbid*
The taste of it to Adam?—Yes He did—
And was it harmless, must we understand,
To disobey God's positive command?—
No, by no means; but then the *harm*, we see,
Came not from God's *command*, but from the *tree*.

If He command, the action must be good;
If He forbid, some ill is understood:
The tree, the fruit, had dreadful ills conceal'd,
Not *made* by his forbidding, but *reveal'd;*
That our first parents, by a true belief,
Might know enough to shun the fatal grief.

The dire experience of a world of woe,
Forbidding Mercy will'd them not to know;
Told them what ill was in the *false desire*,
Which their free wills were tempted to admire;
That, of such fruit, the eating was—*To die*—
Its *harmless* nature was the *tempter's* lie.

To urge it *now*, and to impute the harm
Of death, and evil, to the kind alarm
Of God's command, so justly understood
To will his creatures nothing else but good,
Is, for a *Babel fiction*, to resign
RIGHT REASON, SCRIPTURE, and the LOVE DIVINE.

A

LETTER TO A FRIEND,

ON THE

Meaning of St. Paul's Expression of speaking with Tongues.

(1 CORINTHIANS 14.)

IF you remember, rev'rend sir, the talk
That pass'd betwixt us in the garden walk,

The *gift of tongues* was mention'd; when I thought
That notion wrong, which learned men had taught,
And that this gift was not at all concern'd
With that of speaking languages unlearn'd.

St. Paul, I said, in his Corinthian charge,
Had treated on the subject more at large;
From whose account one plainly might deduce
The genuine gift, its nature, and its use;
And make appear, from passages enow,
The vulgar notion not to be the true:
But that to speak in tongues, or speak in tongue,
Was meant of hymns which the Corinthians sung:
This is the gift which the apostle paints,
And lays its practice under due restraints.

You know the chapter—First then let us see
How tongues do there with languages agree;
Then how with hymns; and let which better suits
Th' apostle's context regulate disputes.

First—*He that speaketh in a tongue* ("*unknown*"
Translators add, for reasons of their own,)
Speaketh to God, and speaketh *not to men*—
Peculiar tokens of a hymn—again,
For *no man understandeth him*—from hence
'Tis plain, that languages was not the sense:
Would he rise up, who had them at command,
To speak in one that none could understand?
What can be more unlikely to suppose?
Yet thus the learned commentators glose;
As their mistake about the gift imply'd
The christians guilty of this awkward pride:
Such fact they make no scruple to advance,
As would appear absurd in a romance.

One in his softer, one his harsher terms,
The same miraculous disgrace affirms:
All, from the difficulty try some shape,
Whilst there is no escaping, to escape.

Whereas, to hymns all phrases correspond;
Of them Corinthian converts were too fond;
And Paul, who will'd them really to rejoice,
But more with heart affected than with voice,

Authority, with reason mix'd, employs,
Not to repress, but regulate their joys.
The benefit of hymns he understood;
But, most intent upon the church's good,
The gift *prophetic* more expedient found,
(That is, to preach the gospel or expound,)
Than to sing hymns—*The prophet speaks*, says Paul,
To men; instructs, exhorts, and comforts all.

Speaking in tongues,—or hymning, to proceed,—
May edify the singer's self indeed;
But *prophecy, the church;* a private soul
Should always yield the pref'rence to the whole:
Consistent all, if hymning he explains;
If languages unknown, what sense remains?
Would Paul affirm, that speaking might do good,
In foreign languages, not understood,
To a man's self? Would he so gently treat
Such a suppos'd enormous self-conceit?
Would he vouchsafe to pay, the chapter thro',
Respect to tongues, if taken in this view?
Would he allow, nay choose it?—For that next
Is said of tongues in the succeeding text.

I will you all to speak with tongues—"to sing"
Makes this a plain, intelligible thing;
The other meaning, which they spread about,
No commentators have, or can make out.
That he should will them all to sing was just,
And properly to use the gift or trust;
For his intention was not to reduce
Singing itself, but its improper use:
It was the good apostle's great concern,
To preach the gospel so that most might learn:
This was the gift, in which he rather will'd
Such as had been converted to be skill'd.
Speaking in tongue was good; but this, he knew,
Was the more useful talent of the two:
Greater its owner, but with an *except*,
That shews the justice for a hymner kept;
The matter sung, who, if he could express,
To edify the hearers, was not less;

Interpretation render'd them alike;
But does not this absurd supposal strike,
That in plain speaking, on some christian head,
One should interpret what himself had said;
First use a language to the church unknown,
Then, in another, for his fault atone?
What reason possible can be assign'd,
Why the known tongue should be at first declin'd?
This difficulty, and so all the rest,
The nature of a hymn explains the best.

Now should I come among you, says the saint,
Speaking with tongues,—should only come to chant—
What shall it profit you, except I preach;
Some revelation, knowledge, doctrine teach?
And here the vulgar meaning of the word,
For apostolic use, is too absurd;
He scarce would *if* the speaking in a tongue,
Unknown to christians, whom he came among;
Nor would a question find with him a place,
About their profit in so gross a case.
He plainly hints a coming, not design'd
To please their ear, but to instruct their mind;
The real profit which he pointed at;
And hymns themselves were useless without that.

That such a speaking as is mention'd here,
Was musical, is evidently clear
From the allusion which he then propounds,
To *pipe*, and *harp*, and instrumental sounds;
Which none can urge, with reason, to belong
So properly to language as to song;
Tho' it may serve for both, in some respect,
Yet here one sees to which it must direct;
If pipe or harp be indistinctly heard,
No tune or meaning can be thence inferr'd;
If an uncertain sound the trumpet yield,
How shall a man make ready for the field?

Thus of dead instruments; of them that live,
So ye, th' apostle adds, *except ye give*
Words, by the tongue, that man can apprehend,
Ye speak, but, as to hearers, to no end;

And (what with hymning posture seems to square,)
Will be like men who speak into the air.

So ye, to shew how tongue and song agree,
Except ye utter with the tongue, says he,
Words that are easy to be understood,
(Which in a foreign tongue they never could,)
How shall the thing be known to any one
That ye have spoken (that is, sung) *upon?*
And, what with hymning posture seems to square,
He adds, *for ye shall speak into the air.*

Except ye utter with the tongue—"unknown"
Translators here thought fit to let alone;
"Unknown, and easy too to understand;"
That could not be—*unknown* they must disband.
It was enough to shew them their mistake,
To see what incoherence it would make;
Yet they not minding, just as they think fit,
Sometimes insert it and sometimes omit.
But if the epithet, at first, be right,
Why is it kept so often out of sight?
Do not omissions carry, all along,
Tacit confession of its being wrong;
Tacit confession, which is open proof
How little can be said in its behoof.

They who shall speak in tongue, and they who hear,
Unless the meaning of the voice be clear,
(The sense not being within mutual reach,)
Will be, says Paul, *Barbarians each to each*,
Or foreigners—and, therefore, is his drift,
With all your fondness for the speaking gift,
Have the whole church's benefit in view;
Let him, who speaks in tongue, interpret too.

Can such confession, such allowance made,
Suit with that insupportable parade,
And show of gift, which commentators vent,
Giving a meaning that could scarce be meant?
While zeal for hymns, a natural effect
In novices, tho' wanting to be check'd,
Accounts for checking, for allowing phrase,
For ev'ry motive that St. Paul displays;
His placid reas'ning, and his mild rebuke;
For which no insolence of gift could look:

No insolence, I say, of such a kind
As commentators, rashly, have assign'd
To the first christians; which the latter now,
Suppose it offer'd, never would allow.

For if I pray in tongue, St. Paul pursues,
My spirit prayeth; but no fruit accrues
To them who do not understand my pray'rs—
And what the remedy which he prepares?
Why, it is this—*I will so* (sing or) *pray,*
That all may understand what I shall say:
Plain the two phrases in the verse proclaim,
That praying here and singing is the same;
That some Corinthians so display'd their art,
That none but they themselves could bear a part:
Hence "to interpret hymns" his words ordain,
Or else "to sing intelligibly plain;"
Praying, or praising—*for*, says he again,
How shall unlearned persons say "amen"
To thy thanksgiving, if when thou shalt bless,
They understand not what thy words express?
Thou verily hast given thanks, and well;
But this, unedified, they cannot tell;
The common benefit is still his aim,
True, real glory of the christian name.

In languages unknown, was pray'r and praise
Perform'd by christians, in th' apostle's days?
Was that a time, or was the church a place,
For gifted ostentation to disgrace?

(Cætera desunt.)

FAMILIAR EPISTLES TO A FRIEND,

Upon a SERMON entitled,

"The Office and Operations of the Holy Spirit,"

BY THE REV. MR. WARBURTON.

LETTER I.

A STRANGE discourse, in all impartial views,—
This that you lent me, Doctor, to peruse:

Had you not ask'd, a subject of this sort
Might, of itself, a few remarks extort,
To shew how much a very learned man
Has been mistaken in his preaching plan.

Preaching (a talent of the gospel kind,
By—*preaching peace through* JESUS CHRIST—defin'd)
Should, one would think, in order to increase
The gospel good, confine itself to peace;
Exert its milder influence, and draw
The list'ning crowds to love's uniting law.
For should the greatest orator extend
The pow'rs of sound to any other end;
Regard to healing sentiments postpone,
And battle all that differ from his own;
Tho' he could boast of conquest, yet how far
From *peace* through *Jesus*, through *himself* is *war!*
How widely wanders, from the true design
Of preaching *Christ*, the bellicose divine!

If amongst them who all profess belief
In the same gospel, such a warlike chief
Should, in the pulpit, labour to erect
His glaring trophies, over ev'ry sect
That does not just fall in with his conceit,
And raise new flourish upon each defeat;
As if, by dint of his haranguing strain,
So many foes had happily been slain;
Tho' it were sure that what he said was right,
Is he more likely, think you, to invite,
To win th' erroneous over to his mind,
By eloquence of such a hostile kind,
Or to disgrace, by arts so strongly weak,
The very truths that he may chance to speak?

Like thoughts to these would naturally rise
Out of your own occasional surprise,
When, purchasing the book, you dipp'd into't,
And saw the preacher's manner of dispute;
How man by man, and sect by sect display'd,
He pass'd along from preaching to parade;
Confuting all that came within his way,
Tho' too far off to hear what he should say:—

Reason, methinks, why candour would not choose,
Where no defence could follow, to accuse;
Where gen'rous triumph no attacks can yield
To the unquestion'd master of the field:
Where names, tho' injur'd, without reason why,
Absent or present, can make no reply
To the most false or disingenuous hint,
Till time, perchance, produces it in print:
When, we may take for granted, it is clad
In its best fashion, tho' it be but bad.

This one discourse is printed, we are told,
The main of several sermons to unfold.
For one grand subject all of them were meant—
The *Holy Spirit*, whom the Father sent;
Th' indwelling Comforter, th' Instructing Guide;
" Who was," *Christ* said, " for ever to abide
" *With*, and *in* his disciples here below,
" And teach them all that they should want to know."

A glorious theme! A comfortable one!
For preachers to exert themselves upon;
First taught themselves, and fitted to impart
God's truth and comfort to an honest heart.
Some such, at least, imagine to have been
Amongst the flock that came to *Lincoln's Inn;*
With a sincere desire to hear and learn
That which became a christian's chief concern;
Pleas'd with the preacher's text, with hopes that he
Might prove an instrument, in some degree,
Of their perception of a holy aid,
Fruit of that promise which the Saviour made;
Might help them, more and more, to understand
How near true help and comfort is at hand;
How soon the Spirit moves upon the mind,
When it is rightly humbled and resign'd;
With what a love to ev'ry fellow-soul
One member of the church regards the whole;
Looks upon all mankind as friends, or shares
To heartiest enemies his heartier pray'rs.

I might go on; but you, I know, will grant,
Such is the temper that we really want:

And such, if preachers ever preach indeed,
If pastors of a flock will really feed,
They will endeavour solely to excite
And move divided christians to unite;
If not in outward forms, that but supply
A loftier Babel without inward tie,
Yet in a common friendliness of will,
That wishes well to ev'ry creature still;
That makes the centre of religion's plan
A god-like love embracing ev'ry man.

LETTER II.

NO office seems more sacred and august,
Than that of preachers who *fulfil* their *trust;*
Working with God, and helping men to find
The Prince of life, the Saviour of mankind:
Who came himself a preacher, from on high,
Of peace to all, the distant and the nigh.

So said the saint whose preaching was the same,
To *Jew*, to *Greek*—Salvation thro' His name—
Who taught, thro' Him, to preach immortal life,
" Avoiding questions that engender strife;
" Patient, and meek, and gentle unto all,
" Instructing ev'n opposers without gall;
" If peradventure God might give them grace
" The truth, when kindly offer'd, to embrace."

If these conditions preaching may demand,
What must we think of the discourse in hand;
Which, when we read, is apter to suggest
A diff'rent temper in the preacher's breast;
A text perverted from its native scope;
A disappointment of all *hearing* hope?
Here is a long dispute, in his first head,
About what Doctor Middleton had said;
That " when the gift of tongues was first bestow'd,
" 'Twas but an instantaneous sign, that shew'd
" The gospel's chosen minister; and then,
" That purpose signified, it ceas'd again:

"So was its type, the fiery tongue, a flash
"Of light'ning quickly vanish'd"—and such trash—
To which a minister, who knew the press,
Ill chose the the time, when preaching, to digress;
To take a text affording, thro' the whole,
Such grounds of comfort to a christian soul,
And then neglect; to preach a poor debate,
That could but shine at pamphleteering rate;
That, from the pulpit, must disgust the pew
Of sager Bench, and sober students too.

You may, hereafter, if you chose it, see
How they mistook,—both *Middleton* and *he*,—
The gift of tongues; how little, quite throughout,
They knew, tho' learned, what they were about:
In present lines, I shall but just relate
One instance of the, no uncommon, fate
Of learned men, who, in deep points exact,
Forget sometimes the most apparent fact.

Th' apostles, gifted by the Holy Ghost,
Began to speak with tongues at Pentecost;
"But did not"—so the preacher says—"begin
"To speak, before the multitude came in."
He urges roundly how, in this respect,
"The learned *Middleton* did not reflect,
"That in a private room they all were set,
"And tongues not spoken till the people met."

Now if you read the Pentecostal facts,
As you will find them written in the *Acts*,
From *his* reflection tho' the point lay hid,
The text affirms, expressly, that they *did*.
No learning wanted to determine this;
'Tis what a reading child could never miss;
This very gift, it is exceeding clear,
Was that which brought the multitude to hear:
Speaking with tongues, foregoing words proclaim;
The next—*When this was nois'd abroad*—they came.

Scarce to be thought that, studying the case,
With formal purpose to explain a place,
A man so learned, and acute, could make,
Could preach, could publish such a flat mistake:

But 'tis the fate of great and eager wits,
To trust their memory too much by fits.

To prove that *Middleton's* dispute was wrong
Takes up the pages, for a sermon, long:
Soon after this you'll see another start,
To fill his first division's second part:
For having touch'd upon the names of all
The gifts enumerated by saint Paul,
Then, in what sense the scripture was inspir'd,
Higher or lower, comes to be enquir'd:
The high he calls *organical;* the low
Partial and *true;* as he proceeds to shew.

This is the summary of what is said,
Touching the Holy Ghost, in his first head;
As *Guide to truth*, and aiding to excite,
To clear, to give the *understanding* light.
What makes it *Sermon* is the *Text* prefix'd,
Tho' scarce a word of it is intermix'd;—
Consistently enough, for it has none
Which suit the topics that he dwells upon:
Topics, without a dignity to grace
Text, office, audience, person, time, or place.

But were this all, and did not what he spake
Lead by degrees to serious mistake,
Taking a text, for form's sake, to prepare
The church to hear some *shop-renown'd* affair,
(Too oft the turn of the polite divine)
Would hardly merit your regard, or mine;
But, sir, it is not only misapplied—
This glorious text—but in effect denied;
Or misconceiv'd; and therefore cutting short,
At present, errors of less fatal sort,
Let us pursue this subject, in the text,
And from the *Sermon* vindicate the *Text*.

LETTER III.

YOU wonder'd much, why any man of parts
Would use, in preaching, low, invective arts;

By which the vain disputings that infest
The christian world, have seldom been suppress'd;
But often heighten'd, and that use destroy'd
For which fine Talents ought to be employ'd.

If one can judge from reading this *divine*,—
Whose parts, and talents, would be really fine,
If juster notions of the *heav'nly* grace
Taught but the *earthly* not to quit their place,—
If one can judge, I say, from stated laws,
In his discourses, what should be the cause
Of such perversion of a lively wit,
In erudite possessors, this is it:
They think that now religion's sole defence
Is learning, History, and critic sense;
That with apostles, as a needful Guide,
The *Holy Spirit* did indeed abide;
But, having dictated to them a rule
Of faith, and manners, for the *Christian* school,
Immediate revelation ceas'd, and men
Must now be taught by apostolic pen:
Canon of scripture is complete; and they
May read, and know what doctrine to obey:
To look for *inspiration* is absurd;
The Spirit's aid is in the *written word;*
They who pretend to His immediate call,
From Pope to Quaker, are *fanatics* all.

Thus, having prov'd, at large, to christians met,
What no one christian ever *doubted* yet,
That the New Testament was really writ
By inspiration, which they all *admit*,
He then subjoins that—" this inspir'd record
" Fulfill'd the promise of our bless'd Lord;
(Fulfill'd it " *eminently*," is the phrase)
" For tho' the faithful, in succeeding days,
" Occasionally find, in every place,
" The Spirit's *ordinary* help and grace,
" His light supreme, his constant, fix'd abode,
" Is in the scriptures of this sacred code."

This was the sense, not easy to explore,
When, reck'ning up the Spirit's fruits before,

" Scripture," said he (which this account explains)
" Does not *record* them only, but *contains;*
" CONTAINS," in capitals—as if he took
The scripture to be something *more* than *book;*
Something *alive*, wherein the Spirit dwelt,
That did not only *tell* His fruits, but *felt.*
" The sure deposit of the Spirit's fruits
" In holy scripture," (he elsewhere computes)
" Fulfill'd the Saviour's promise, in a sense
" Very sublime"—so it should seem, from hence,
That *eminently*, and *sublimely*, thus
The Holy Spirit should abide *with us.*

If I mistake him, or misrepresent,
You'll shew me where, for 'tis without intent:
I want, if possible, to understand
A sentence coming from so fam'd a hand.
Tho' plain the words, 'tis difficult to solve
What christian sense he meant them to involve;
In ev'ry way that words and sense agree,
'Tis perfect *bibliolatry* to me:
No *image worship* can be more absurd,
Than idolizing thus the written word;
Which they who wrote, intended to excite
Attention to our Lord's predicted Light;
To that same Spirit, leading human thought,
By which themselves and all the good were taught;
Preaching that word, which a diviner art,
Which God himself had *written* on the *heart.*

How can the best of books (for 'tis confess'd
That, of all books, the bible is the best)
Do any more than give us an account
Of what was said, for instance, on the mount?
Of what was done, for instance, on the cross,
In order to retrieve the human loss?
What more than tell us of the Spirit's aid,
Far as his fruits by words can be display'd?
But words are only the *recording* part,
The *things* contain'd must needs be in the *heart;*
Spirit of God no more in *books* demands
To dwell, Himself, than *temples made with hands.*

Fruits of the Spirit, as St. Paul defin'd,
Are love, joy, peace—the blessings of the *mind;*
The *proofs of his abiding.*—Who can brook
"A meek, a gentle, good, long-suff'ring book;"
Or let true faith and temperance be sunk
To faith in writings, that are never drunk?
In fine, whatever pen and ink presents,
Can but contain *historical* contents;
Nor can the fruits of Spirit be in *print*,
In any sense but as *recorded* in't.

Plain as this is, and strange, as you may think,
The learned worship paid to pen and ink,
It is the main hypothesis, you'll find,
On which are built discourses of this kind;
Which yet can give us, for a scripture clue,
What contradicts its very letter too:
As this has done—be shewn as we go on—
By these important verses of St. John.

LETTER IV.

THE gospel's simpler language being writ,
Not for the sake of learning or of wit,
But to instruct the pious and the meek;
When its intent mere critics come to seek,
We find, on plain intelligible text,
The *variorum** comments most perplex'd.

Such is the text before us; and so plain
The Saviour's promise which the words contain,
That men, for modern erudition's sake,
Must *read* and *study* to *acquire* mistake;
Must first observe the notions that prevail,
Among the famous in their church's pale;
Firm in the prejudice, that all is right
Which books or persons, most in vogue, recite;

* The comments *of various authors.*

Then seek to find how scripture coincides
With each decision of their knowing guides.

Without some such preparatives as these,
How could the forc'd interpretation please,
That makes a sacred promise,—to bestow
Perpetual aid,—exhausted long ago?
In one short age?—For God's abiding Guide
Withdrew, it seems, when the apostles died;
And left poor millions ever since to seek
How dissonant divines had constru'd Greek.

In graver writers one has often read
What in excuse of bookworship is said;
" It is not *ink* and *letter* that we own
" To be divine, but *scripture sense* alone;
" We have the *rule* which the apostles made,
" And no occasion for *immediate* aid."—
Suppose for once the gross delusion true;—
What must a plain and honest christian do?
The Spirit's aid how far must he extend,
To bring his Saviour's promise to an end?
This he perceives discourse to dwell upon;
And yet—*for ever to abide*—has none.
He, for the sake of safety, would be glad
To have that Spirit which th' apostles had;
Not one of them has writ, but says *he may;*
That *'tis the bliss for which he ought to pray:*
That *God will grant it him*, his Saviour said,
Sooner than parents give their children bread.
If *reading* scripture can improve a soul,
This is the sum and substance of the whole,
And gives it value of such high degree:
For tho' as sacred as a *book* can be,
'Tis only so because it best revives
Thought of that Good which animated *lives;*
Because its authors were inspir'd to write,
And saw the truth in its own heav'nly light;
Because it sends us to that *promis'd* source
Of light and truth, which govern'd their discourse,
The *Holy Spirit's* ever present aid,
With us and *in us*—so the Saviour pray'd—

That when he left the world, the *Holy Ghost*
Might dwell with christians, as an *inward host;*
That teaching, truth, and comfort in the breast,
Might be secur'd by this abiding Guest.

"Yes, with apostles"—sunk, by such a thought,
Th' inestimable treasure down to nought!
A history of sunshine may as soon
Make a blind man to see the shining noon,
As writings *only*, without inward light,
Can bring the world's redemption into sight.
Jesus—the *Christ*—the very book has shewn,
Without the Holy Spirit none can own;
In *words* they may, but,—what is plainly meant,—
They cannot give a real *heart consent.*
What friend to scripture, then, sir, can displace
This inward Witness of redeeming grace;
And rest the *gospel* on such outward view,
As any *Turk* may rest his *Koran* too?
Nay, he can own a written word or work
That *Christians* do, and yet continue *Turk.*

Why do the christian disputants so fill
The world with books of a polemic skill,
When 'tis the sacred and acknowledg'd *one*
That all their jarring systems build upon,
But that the *Spirit* does not rule their wit,
By which at first the *sacred one* was writ?
Of whose support great scholars stand in need,
As much as they who never learnt to read:
Unhappy they! but for that living guide,
Whom God himself has promis'd to provide,
A Guide,—to quote the blessed text again,—
For ever to abide with christian men.

Fond of its books, poor learning is afraid;
And higher guidance labours to evade:
Books have the Spirit in *supreme* display!
Men, but in lower, *ordinary* way!
This strange account of men and books is true,
It seems, *according to the promise* too!

Such wild conceits all men have too much wit,
Or learned or unlearned, to admit;

But when some *interest* or *custom* rules,
And chains obsequious wills to diff'rent schools,
The wisest, then, sir, will relinquish thought,
And speak, like Parrots, *just* as they are *taught.*
What this should be, what spends in vain the fire
Of brisker tempers—let us next enquire.

LETTER V.

WHEN christians first receiv'd the joyful news—
Messiah come—unmix'd with worldly views;
When the whole church with heavenly grace was bless'd,
And, from the Spirit Comforter, possess'd
One heart, one mind, one view to common good;
Then was the real gospel understood.

Then was the time—to cite what you will find
The preacher noting—" when the world combin'd
" Its pow'rs against it, but could *not* destroy;
" When holy martyrs, with enraptur'd joy,
" Encounter'd death; enabled to sustain
" Its utmost terror, and its utmost pain:
" At such a juncture, heav'n's uncommon aid
" Shone forth, to help humanity display'd.

" But now"—his reason for abated grace,
Diff'rence of primitive and present case—
" Now—ease, and honour" (mind the maxim, friend;)
" On the profession of the faith attend:
" At *first* establish'd by diviner means,
" On human testimony *now* it leans:
" Supports itself, as other facts must do,
" That rest on human testimony too;
" Sufficient strength is the conviction there,
" To make the present christian persevere."

Here lies the secret—that may soon unfold
Why modern christians fall so short of old;
Why they appear to have such diff'rent looks,—
The men of *spirit*, and the men of *books:*

When racks and gibbets, torment and distress
Attended them who ventur'd to confess,
They had, indeed, a fix'd and firm belief,
To die for one who suffer'd like a thief;
Stretch'd on the wheel, or burning in the flame,
To preach a crucified Redeemer's name;
Courage, like this, compendious proof supplied
Of heav'n's true kingdom, into which they died:
Thus was the wisdom of the world struck dumb,
And all the pow'rs of darkness overcome;
Gospel prevail'd, by its internal light,
And gave the subject for the pen to write.

But when the world, with a more fatal plan,
To flatter, what it could not force, began;
When *ease and honour*, as the preacher saith,
Attended the profession of the faith;
Then wrought its mischief, in the too secure,
The secret poison, slower but more sure:
Commodious maxims then began to spread,
And set up learning in the Spirit's stead:
The life diminish'd as the books increas'd,
Till men found out that miracles were ceas'd;
That, with respect to succours more sublime,
The gospel promise was but for a time;
That inspiration, amongst men of sense,
Was all a mere fanatical pretence:
And divers like discoveries, that grant
To *ease* and *honour* just what faith they want—

Faith to profess that wondrous things of old
Did really happen, as the books have told;
But with a caution, never to allow
The possibility of happ'ning *now:*
For, as the world went on, it might affect
An honourable ease, in some respect,
To own celestial comfort still inspir'd,
And suff'ring courage, as at first requir'd;
Quite proper then; but equally unfit,
When once the sacred canon had been writ:
For upon that (is gravely here averr'd)
Part of the *Spirit's* office was transferr'd;
Books once compos'd, th' illuminating part
He ceas'd Himself; and left to human art

To find, within his *scriptural* abode,
Th' enlight'ning grace that presence once bestow'd.

These suppositions if a man suppose,
You see th' immediate consequence that flows;
That men and churches afterwards attack'd,
Are pre-demolish'd, by asserted fact;
Which, once advanc'd, may, with the greatest ease,
Condemn whatever christians he shall please:
Owing to his forbearance, in some shape,
If aught th' extensive havoc shall escape.

With such a fund of learning, and a skill
To make it serve what argument he will;
With choice of words, for any chosen theme,
With an alertness rulingly supreme;
What, sir, can single persons or a sect,
When he is pleas'd to preach at 'em, expect?

Just what they meet with, in the present case—
All the dogmatic censure and disgrace
That a commanding genius can exert,
When it becomes religiously alert;
With narrow proofs, and consequences wide,
Sets all opponents of its rote aside;
The PAPISTS first, and then th' inferior fry,
FANATICS, vanquish'd with a—"Who but I?"
These are the modish epithets that strike
At true religion and at false alike;
Of these reproaches infidels are full;
Their use in others verging down to dull:
How one, who is no infidel, applies
The hackney'd terms—may next salute your eyes.

LETTER VI.

BY "reformation from the *Church* of *Rome*"
We mean, "from faults and errors," I presume;
Against her truths to prosecute a war
Is protestant aversion push'd too far:
In them, should *ease* and *honour not* attend
The fair profession, one should be her friend.

She thinks that *Christ* has given to his bride,
His holy church, an ever-present Guide;
By whose divine assistance, she has thought,
That miracles sometimes were really wrought;
That, by the virtue which His gifts inspire,
Great Saints and martyrs have adorn'd her choir.
Now say the worst that ever can be said,
Of that corruption which might overspread
This church in gen'ral—cast at her the stone,
They who possess perfection in their own;
Yet, were instructive volumes to enlarge
On bright exceptions to the gen'ral charge,
They that love truth wherever it is found,
Would joy to see it, ev'n in *Romish* ground;
Where, if corruption grew to such a size,
The more illustrious must examples rise
Of life and manners—these, you will agree,
Are true reformers, wheresoe'er they be.

Of all the churches, (justly loth to claim
Exclusive title to a sacred name,)
What one, I ask, has ever yet denied
The inspiration of the promis'd Guide?
Our own— to which the def'rence that is due,
Forbids no just respect for others too—
Believes, asserts, that what reform she made
Was not without the *Holy Spirit's* aid:
If to expect His gifts, however great,
Be popish and fanatical deceit,
She, in her offices of ev'ry kind,
Has also been fanatically blind.
What form of her composing can we trace
Without a pray'r for His unstinted grace?
Taught, by the sacred volumes, to infer
A Saviour's promise reaching down to her,
Greatly she values the recording books;
But, for fulfilling, in herself she looks.

That she may always think aright, and act
By God's Good Spirit, is her prayed-for fact;
Without his grace, confessing, as she ought,
Her inability of act or thought:
Nor does she fear fanatical pretence,
When asking aid in a sublimer sense;

Where she records among the martyr'd host,
A Stephen—filled with the Holy Ghost—
She prays for that same plenitude of aid,
By which the martyr for his murd'rers pray'd;
That she, like him, in what she undergoes,
May love and bless her persecuting foes.

Did but one spark of so supreme a grace
Burn in the breast when preaching is the case,
How would a priest, unpersecuted, dare
To treat, when mounted on a sacred chair,
A church of *Christ*, or any single soul,
By will enlisted on the *Christian* roll,
With such a prompt and contumelious ire,
As love nor blessing ever could inspire?

Altho' untouch'd with the celestial Flame,
How could an *English* priest mistake his aim?
So far forget the maxims that appear
Throughout his church's Liturgy so clear?
Wherein the Spirit's ever constant aid,
Without a feign'd distinction, is display'd;
Without a rash attempting to explain,
By limitations foolish and profane,
When, and to whom, to what degree and end,
God's graces, gifts, and pow'rs were to extend;
So far withdrawn—that christians must allow
Of nothing *extra-ordinary*, now:
The vain distinction, which the world has found,
To fix an unintelligible bound
To gospel promise, equally sublime,
Nor limited by any other time
Than that, when want of faith, when earthly will,
Shall hinder heav'n's intentions to fulfill.

If, not confining any promis'd pow'rs,
The *Romish* church be faulty, what is ours?
Does our own church, in her ordaining day
Does any consecrating Bishop say,
When on the future priest his hand is laid,
" Receive the Spirit's *ordinary aid?*"
Do awful words—*receive the Holy Ghost*——
Imply that He abides in *books* the most?
Books—which the Spirit who first rul'd the hand,
They say themselves, must teach to understand.

His inspiration without limits too,
All churches own, whatever preachers do:
Not even miracles, tho' set aside
In private books, has any church denied:
How weak the proofs, which this discourse has brought,
To justify the fashionable thought,
That gospel promises of any kind,
By Spirit or by scripture are confin'd
To apostolic or to later times,
May be the subject of succeeding rhimes.

Miscellaneous Pieces,

CONSISTING OF

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS, FRAGMENTS, EPIGRAMS, &c.

WITH peaceful mind thy race of duty run;
God nothing does, or suffers to be done,
But what thou wouldst thy self, if thou couldst see
Through all events of things as well as He.

NATURAL knowledge is a moonshine light,
And dreaming sages still keep sleeping by 't;
But heav'nly wisdom, like the rising sun,
Awakens nature, and good works are done.

LET thy repentance be without delay—
If thou defer it to another day,
Thou must repent for a day more of sin,
While a day less remains to do it in.

WHAT is more tender than a mother's love
To the sweet infant fondling in her arms?
What arguments need her compassion move
To hear its cries, and help it in its harms?
Now, if the tend'rest mother were possess'd
Of all the love, within her single breast,
Of all the mothers since the world began,
'Tis nothing to the love of God to man.

TO be religious, something it will cost;
Some riches, honours, pleasures will be lost;
But if thou countest the sum total o'er,
Not to be so will cost a great deal more.

HE, that does good with an unwilling mind,
Does that to which he is not well inclin'd:
'Twill be reward sufficient for the fact,
If God shall pardon his obedient act.

IF outward comforts, without real thought
Of any inward holiness, are sought,
God disappoints us oft, and *kindly* too—
To make us holy is his constant view.

THINK and be *careful* what thou art within;
For there is sin in the desire of sin:
Think and be *thankful*, in a diff'rent case;
For there is grace in the desire of grace.

PRAY'R does not ask or want the skill and art
Of forming words but a devoted heart:
If thou art really in a mind to pray,
God knows thy heart and all that it would say.

CONTENT is better, all the wise will grant,
Than any earthly good that thou canst want;
And discontent, with which the foolish fill
Their minds, is worse than any earthly ill.

TWO heav'ns a right contented man surround,
One here, and one hereafter to be found:
One in his *own* meek bosom, here on earth,
And one in *Abraham's*, at his future birth.

" A HEATED fancy or imagination
" May be mistaken for an inspiration"—
True; but is this conclusion fair to make,
That inspiration must be all mistake?
" A pebble stone is not a diamond"—true;
But must a diamond be a pebble too?

NO Faith towards God can e'er subsist with Wrath
Tow'rds man, nor Charity with want of Faith;
From the same root hath each of them its growth;
You have not either, if you have not both.

FAITH is the burning ardor of desire;
Hope is the light arising from its fire;
Love is the spirit that, proceeding thence,
Completes all virtue in a christian sense.

NOR steel, nor flint alone produces fire;
No spark arises till they both conspire;
Nor faith alone, nor work without, is right;
Salvation rises, when they both unite.

ZEAL without meekness, like a ship at sea,
To rising storms may soon become a prey;
And meekness without zeal is like the same
When a dead calm stops every sailing aim.

IF gold be offer'd thee, thou dost not say,
"To-morrow I will take it, not to-day:"
Salvation offer'd, why art thou so cool,
To let thyself become to-morrow's fool?

HYPOCRITES in religion form a plan
That makes them hateful both to God and man;
By seeming zeal they lose the world's esteem,
And God's because they are not what they seem.

A *HUMBLE* man, tho' all the world assault
To pull him down, yet God will still exalt;
Nor can a *proud*, by all the world's renown,
Be lifted up, for God will pull him down.

HE is no fool who charitably gives
What he can only look at whilst he lives;
Sure as he is to find, when hence he goes,
A recompence which he can never lose.

IF giving to poor people be to lend
Thy money to the Lord, who is their friend,
The highest int'rest upon int'rest, sure,
Is to let out thy money to the poor.

WHEN grief or joy shall press upon thee hard,
Be then especially upon thy guard;
Then is most danger of not acting right:
A calmer state will give a surer light.

IF we mind nothing but the body's pride,
We lose the body and the soul beside;
If we have nothing but the earth in view,
We lose the earth, and heav'nly riches too.

" HE is a sinner," you are pleas'd to say,
Then love him for the sake of Christ, I pray,
If on his gracious words you place your trust,
—*I came to call the sinners, not the just*—
Second his call; which if you will not do,
You'll be the greater sinner of the two.

WHY should I be so eager to espy
The mote that swims upon my brother's eye?
And still forget, as if I had not known,
The dark'ning beam that overspreads my own?
O let me play the hypocrite no more!
But strive to cure my own obstructed sight!
Then shall I see, much clearer than before,
To set my undiscerning brother right.

TO own a God who does not speak to men,
Is first to own and then disown again;
Of all idolatry the total sum
Is having gods that are both deaf and dumb.

LOVE does the good which God commands to do;
Fear shuns the ill which he prohibits too:
They both describe, tho' by a different name,
A disposition of the mind the same.

PRAY'R and thanksgiving is the vital breath
That keeps the spirit of a man from death;
For pray'r attracts into the living soul
The life that fills the universal whole;
And giving thanks is breathing forth again
The praise of Him who is the life of men.

ON THE

Epicurean, Stoic, and Christian Philosophy.

THREE diff'rent schemes philosophers assign;
A Chance, a Fate, a Providence Divine:
Which to embrace of these three sev'ral views,
Methinks, it is not difficult to choose.

For first, what wisdom, or what sense, to cry,
Things happen as they do—we know not why?
Or how are we advanc'd one jot, to know,
When once things are—that they must needs be so?

To see such order, and yet own no laws;
Feel such effects, and yet confess no cause;
What can be more extravagant and odd?
He only reasons who believes a God.

ATHEISM,

THE ONLY GROUND OF DISCONTENT.

IF reason does each private person bind,
To seek the public welfare of mankind;
If this be justice, and the sacred law
That guards the good, and keeps the bad in awe;
If this great law but op'rates to fulfill
One vast Almighty Being's righteous will;
And if he only, as we all maintain,
Does all things rule, and all events ordain;
Then reason binds each private man t' assent,
That none but atheists can be discontent.

God the only true Teacher.

THE Lord is my light; by his teaching I learn,
With a right understanding, his works to discern:

While I dwell in his presence 'tis then that I live,
And enjoy a content which he only can give:
In all other things I have labour'd to find
That truth which might fill an intelligent mind;
But I labour'd in vain, for it is He alone
That can give me instruction, and make himself known.

AN EPIGRAM,

ON THE BLESSEDNESS OF DIVINE LOVE.

FAITH, Hope, and Love were question'd what they though
Of future glory, which religion taught:
Now faith *believ'd* it, firmly, to be true;
And hope *expected* so to find it too;
Love answer'd, smiling with a conscious glow,
"*Believe? Expect?*" *I* KNOW *it to be so.*

A CONTRAST,

BETWEEN TWO EMINENT DIVINES.

TWO diff'rent painters, artists in their way,
Have drawn religion in her full display;
To both she sat—one gaz'd at her all o'er;
The other fix'd upon her features more:
Hervey has figur'd her with ev'ry grace
That dress could give—but *Law* has hit her face.

ON PREACHING.

AN EPIGRAM.

THE specious sermons of a learned man
Are little else but *flashes in the pan;*
The mere haranguing upon what they call
Morality, is *powder* without *ball;*
But he who preaches with a christian grace,
Fires at our vices, and the *shot* takes place.

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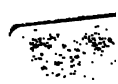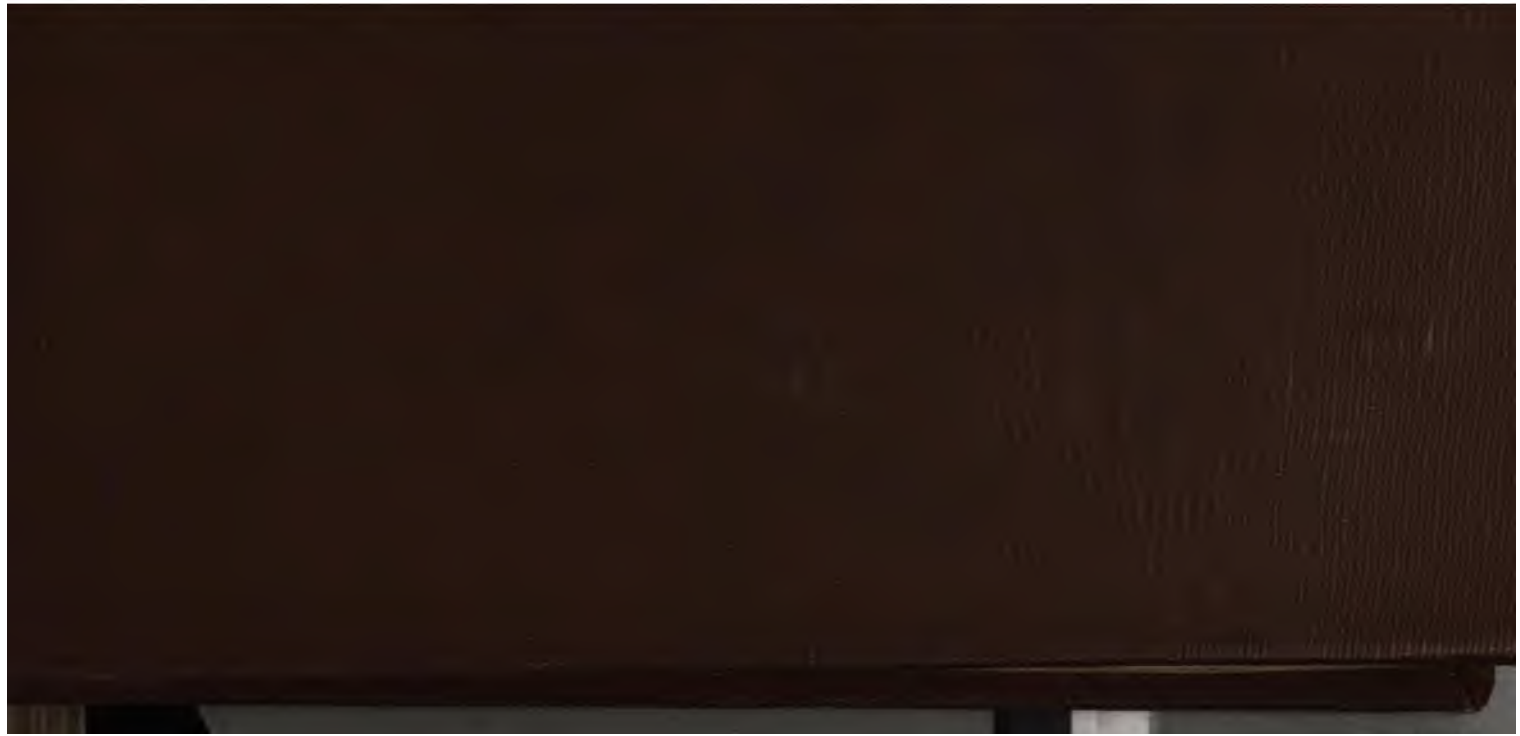
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